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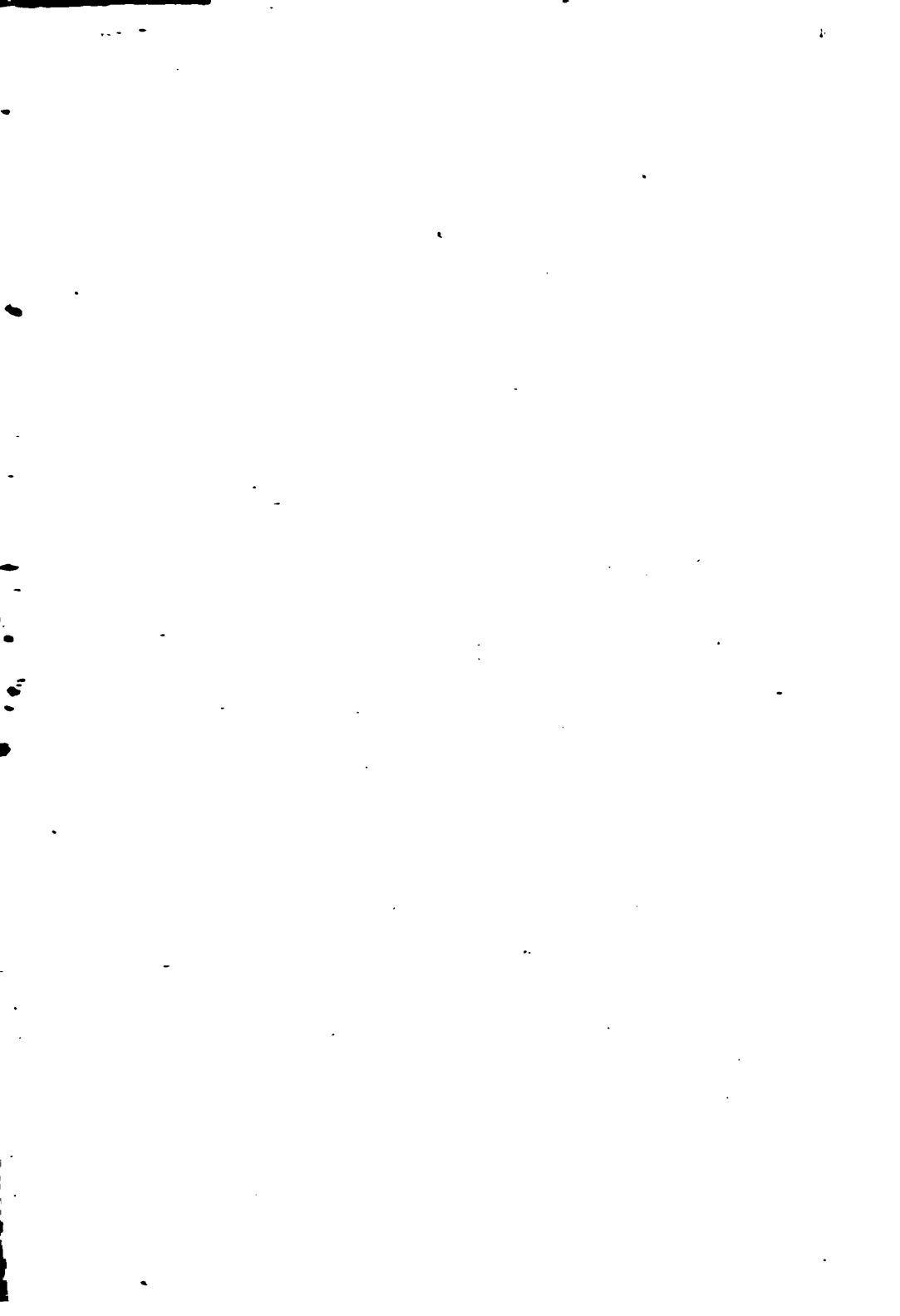
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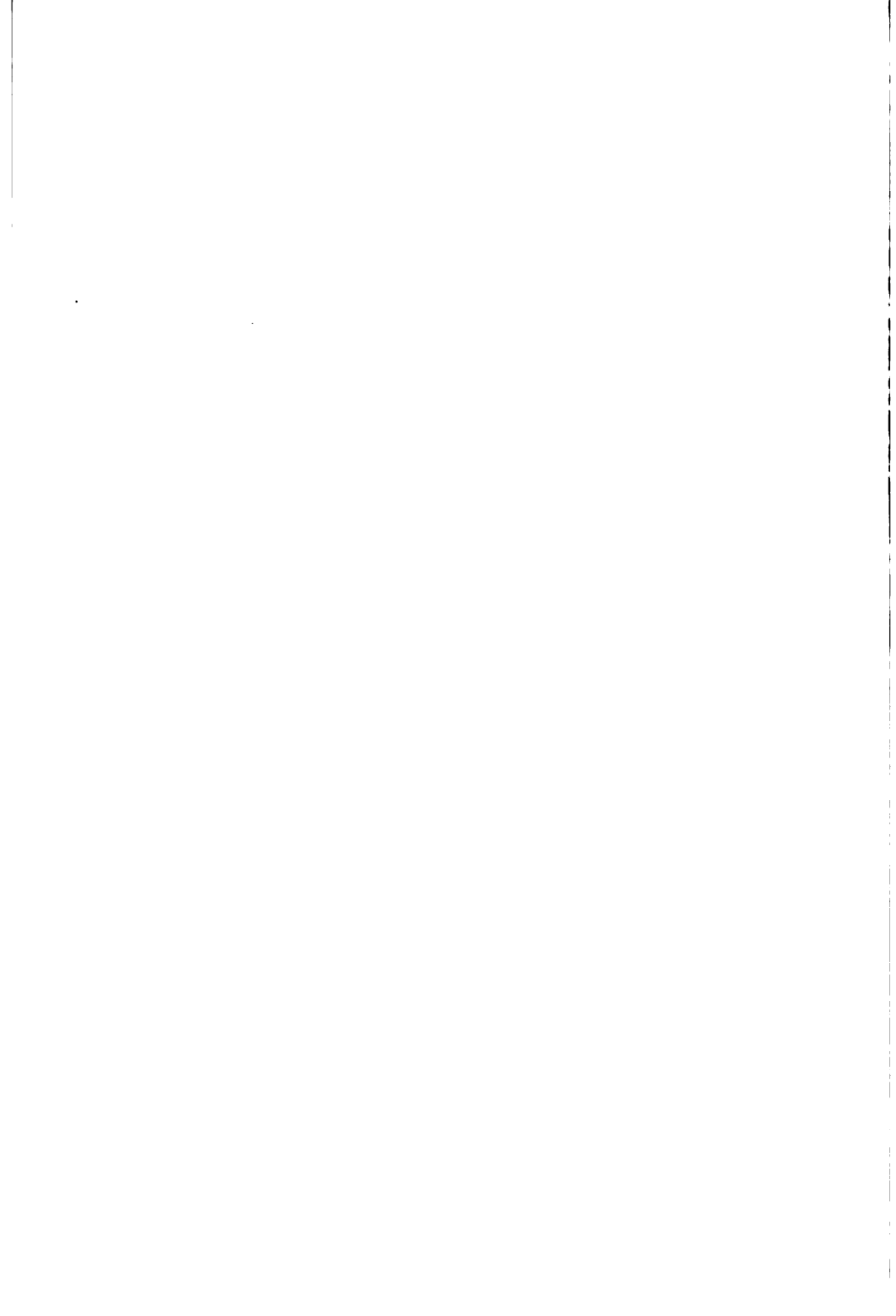


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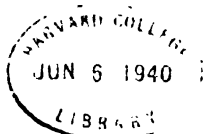
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INDEX.

	PAGE
A Memory; by JOSEPH TRUMAN	148
Ayame.	205
Balloon in Warfare, The; by the REV. J. M. BACON	108
Bureaucratic Local Government; by DR. AUBREY.	311
Canada, The Loyalist Tradition in; by PROFESSOR DAVIDSON	390
Catharine the Second and Her Court; by W. F. ALEXANDER	68
Charnwood, A Memory of; by JOSEPH TRUMAN.	469
Children of Nature; by D. G. HOGARTH	188
Christian Legend, A; by HENRY KINGSLEY	87
Congregation and Convocation; by the REV. A. T. S. GOODRICK	228
Dilemma of the Scottish Churches, The; by DANIEL JOHNSTON	471
English Theatre, The; by C. G. COMPTON	61
Eternal Feminine, The; by a MAN	39
Fight of the One and the Five, The; by WILLIAM FOSTER	488
Friend of the Family, A; by CHARLES OLIVER	481
From Chemulpo to Seoul; by CAPTAIN CASSELY	19
George Sand, The Girlhood of	120
His First Panther	127
Humours of a Canadian Watering-Place, The; by A. G. BRADLEY	424
Japan, The First Englishman in; by W. G. HUTCHISON.	44
Japanese War, Some Lessons of the; by CAPTAIN ATTERIDGE	419
Karma; A Legend of Ghostly Japan	117
Last Incarnation, The	299
Last Voyage of the "Elizabeth," The; by W. J. FLETCHER	261
Magyar and his Land, The; by C. TOWER	281
Mr. Seddon's Constituency.	358
Morocco, Green Tea and Politics in; by S. L. BENSUSAN	100
Municipal Oligarchies; by CHARLES EDWARDES	198
Nathaniel Hawthorne; by H. C. MACDOWALL	283
Old Billy the Fisherman	374
Omar in an African Vineyard	347
Only a Woman's Hair	282
Oratory, The Tradition of; by MICHAEL MACDONAGH	149
Our Fathers who Bore Us; by REGINALD FRANEY	298
Picture Post-Card, The	186

Index.

	PAGE
Princely Families of Rome, The; by HOPE MALLISON	865
Prisoners on Prisons; by CRIMINOLOGIST	58
Queen's Man, The; by MISS PRICE—	
Chapters I.—III.	1
„ IV.—VI.	81
„ VII.—IX.	161
„ X.—XII.	241
„ XIII.—XVI.	321
„ XVII.—XIX.	401
Rural Exodus and a Remedy, The; by A. MONTEFIORE BRICE	351
Ruskin as an Art-Critic; by L. W. CLARKE	274
Russian Prisoner in Japan, A	270
Second-Class District, A; by ROBERT AITKEN	462
Song of Birds, The; by W. BEACH THOMAS	455
St. Pierre, The Future of; by P. T. McGRATH	215
Syrian Boy, The; by F. R. EARP	881
Tiger Thurlow; by W. B. BOULTON	446
Tobacco, the Use and Abuse of; by E. V. HEWARD	190
Trans-Siberian Railway, The; by I. DOBBIE	141
Tramp, The; by HUMPH NISBET	28
War Correspondent, The Rise and Fall of the	301

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1904.

THE QUEEN'S MAN.

A ROMANCE OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

CHAPTER I.

SIR WILLIAM RODEN, Knight, had made his will, and the long parchment lay upon the table. He had left large benefactions to the poor, and to the parish church; he had given exact directions for his burial in the chapel north of the choir (where his wife and his two sons already lay), as to the torches that were to be carried in his funeral procession and the tapers to be burnt upon his grave for seven years after and on every anniversary following, as to the prayers for his soul to be said in that same chapel (which indeed he had built) by an honest priest of good conversation, for a period of time that he did not think it necessary to limit. The dim future might be safely left to the care of God, and to the piety of his one dear grandchild and her descendants. To her, Margaret Roden, he left everything; the castle and manor of Ruddiford, with all its estates and tenements, farms, mills, pastures, market dues, and advantages of every kind, and the household goods of which he added a long inventory. And, in case the rheumatism which racked his limbs should kill him while she was still young and unmarried, he committed her to the care and guardianship of the Lady Isabel, Baroness Marlowe, the widow of his

oldest friend, praying her to take Margaret into her own house, and to provide for the trusty management of her property till she should be married or of age. And in all these matters he prayed her ladyship to take counsel with the executors of this last will of his, namely, her step-son the Lord Marlowe, Sir Thomas Pye the Vicar of Ruddiford, and the Masters Simon and Timothy Toste, brothers, the doctor and the lawyer, in whom he placed confidence. And so, with many pious words, he ended his testament.

"Now read it in our ears, my good Timothy," he said.

The attorney obeyed him, his thin voice ringing through such silence as could be had on that November afternoon, with the great west wind rattling the lattices and roaring in the wide chimney. There was an unearthly pause, the stillness of death for a minute or two, through which the voice piped clearly; then the thundering waves came rolling up once more over moor and meadow and forest, and the wind yelled and screeched with more fury for the long breath it had taken.

Logs were burning on the hearth, and Sir William, a noble-looking old man with a white beard, was sitting in his high carved chair close to the chimney-corner, his velvet gown folded round his knees. In the middle of

the vaulted room, his own room, reached by a short flight of steps from the castle hall, four persons sat opposite to him at a table, one of them reading, the other three listening to the will, the contents of which they all knew already; for three of them were executors, and the fourth, Sir William's secretary, had acted as clerk to Timothy Toste on the occasion.

The two listening old friends,—Sir Thomas the Vicar, thin and tall, with a face like a turnip-lanthorn, so did the spirit shine through the starved-looking flesh, and Simon Toste the apothecary, fat, short, with a beaming smile that almost undid the harm of his medicines—shook their heads simultaneously as they realised the unbounded confidence their patron was placing in the Lady Marlowe. The secretary smiled faintly as he watched them, seeming to read their thought. He was a marvellously handsome young man, an Italian, brought to England when a boy by John Roden, Sir William's son, who had lived much abroad and had married a Venetian lady at the court of King René of Anjou. These two had followed the Princess Margaret when she came to England as the bride of Henry the Sixth, and both had died of the English fogs, leaving as a legacy to Sir William their small page Antonio, picked up as a beggar in the street, and their precious little daughter, the Queen's godchild, Margaret. Before this time, William Roden, the knight's elder son, had been killed in a brawl in London streets, dying unmarried, so that the baby child was the one hope of the house of Ruddiford.

Both children, Antonio being seven years older than Margaret and her slave and play-fellow, thrived wonderfully in the chilly northern air and hardy life of the castle. Sir William,

the most simple-minded of men, had watched them growing up and developing side by side, stronger and more beautiful every day, and had given no thought to the probable end of this childish intimacy, or to the necessity of providing his grandchild with some other companion than the low-born, velvet-eyed foreign boy, till Master Simon Toste plucked up courage to speak to him on the subject. Then Sir William, unwillingly convinced, did the easiest thing that came to hand, sending to his neighbours the Tilneys at King's Hall, half a dozen miles away, and proposing that their daughter Alice, a couple of years older than Margaret, should come to Ruddiford and live with her for an indefinite time. This proposal being kindly received, he was satisfied, and would not listen for a moment to Simon Toste's further advice,—“Send the Italian fellow back to Italy.” Sir William was fond of Antonio, who knew how to make himself indispensable, and who now very easily, as it seemed, transferred his caressing ways from Mistress Margaret to her grandfather. The old man was growing helpless. Antonio became his devoted personal attendant as well as his capable secretary. Though the steward, the bailiff, the town officials, the men-at-arms even (for Ruddiford had its little garrison) were disposed to sneer at receiving Sir William's orders frequently by the mouth of Antonio, they had no real fault to find. He did no harm to any one. If he had any evil passions or wild ambitions, they were kept well in check. He was a foreigner, with a clever head and a face of classical beauty. Perhaps this was enough to make the sturdy Midlanders hate him. With women, as a rule, he did as he pleased, though no scandal had yet touched him, and through his discretion no one knew

that Mistress Alice Tilney had fallen desperately in love with him.

This young girl's parents had both died of the pestilence since she came to live at Ruddiford, and King's Hall had now fallen into the hands of her brother, Jasper Tilney, who kept house there with a set of wild and daring companions, and had lately given great offence to Sir William Roden by coming forward as a suitor for Margaret. The estates marched: this was his only excuse for such presumption; and Sir William refused his offer with a cold politeness very near contempt, thus turning his neighbour into a troublesome enemy.

Such was the state of affairs when Sir William Roden made his will; and beyond the boundaries of Ruddiford and King's Hall, the war of the Red and White Roses, in that year of our Lord 1460, was desolating the land in its wandering changing way. At this moment, the party of the White Rose had the best of it, and King Henry was a prisoner in their hands, while the Queen and the young Prince were fugitives in Scotland.

"That is my will," Sir William said loudly, when Timothy ceased to read. "Now to sign it. But we must have witnesses. Go, Tony, call a couple of fellows who can write; Nick Steward for one, the parish clerk for t'other. You might have brought him with you, master Parson."

The secretary rose readily enough, but looked askance, as he did so, at the three old executors. They were putting their heads together, muttering doubtfully. Antonio's dark and brilliant eyes, glancing from them to his master, seemed to convey to him the consciousness of disapproval on their part.

"What's the matter?" the Knight cried sharply, and his impatient temper surged up red into his pale

cheeks. "What are you plotting, you three? Anything wrong with the will? Keep your fault-finding till I ask for it. Your business is not to carp, but to carry out faithfully. Fetch the witnesses, you rascal, Tony. Am I to be obeyed?—Well, Parson, say your say."

"It is about these Marlowes, Sir William," said the Vicar.

"Ay, Sir Thomas, and what about them? My oldest friends, remember."

"A friendship of a long while back, if I am not mistaken."

"And pray, sir, is it the worse for that? A long while back? Yes, from the field of Agincourt,—not that it began then. We were brothers in arms, Marlowe and I. King Harry knighted us both with his own hand, after the battle. He bound us for ever to his service, and that of his son. Ah, in those days, England wanted no one but Harry. He was our man, a man indeed! All these Yorks, with their false pretty faces and curly pates,—away with 'em! I'll leave Meg in the charge of a good Lancastrian, and though I have not seen Harry Marlowe for years, I know he is as true a man as his father, God rest him. Well, Parson, what maggot have you got in that wise head of yours?"

Thomas Pye listened patiently. He knew very well that his patron, once fairly off on the legend of Agincourt and the friends of his youth, would not be checked by reason. Indeed, Sir William was at no time very reasonable. With charming qualities, he was a wilful man, and it was sometimes easier to lead him in small matters than in great. If once convinced in his own mind, opposition was apt to be useless. The good men of Ruddiford took him as he was and followed him meekly, except where Mistress Margaret was concerned. There, love and duty gave

them courage, and they spoke their minds, as little Simon had done in the case of Antonio.

"We are all mortal, Sir William," said the Vicar. "I hope from my heart that you may live twenty years longer, by which time this will of yours will signify nothing, so far as it affects your granddaughter. But you may die next week, Sir."

"Without doubt, Thomas," said Sir William, smiling and stroking his beard. "I have provided for that, as you hear."

"Ah! You have left Margaret's entire future in the hands of this Lady Marlowe, the second wife of your old friend."

"A most religious lady of high birth and great position."

"Ah! My brother, who lives at Coventry, and who had some work as a lawyer with the Parliament, was in London a month ago. He heard that the Earl of March had,—slandrous tongues will talk—had visited the Lady Marlowe at her house in Buckinghamshire."

Sir William laughed aloud. "She is a woman of fifty, at least," he said. "Your brother might have been better employed than in listening to such tales, my good Thomas."

The Vicar blushed. "You misinterpret me," he said. "I was thinking of politics. They say, plainly speaking, that a Yorkist success would bring over the Lady Marlowe and her large influence to that side. There is some enmity between her and the Queen—"

"I do not believe it," said Sir William. "The Lady Isabel would never be so disloyal to her husband's memory. Besides, her son would see to that. You will tell me next that Harry Marlowe is a follower of York!"

"Harry Marlowe,—do you know what they call that unfortunate man, Sir William?"

The old Knight stared at him with wide blue eyes, "On my faith," he said, "you talk like a crazy fellow, Thomas Pye."

"They call him Mad Marlowe. They say that a few years ago, when he disappeared for a time and was said to be abroad, his step-mother was compelled to put him in chains for his violence. He recovered, mercifully. He is a good Lancastrian, yes, for what he is worth. He follows the Queen everywhere, or journeys on her business. A true man, I believe, but—" the Vicar touched his forehead significantly.

"Why did I not hear all these tales before I made my will?" growled Sir William.

"I heard them from my brother but yesterday. Master Timothy had already drawn out your will, but I knew little of its particulars. You will not sign it, I hope, in its present form? You will not leave your grandchild in the hands of these persons?"

"Is your brother here?"

"No, Sir William. He has gone back to Coventry."

Then followed a short and sharp argument, at the end of which Sir William Roden flew into one of those rages which had often harmed himself and those dear to him. He spoke words of such violence to the Vicar, that this excellent man strode erect out of the castle, back to his house beside the church, shaking the dust off his feet and leaving the foolish old Knight to do as he pleased with his own. Timothy and Simon quailed beneath the old man's furious anger and soon fled also in a less dignified fashion. Antonio hastily fetched two witnesses; the will was signed as it stood, and locked away in Sir William's great chest, with the other deeds of the estate.

When all this was done, Sir

William became calm, and sat for a long time silent by the fire. The raging wind had fallen; there was no sound in the room but the crackling of the logs, and now and then the pushing of benches, the clatter of steel, and the hum of voices in the hall below. Antonio sat at the table, his face in his hands, and watched the old man between his fingers. He loved him in his cat-like way, and admired his high spirit and suddenly flaming temper. It gave him a thrill of physical pleasure to see those three wise worthies discredited and driven out like a set of fools by Sir William's proud loyalty to his old traditions and the name of his earliest friend. What did it matter if the Vicar was right, if these Marlowes were unworthy of the trust to be placed in them? It might not be any the worse, in the end, for Antonio.

A low whistle from the old master fetched him to his feet. It was the call of his childhood, to which he had answered always like a dog, fearless of the fiery temper that kept most people on their guard. Next probably to his grandchild, though with a long interval and on a different plane altogether, Sir William loved this other legacy from the handsome, luxurious, wandering younger son who had come home to Ruddiford only to die.

Antonio made two steps across the floor and crouched before Sir William, whose thin hand fumbled with his black mop of hair.

"Tony, I hate to be thwarted," he said.

"And it is the worse for those who thwart you," murmured the Italian. "You send them skipping, dear Sir," and he showed his white teeth, laughing silently.

"Peace, rascal, no irreverence," said the old man. "Sir Thomas is a

saint; but what should move him to listen to that peddling brother of his against my noble friends, and to expect me—me!—to change my plan for his scandalous gossiping? He might have considered,—here is Meg sixteen years old and more—I may die next week,—to-night, for that matter,—Tony, I may die to-night."

"No, no," the young man murmured soothingly; "but if you did, there is the will safely made."

"No thanks to those three fools," said Sir William. "Yes, 'tis safely made; but if I had listened to them, and died,—or even did I live to make another, in these frightful times, how could I devise to protect Margaret? Her old nurse and Alice Tilney against the world! No marriage arranged for,—Jasper Tilney bold as the very devil,—he and his Fellowship might step in and carry her off before she could reach safety with the Abbess of Coleford! There, to the abbey, she would have to go, and Alice with her, for in her own castle she would not be safe. Yes, by Our Lady, and as I hope to be saved, the will is not enough, Tony. Fetch your ink and pens. You will write a letter to my Lady Marlowe; you will tell her of the trust I have placed in her and Harry, and of the whole state of things here; you will bid her send a person, with authority from herself, to take charge of my grandchild if need arises, and in case of my death or any other accident to fetch her away to Swanlea or elsewhere, if it be her will. We shall have men enough for an escort,—unless indeed my Lady finds Meg a husband in the meanwhile, who can enter into possession here and guard his wife and her estates. Well, well, all this in good time. Light up your candles, throw on another log, and sit down and write as I bid you. My Lady go over to York, because

of the issue of one battle! I would as soon believe it of my old friend Marlowe himself. She is a woman of spirit, and if it be true that Edward of March visited her, I warrant you she received him so that he will scarce do it again. Farrago of tales! Haste, Tony! Black Andrew shall ride south this very night with the letter."

It was a difficult letter to write, for the Knight's directions were long and wandering, like his talk; but Antonio was a fine scribe, with a clever way of putting things, and also spelt English better than many an Englishman. There was something to touch the most worldly heart in the frank and simple confidence, the perfect trust in her loyalty, with which Sir William Roden committed his young grandchild's future into Lady Marlowe's friendly keeping. And this letter, which was the direct consequence of the Vicar's warning intervention, and which, far more effectually than the locked-up will, decided the future of Margaret Roden and of Ruddiford, was carried south in the small hours of the next morning by an armed messenger in Sir William's livery of yellow laced with gold.

CHAPTER II.

"Sit you down and sing to me, my sweetheart, my golden Meg. Why do you stand there, staring at the snow!"

The old man's voice, impatient but soft, as it always became when he spoke to his grandchild, broke suddenly on the silence of the room.

It was Christmas Eve, and the afternoon was closing in; there was a clamour of church bells from the town, a distant noise of shouting and trumpeting in the streets, where mummers and morris-dancers were pacing forth on their way up to the

castle. The still air was laden with snow; wild November had given way to the hard grip of a most wintry December, and all that northern midland country was snowed up and frozen. The deep clay-stained stream of the Ruddy, winding between willow copees through the flat meadows on which Ruddiford Castle looked down, was covered with ice, though not yet hard enough to bear man and horse, so that the usual ford some way below the bridge was a difficulty, and all the country traffic had to pass over Sir William's bridge under the castle wall. The road that led to the ford was deep in snow; that which ended at the bridge was already well furrowed and trampled. The guard at the bridge tower, which defended its further entrance, while the castle gates commanded its narrow twisting length, its projecting piers and niches for foot passengers, had enough to do in receiving Sir William's tolls from horse and cart and waggon, as the country people pressed in to the Christmas market.

It was not only the white and grey wilderness, the heavy shadow of the woods that swept away beyond the meadows, the frozen river and moving peasant figures on the bridge, that kept Margaret Roden's eyes employed as she stood in her grandfather's window. At this moment, under the heavy snow-clouds, a flood of glowing yellow light poured out and glorified all that desolate world. The bridge, the tower, the polished, shining river, a band of horsemen with flashing lances and fluttering pennons who rode up from the south,—all this became suddenly like a hard, brilliant illumination in some choice book of prayers. Margaret forgot to answer her grandfather, so busy was she in gazing down at the bridge, and Sir William's own thoughts were distracted by something which told him,

—the knowledge coming rather as a shock—that in the last few months his pet child had grown into a woman, and a beautiful one too. It was a most lovely picture, of which he had only a side view from within; the exquisite lines of Margaret's figure, the perfect shape of her head and neck, the warm colouring of the cheek, the masses of soft red-brown hair, which, far away from courts and fashions, she wore unconventionally as she and her old nurse pleased. The setting sun in its glory bathed this young figure, standing in the broad new window of Sir William's room, the window which he had made for his son John's sake, to let in the south and the sun.

"My golden Meg," he repeated, half to himself, as his eyes followed the broad track of sunshine on the rush-strewn floor. Then he went on muttering: "Christmas here, and no answer from my Lady! If she could see the girl now, she would not fear the charge of her."

A trumpet-call rang through the air. Meg stepped closer to the window, threw back the lattice suddenly and leaned out, so that she might see the whole length of the bridge.

Sir William's guard at the tower had not delayed that troop of riders long, and they were now crossing the bridge at a foot's pace. Their leader, a tall man almost unarmed, riding a richly trapped horse and wearing a velvet cap with young Prince Edward's badge of a silver swan, was stooping wearily on his saddle when he rode in from the heavy country ways. But from the middle of the bridge he looked up at the castle; and there he saw the great window set suddenly open, and the vision of a girl looking down upon him,—*"like a saint from the windows of heaven,"* as he said afterwards. For the full golden glory of the light rested upon her, and all

the rugged old keep shone like the ramparts of the clouds, and Sir William Roden's yellow banner, heavy with the embroidery of her hands, rose slowly from the flag-staff on the leads and flapped high above her head in the breath of the evening.

The stranger looked for a moment or two, his face, thin and dark with heavy eyes weary of the way, lifted towards Margaret, who in all her young womanly beauty bent upon him the intent, wondering gaze of a child. Then he bared his brown head and bowed down to his horse's neck; then he looked up again, riding very slowly, and so, still with eyes aloft and a new flame of life in them, passed out of Margaret's sight into the shadow of the walls.

"Meg! What do you see down there, child?"

The question was quick and imperious. It startled Mistress Meg, who for the last few minutes had quite forgotten her grandfather's presence. She turned, and clanged the lattice to. At the same moment the snow-cloud came down and smothered the struggling sun in his five minutes' victory. The room became dark, except for the flickering flames under the chimney.

Meg could not answer her grandfather, for in good faith she did not know who or what she had seen. Some one she had never seen before, and must see again,—yes, if all the armies of York and Lancaster were between! which they were not, for her keen senses were very conscious of sounds below, of an honoured guest arriving. He,—he, whose look and bearing, even at that distance, had taught her something she had never known—a few minutes, and he would be standing in the room, talking with her grandfather, looking at her once more. Was he old? Was he young? Was he the King himself, Henry of

Lancaster, into whose dark and gentle eyes she had looked up once as a child? Was he one of King Arthur's knights come back from fairy-land,—Sir Launcelot, perhaps, of whom her nurse had told her the story?

She came silently forward, took her lute and touched its strings; but she could not sing, for her heart was beating so that it choked her. "It was, Grandfather," she said, coming nearer to him, "it was a troop of horse that crossed the bridge."

"Whose men? Not Jasper Tilney's? Was he there himself?"

"He? Yes,—oh no, no, not Jasper Tilney—a knight, a prince, a noble lord—how should I know!" the girl said, then laughed and broke off suddenly.

The door of the room was opened, and two servants carried in tall copper candlesticks, with wax candles lighted, which they set down upon the table. Then Antonio came swiftly in, with a side-glance at Margaret, and stood before his master. "Sir, the Lord Marlowe asks to be received by your worship. He brings letters from my Lady his mother."

"Ha! His Lordship is very welcome."

With some difficulty Sir William lifted his stiffened limbs from his chair, and advanced a few steps towards the stairs, leaning heavily on his stick, which hardly seemed support enough for him. Margaret and Antonio moved forward at the same instant to help him. Their eyes met, and the Italian, as if commanded, fell back suddenly and stood like a servant in the background. A pretty, fair girl slipped into the room and passed close to his shoulder, going round to wait upon Margaret. As she went, she lingered long enough to breathe in his ear, "Who is this?" and the young man answered in the same whisper, inaudible to the others,

"Mad Marlowe." He smiled as he spoke. "Oh, no danger then!" murmured Alice Tilney, her wild brother's partisan in secret, though in Sir William's presence she dared not name Jasper. Antonio only smiled again.

Way-worn, and wet with snow, Lord Marlowe was ushered into the room by the old steward and the other servants. He was a tall slender man of thirty-five or thereabouts, with a slight stoop of the shoulders; his face was long, brown and delicate, with dark hazel eyes that were strangely attractive and sweet, yet shining with a sort of wildness, or rather a wistful melancholy. His hair, ruffled into untidy curls by the wind, gave him a look more picturesque than courtly. His eyes passed quickly over Sir William Roden, the noble old man who was moving to meet him with words of cordial welcome, to glow with a brown flame as he fixed them on Margaret. She looked up half shyly under her long lashes; he could hardly see the colour of the eyes they hid, but his vision of the window stood before him in breathing flesh and blood, and Harry Marlowe, used to courts, tired of a world he knew too well, seemed to see a lost ideal once more in this child, as innocent as she was lovely. Not that he dreamed, at first, of offering this country beauty, his step-mother's young *protégée*, anything but the admiration, touched with a fugitive thrill of passion, which such a face must rouse in any man not stockish and a tasteless fool. But he said between his teeth, to the bewilderment of those who caught the words, "By heaven! too good for the Popinjay!"

Courtier, even more than soldier, as Harry Marlowe was, his manner had the bold unconventionality of a man who cares little what his com-

pany may think of him. Bowing low to Sir William, he addressed his first words to the girl on whose arm the old Knight was leaning. "My fair lady, your humble servant greets you well," he said. "I heard of you from far; I saw you, all crowned with gold, leaning from the window to welcome me,—and yet I think you had no news of my coming!"

"None, my Lord," said Margaret, and she trembled; for now the strange hero had bent on his knee before her, and her hand lay small and warm on his long cold fingers, and was touched once, twice, by eager lips that seemed to leave a print of fire. Mistress Margaret felt herself flushing all over face and neck. The fearless young girl was now afraid to look up, to meet his eyes again, but she forced herself to one short, shy glance, and immediately the question thundered in her brain, "If this be only courtesy, what then is love?" She heard his voice speaking to her grandfather, but did not understand what he said, for the very realising of his presence seemed enough for her whole being; a power, sweet yet terrible, held body and soul.

Now, after some ceremonious phrases, Sir William and Lord Marlowe sat down opposite each other, while Margaret stood by her grandfather's chair with her hand on his shoulder; for some mysterious reason the close neighbourhood of that faithful old love seemed the one safe place.

These three were not alone. Alice Tilney, staring and laughing uneasily, and Dame Kate, the old nurse in a great hood, stood behind Margaret in the shadow; and on the other side, the dark and pale face of Antonio, with his inscrutable smile, far handsomer than the Englishman, though lacking his distinction and attractiveness, hovered like a ghost behind Lord Marlowe's chair. The servants

passed out one by one, leaving the end of the room in twilight; the fire crackled and flamed, but neither it nor the two high candles were enough to light the large vaulted space. Only that central group of three, between the table and the fire, were very clearly to be seen.

Sir William talked with great satisfaction, and Lord Marlowe listened, with eyes no longer bent upon Margaret; for he was a gentleman, and would neither embarrass a lady nor neglect a venerable host. In the ears of all present Sir William talked of his will, and of the contents of the letter he had sent to Lady Marlowe. It seemed an immense relief to him to speak of all this to the person authorised to hear, whom it really concerned, for this same Harry Marlowe was one of his executors.

As he talked of his anxious wish to leave Margaret in safe and friendly keeping, Lord Marlowe kept his eyes bent upon the ground. He hardly looked up when he said: "But you will live long, Sir. You surely do not wish to part with Mistress Margaret before it is necessary? You do not wish to commit her now to my mother's care? From your letter, my Lady thought that was the case, but I cannot believe it."

"'Fore God, I hardly know what I wish," said the Knight with a laugh. "I want her safe from knaves, and 'tis only fools that surround me. Your co-executors, my Lord, are as honest men as you will find south of the Trent; one of them is a saint, indeed, and the other two have wits enough to furnish four, but for all that they are senseless fools, swallowing every grain of gossip. And were I to die all of a sudden, as the apothecary warns me I likely shall, why, I could hardly trust these fellows to watch over Margaret till your mother was pleased to send for her. They

are most likely to let a certain knave step in and carry her off, just because he is a good Lancastrian, his only merit,—ay, Mistress Alice, I know you are behind there, but a man may be on the right side and yet on the wrong—a Lancastrian and a brigand, eh?”

There was a short silence, for the Knight's words might well be hard to understand.

“Do I follow you, Sir?” Lord Marlowe asked.

He lifted his eyes slowly, and there was an angry line across his brow. Almost as if against his will, he found himself looking at Margaret, not at her grandfather, and for a moment the girl met steadily those wonderful eyes, full of light from a world she did not know. Then apparently Harry forgot what he was going to say, forgot a momentary vexation at the hint that some country fools did not believe in the loyalty of his family, and would step in, if they could, between Margaret and the guardians her grandfather had chosen. He spoke no more, but fell into a dream. Sir William stared at him curiously. “You, then, my Lord, are the person with authority, whom I begged her Ladyship to send here to me?”

“I am her envoy, no doubt,” Lord Marlowe answered. “As to my message, my mission, we are not alone, and I—”

“You are tired and wet, I ask your pardon for forgetting it,” said Sir William graciously, raising himself in his chair. “Tony, show his Lordship to the guest-chamber,—tell them to bring wine and meat; you are overwrought, my Lord, you have ridden far. In the meanwhile, did I not hear something of letters from my Lady Marlowe?”

“Ah,—letters,—pardon me!” Harry's fingers wandered to his pouch, but did not open it. He rose suddenly

to his feet and made a step towards Sir William. “You see me, sir,” he went on, eagerly, “your old friend's son. Think of me so, I beseech you, and not as the step-son of my Lady Marlowe. Let me stand alone; and now, let us be alone, Sir William.”

A watchful look came into the old Knight's eyes. The movement and the words, both eccentric, the dreamy manner, as of a man walking in his sleep—all this suggested a chilly fear that the parson might have been right after all, that Lord Marlowe's mind was not quite evenly balanced. Sir William looked beyond his strange guest and met the eyes of Antonio, who stooped forward into the light, his lips moving, and shook his head warningly.

“We are alone, my Lord, to all intents and purposes,” Sir William said, with dignity. “My granddaughter is here, the person most concerned,—you cannot, I think, have that to say which she may not hear—her old nurse, her trusted friend Mistress Tilney, and my secretary, who is to me as a son. Say what you please, my Lord.”

“Good! then I must repeat my task without question,” Harry answered very gravely, looking on the floor. “My step-mother, after debating how she could best carry out your wishes, instructed me to ask Mistress Margaret Roden's hand in marriage for my—”

“Yourself, my Lord!”

Where did the words come from? They were spoken in a loud, strained whisper, which whistled on the air and almost echoed round the room. Every one started, and looked at someone else,—every one, except Lord Marlowe. He stopped short for a moment, then ended his sentence with the word, “Myself!”

The sensation in the room was extraordinary; the very silence

thrilled with astonishment. Sir William opened his blue eyes wide, his mouth gaping in the depths of his snowy beard. Antonio shook his head again, smiling more intensely; it seemed, indeed, as if he checked a laugh with difficulty. Alice Tilney frowned, the picture of consternation. As to the two persons most concerned, they looked at each other across the glowing space that separated them. Margaret was trembling; the wonder of it all held her breathless, but the fear in her eyes had given place to a wild, incredulous joy. Could it be that this knight, this hero, was actually asking for her hand,—Meg Roden, so young, so foolish, so ignorant? How had it come about? There was some mystery in it. However, so it was, and now Lord Marlowe's eyes, eager and adoring, were repeating the wonderful request to hers that met them so sweetly. Whether that strange whisper, coming no one knew whence, had been a fresh command or a bold guess at his intention, it had hit the mark; he now, at least, meant to ask and to have. After a moment's delay he repeated more loudly, though with a slight tremulousness, the word "Myself."

Then he made a step nearer Sir William, and bowed twice to him and to Margaret, who still stood with one hand on the old man's shoulder. It was plain that he expected his answer on the spot.

"You do us great honour, my Lord," the Knight began, stammering a little in his surprise. "'Tis sudden, though—and yet, Harry Marlowe, the son of my old brother-in-arms, is the man I should have chosen out of all England—so my Lady guessed, I suppose. But, pardon me, 'tis sudden, my Lord."

"Sir, I am on my way to join the Queen," Lord Marlowe said. "There

is no time for delays and circumventions; a soldier must snatch at his own life as he can, and you know it, no man better, Sir William. Let me hear from Mistress Margaret's own sweet lips that she does not hate me; then give me my wife to-morrow, and the next morning shall see me on my way. My mother shall fetch my wife home to Swanlea, either in person or by a trusty escort. You are satisfied, Sir William?"

He came nearer, bent on one knee close to the old Knight's chair, held up his hand imploringly to Margaret, who instantly laid hers in it, for with him, it seemed, to ask was to command. Yet his manner was gentleness itself, the manner of a man never brutal, but always victorious.

"Good Lord! Maddier than the maddest!" Antonio muttered in the background; but the smile died from his red lips and he turned a little pale. For the madman seemed likely to have his crazy way.

Old Sir William made an impatient movement. "Hear you, my Lord? You are too sudden," he said. "Do you think my granddaughter can be married off like a beggar in a ditch? There shall be no such haste, I tell you. Why, five minutes ago, you could not believe that I wished to part with her at all. Your courtship has gained in pace amazingly. And you forget, Sir; you have not yet handed me my Lady Marlowe's letters."

Harry started up, smiling, and with a quick touch of the lips releasing the young hand he held. "You have the best of me, Sir, and I ask your pardon," he said. "Letters, yes; but what are pen and ink but inventions of the devil for confusing men's minds? As to these letters, which are indeed addressed to you and to this fair lady, they are needless now. I am my own ambassador."

He looked with a queer smile at the packet in his hand, stepped across the floor and dropped it straight into the reddest heart of the fire.

"I see it. I thought as much," Antonio muttered. "Ay, my Lord,— 'too good for the Popinjay'!"

As the letters flamed, carrying their secret in smoke up the chimney, Harry Marlowe turned on the hearth, bold, graceful, laughing, to face the frowning brow and angry puzzled eyes of the old man in the chair.

But a great noise which had been growing for some minutes before, now stormed the shallow staircase and poured into the room. A crowd of Christmas mummers masked and in antic dresses, St. George, the Dragon, and the rest, with loud shouts and songs and clatter of halberds and tin swords, prancing round in their time-honoured, privileged revels, effectually interrupted my Lord Marlowe's love-making.

CHAPTER III.

MISTRESS MARGARET RODEN was walking home from church, which may sound like a tame statement, but is far from being so.

It was in the narrow street of Ruddiford, heaped with snow, and the time was between one and two in the morning. The sky was dark, no moon or stars visible, and a few large flakes of fresh snow had lately begun to fall, slowly, dreamily, as if they knew there was yet a long winter during which they might be multiplied a million times and work their will. But the street was lit up fitfully with the blaze of torches, the steadier flame of lanthorns, and all the population of small townspeople were abroad, with a mixture of fierce-looking men from the surrounding country. Most of them had been in the church, whose mighty sandstone

walls and tower soared into silence and black night, while the shadowy interior was lit up with many wax candles, more than one altar glowing like a shrine. The midnight mass of Christmas Eve was just over. Nearly all the congregation had tramped out before Mistress Margaret left her pew and followed them through the great porch and down the stone-paved way into the street, attended closely by her nurse and Alice Tilney, and followed by two armed servants in the yellow Roden livery. There was a good deal of noise in the street, for the Christmas mummers and revellers were still abroad and the ale-shops were open; but no one was likely to molest the girl for whom most of Ruddiford would have laid down its life. Along the winding street that led to one of the castle gates, where the low thatched roofs beetled over the way, Christmas greetings waited for her at every corner, and she might well have returned, safely and without interruption, to her grandfather.

But there was a spirit of unrest abroad, and Mistress Meg had her full share, both within and without, of his company. The first adventure arrived not far from the shadow of the church-porch, from which several young men, muffled in cloaks over their short coats of leather and iron, followed her and her party down the street. The foremost of them put out a hand suddenly from the darkness and clutched Alice Tilney by the shoulder. She started, but did not scream, and indeed laughed a little, though nervously, as she lingered behind with this strange companion. The old nurse looked round with an angry exclamation; the two men-servants, grinning, seemed to wait for orders, and the nurse, hurrying forward, spoke to her mistress.

"Meg, my child," she said, "that

godless dog Jasper Tilney, with his Fellowship, has stopped Alice from following you. Shall the men bring her on?"

Meg answered impatiently, and without turning her head: "Nay, Nurse, leave her alone. No, what am I saying! Let them wait upon her. You and I need no guard."

The old woman turned to the servants with a queer grimace. "Stop you behind, Giles and John. Walk after Mistress Tilney, when her worshipful brother has done with her."

Then she hobbled forward in a great hurry, for her mistress's young limbs seemed likely to outstrip her.

In truth, Margaret moved along in a state of such excitement that she hardly knew what she said or did. Even in church it had been impossible to keep her thoughts where she knew they ought to be, where, as a good Christian girl, well taught by Sir Thomas the Vicar, they generally dwelt without difficulty. The child was horrified, when she remembered to be so, at the knowledge that a personage had stepped in between her God and her. A man's face came between her and the Holy Cradle she had helped to decorate. This was so great a fact that it could not be altered by any will of hers, but it made her conscience uneasy. It must be confessed, however, that she had a greater anxiety still. How would all this end? In the nature of things it might have seemed certain that her grandfather would have accepted for her, joyful and honoured, Lord Marlowe's offer of his hand. But Margaret, though only half understanding the circumstances, saw for herself that the way was not smooth. Sir William was not quite ready to open his arms to this new grandson. He had been glad of the interruption by the mummers, and when they were gone, he had refused

to listen to a word more from Lord Marlowe, sending him away at once to rest and refresh himself after his journey. And when Meg had stolen round and looked in his face to see what he would say to her, he had turned his head away and waved her back with an impatient word. "Get you gone, child. No more to-night; you shall have my commands in the morning."

As Meg left the room, she was aware of words and smiles exchanged between Alice Tilney and Antonio. When they saw her look, they moved asunder, and she was too proud to speak to Alice on the subject. But she presently said to her old nurse, "What does it all mean?"

"Well, baby," the old woman answered caressingly, "this lord is a fine man, but they say he's crazy. That's the talk, my dear; and sure there's something about him mighty strange. He is not like the rest of us, and if you are wise, you will not listen to all he says, my girl."

"Not like the rest of you? No, that is true! And therefore crazy?" said Meg, and moved on smiling. Surely her grandfather ought to be above these foolish servants' fancies. They had never seen anything like him, therefore he must be mad. A clever argument, truly! Was he mad because he wished to marry her to-morrow? Well,—and Meg laid her cold hands against her hot cheeks, and determined for a moment to think of him no more. But she went on thinking of him, to the exclusion of every other thought, and now, as she paced the familiar old street on Christmas morning, the feeling that he must be somewhere very near kept her watching every turn, every corner, every shadow of gable or wall. She had not seen him in the church, but felt sure he had been there, like all other good men in Christendom.

And thus it did not astonish her to look up suddenly and see him walking by her side.

The church bells were clanging and clashing, but the rest of the noise they were leaving behind, and the place was lonely, for most of the castle people had already gone on, across the bridge that generally stood lowered over the deep narrow ditch, and under the low archway where the gate was set open. The water was frozen, the snow lay heaped against the ramparts and along a dark lane that ran at the back of some houses on the near side of the ditch, skirting it as far as the principal gateway, which commanded the west side of the town and the long bridge.

"Now, good Mistress Nurse," said Lord Marlowe, "go home to your bed and leave my fair lady to me."

"Not I, my Lord," replied Dame Kate promptly with a chuckle. "Your Lordship had best go your own way and leave us to go ours."

"What, may I not wish you a Merry Christmas?" said Harry.

The old woman could not see well in the dark,—it was dark here, except for the glimmer of the snow—and truly she did not know what happened, or how her mistress was snatched from her side and borne away suddenly out of sight. Margaret herself, in the magnetism of Harry's presence, hardly realised that he had lifted her easily, tall girl as she was, from the snowy ground, and had carried her some yards down the dark lane by the ditch, till, stopping out of sight of the street and the castle gate, he set her down on the low wall or course of large stones that divided the lane from the water. To make a dry place for her feet, he brushed the snow away from this parapet, and then, holding her hand and dress, stood looking up into the face now lifted above his own in the dimness.

"Forgive me, my angel! I had to speak," he said.

"Oh, my Lord, what are you doing?" Margaret murmured.

"It is of you I would ask," said Harry, "what are you doing? Why did you say that to me? God knows I'm happy to find myself at your feet,—I ask nothing better—but think what you have done! A man worn out, double your age, a soldier, the Queen's man, so bound to her service that I should have neither time nor strength nor heart for any other; and yet you call me to love you, sweet,—why?"

Margaret trembled from head to foot. "I do not understand you," she said, under her breath. "It,—it was no doing of mine. What have I said? You came,—you brought the letters—"

She stopped short, for the world seemed whirling round her. Harry felt that she was trembling, and held her more firmly.

"You are not afraid of me," he said, "and if you are cold, sweetheart, I will not keep you long. What did you say, you ask? While my step-mother's message was on my tongue, you changed the very word I was speaking. You bid me put myself in the place of my brother. Can you deny it?"

The girl was too bewildered to speak.

"Have you so soon forgotten?" he went on gently. "You said,—in a whisper, 'tis true, but I heard it well enough—'Yourself, my Lord.' Could a man fail to answer such a challenge from such lips, Mistress Margaret? I looked at you, and you smiled. I read in your eyes that I was right, that I had gained your favour and the prize might be mine. What wonder that I fell under such a temptation? The rest,—I do not believe they even heard you. None

of them knew what happened. It was what it may remain,—a secret between you and me.”

“Ah! Why did you tell me!” the girl murmured. “It was not, then,—it was not what you meant—and Lady Marlowe—”

“My Lady offered you the best match in her power, for your grandfather's sake and for reasons of her own. She offered you her own young son, my brother Richard. As for me, I was out of the question. Who should dream that an old fellow like Harry Marlowe should wish to marry,—the Queen's man, hers only till now, and with troubles behind him and before! So I came gaily to plead young Dick's cause. When I saw you at the window, my heart misgave me as to this mission of mine. When you spoke, taking captive the very words on my lips, I was conquered, and became a traitor. But poor Dick has not seen you, and I shall soon make my peace with my Lady. She has twitted me with my solitary ways, many a time. If I have at last seen the lady of my heart, who shall say me nay!”

“But why did you tell me!” Meg said more loudly, and her hand rested heavily on his shoulder.

Looking up in the darkness at the pale face just above him, he answered, his deep voice a little uncertain: “I believed that you partly knew already,—and then, sweetheart, I half repented me of what I had done. Even now, if you command, it is not too late. Now that you know all, take your choice between us. Dick is a handsome lad; his mother has cockered him, but he is a bold fellow for all that,—a better mate for you, Mistress Margaret, than this Harry of yours, with the freshness of your own age, and a whole life to give to you instead of half a one.”

Meg thrilled as he spoke. “This Harry of mine!” she said, so low that ears a yard away would not have caught it.

“Ah! Then stoop your face to me, Meg!” he said, and caught her to his breast.

As she lay there, she presently found breath to whisper, “But I never said it!”

“What!” he cried, starting. “You never said, ‘Yourself, my Lord’!”

“Surely not! How should I have been so bold, so unwomanly!”

“Then who said it, if not you? Did you hear it?”

“Yes,—I believe so—but I cannot tell where it came from.”

“The Devil!” said Harry Marlowe, thoughtfully.

“No,—my guardian angel!” she softly replied to him.

A pair of lovers in a lane!—though the lovers were ill-matched, at least in age, and though the lane was not grassy and sweet, with oak-trees shading it and wild roses waving over it, but a dark, ditch-like way filled with snow, evil-smelling, bounded by black towering walls and the half-ruinous backs of poor and grimy houses. It was all the same to Lord Marlowe and his love. Meg might have known him always, loved him always, such were the peace and trust with which she rested in his arms, warm in the bitter cold of that Christmas morning,—yet it was not twelve hours since they first met. If the saw be true, *Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing*, Harry and his Meg should have been in bliss for evermore. But to outside eyes that lacked understanding, this adventure was proving my Lord without question mad. Was this the way that noble ladies were sought and won? Good and evil were ready for once to join in opposition to this wild autocrat of a lover.

Faces began to peer from black alleys between the houses, a glimmer of cautious lanterns pierced the darkness. Two parties were approaching, with noiseless feet on the snow. One came up from the street, where Dame Kate, crying and wringing her hands, had drawn together both townspeople and those of the castle who heard her complaints. Among these was Antonio, who hurried down, eager yet prudent, ready to take command yet very conscious that this crazy lord might not be good to approach. However, it was quite certain that he could not be allowed to carry off Mistress Margaret Roden as though she were a peasant-lass who had taken his fancy. Who would dare tell Sir William? And even now he was waiting to see his granddaughter on her return from the midnight mass.

The little group was joined by those two worthy men, Simon and Timothy Toste, whose house was not far from the town-gate of the castle. Then Alice Tilney hurried up, flushed and frightened, having somehow missed the servants, and hoping to overtake Margaret before she went with Christmas greetings to her grandfather. Alice screamed, wringing her hands as wildly as the nurse herself, and was going to rush alone in pursuit of her lady, but a word from Antonio brought her back.

"Patience, Mistress Alice, you will make a scandal," he said.

"What! and leave Mistress Meg in the hands of a madman?" Alice cried. "Scandal! 'Tis made already. He went that way, Nurse! Why, he may have carried her away into the forest. He's raving mad, and you know it, Antonio; Sir William knows it too. To see him burn those letters! On my life, you are a coward, if you will not follow me and rescue her!"

Antonio shrugged his shoulders. "My Lord is a fine swordsman," he said; and little Simon Toste, his smiling face quite pale and drawn, stepped forward with Timothy at his elbow.

"Therefore unarmed men are the fittest to deal with him," he said with dignity. "Stand back, young people. My brother and I will follow Mistress Margaret down the lane. Come, Timothy, you have your lantern. Notice, friends, the effect of Sir William's obstinacy. He would not listen to our worthy Vicar, who warned him to avoid these same Marlowes like the pestilence. Ay, Nurse, come along with us, and you too, Mistress Tilney, if you will. You are better out of the way, Master Antony. Moral measures are best, and you might whip out a weapon, with all the respect you have for his Lordship's sword."

Antonio showed his teeth; but the little apothecary's malice was not worth resenting. "Moral fiddlesticks!" he muttered. "If my Lord will give her up to you pompous pair of asses, he is idiot as well as madman." Then he gave the low whistle that always brought Alice Tilney to his side. "Let them go," he whispered. "We'll do better"; and he kept her standing still a moment, while the two worthies and Dame Kate, with a few gaping hangers-on from street and castle gateway, hurried away along the lane.

Alice came very close to the Italian. He took her two hands and squeezed them hard, till she winced with the pain. His face looked very white and his eyes shone in the darkness. "Where is Jasper?" he said.

"Not far off. I left him this moment, swearing to stop the marriage, by fair means or foul."

"Any with him?"

"Four or five."

"Go back to him. Tell him to take the other street, and fall upon them from behind. He will understand; a madman ought not to be at large."

"Tonio,—I fear—he might kill my Lord, and carry her away!" The words were breathed in Antonio's ear, as if the girl was afraid to speak them.

"Ah! He will not touch him till we have her safe, or else my dagger shall find his heart, Alice. I shall be there."

"He will not take orders from you. Tonio, how angry he would be! But you are cold and cruel sometimes. I could even fancy—"

"Get you gone with your fancies! Is this a time for kissing, little fool? There, if you will have it,—now be gone!"

"But you are so cold," Alice murmured, as she ran laughing away.

Antonio waited a moment, listening, then stole with light feet down the lane.

Harry Marlowe and his young love had lost count of time and consciousness of place; there, standing together in the snow, they vowed between kisses never again to be parted. Perhaps for any sober, ordinary English lass of gentle birth, hedged in, as such usually were, by all kinds of stiff restrictions, the passion of so wild and romantic a lover would have meant as much fear as joy. But Margaret was a child of the South: the sun of Venice had warmed the blood of her ancestors; and the girl who owed her stately young dignity to English training had a nature of Italian fire underneath, which the foreign life and habits of her English father had done little or nothing to nullify. Thus the world of new feeling into which Harry Marlowe brought his suddenly-

chosen bride was to her even more beautiful than amazing. Her passion was ready to rise to the height of his own; she was his, without an after-thought; even conscience had ceased to trouble her now. They knew and agreed that the golden moment, when she leaned radiant from the castle window to watch him riding wearily across the bridge, was the supreme moment that decided all their future lives.

And yet Margaret Roden was no fool. She knew, and told herself plainly, that in some indescribable way this Harry of hers was different from other men. And she had not forgotten old Kate's words,—*"a fine man, but they say he's crazy."* If there was anything in the absurd accusation, she could only add: *"Then give me a crazy lover, for I might not feel this trust and safety with any reasonable man. And if he's crazy, why, he wants my love the more, for he must be unhappy, and I'll comfort him. In his senses or out of them, I am yours and you are mine, Harry!"*

They had now agreed that Sir William must be persuaded to consent to an immediate marriage,—it would not be very hard, Meg thought, knowing her grandfather—and then, she was very sure that Harry should not leave her behind, for she was not afraid of a long journey on horseback, and she would ride with him to join the Queen.

"Nay, nay, love," he murmured, "you will be safer at my house. There may be hardships on the road, and then—"

"But I want to see the Queen; you know she is my godmother, she gave me my name. She will be glad to have two servants instead of one. If you are her man, I will be her woman, and we will both fight and work for her; will we not, Harry? No, indeed, you shall not leave me behind.

You would have to tell her Highness, and she would be angry, I know."

Harry laughed to himself. "Angry! Trust a child for guessing right!" he muttered, and then he pretended to be stern, and told Meg that his wife must obey him.

"In everything, except in living without you," she said. "But forsooth, if you mean to leave me behind, I will not marry you."

"Forsooth, will you not, fair lady?" and the argument had to end in kisses.

Suddenly Meg tried to escape from the arms that held her, but they only tightened their grasp, till the stealing

lights came nearer, and the faces peered through the dimness, and the low chatter of well-known voices reminded her of the world she had forgotten.

"Do not shame me before these good people," she said imploringly in her lover's ear.

So, when Simon and Timothy, two quaint black figures in high hats, and Kate the nurse, and a few townspeople in the rear, paced up reproachfully to these lovers in the lane, they were received by a gentleman and lady with mild surprise and perfect dignity.

(To be continued.)

FROM CHEMULPO TO SEOUL.

A MINGLING of East and West, of Oriental phlegm and European progress,—the Land of the Morning Calm or the Realm of Dawning Civilisation? Which shall more fittingly describe Corea? Omniscient European journalists entitle it the Hermit Kingdom, where electric cars flash through the streets of Seoul and an excellent railway brings the traveller in comfort from the seaport of Chemulpo to the capital. The day of isolation, of sluggish apathy in the face of modern progress, is past for Corea. Already Japanese engineers—mark the nationality!—are busy on a railway projected from Seoul right across the kingdom to Fusan, a tiny seaport nestling beside a splendid natural harbour on the south-east coast. The electric light, already installed in the palace, is finding its way into the streets of the capital; and through a city as quaint and old-world as Peking itself electric tram-cars run everywhere.

These changes are certainly of very recent date and owe their origin to the King's love of novelty rather than to any far-sighted policy. A late Minister to Washington, on his return to Corea, informed his monarch of the marvels he had seen in the strange land of America. Lights that burned not; carriages that ran without the aid of horses; magic wires which enabled friends, far separated, to hear the sound of each other's familiar voices,—all this appealed to the wonder-loving ruler of the Hermit Kingdom. He made this ex-Minister Governor of Seoul and bade him arrange with his foreign

friends to bring these marvels within the monarch's ken. An American company built the railway to the capital. An American engineer installed the electric light in the royal palace,—and strange are the tales he can tell of what he saw there! In other respects the country still remains sunk in semi-barbarism. Tyrannical officials still cruelly oppress the lower classes: manufactures and trade still remain altogether in the hands of the foreigner; but the thin edge of the wedge has been introduced. Corea will not go back; Japan will see to that.

I was on my way to Japan from North China. An opportunity offered of making a voyage in a steamer of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha (the excellent Japanese Mailship Company) from Taku to Newchwang in Manchuria, thence to Chifu in North China, then back across the Gulf of Pe-chi-li to Corea and along its coast, touching at Chemulpo and Fusan. Such a chance was not to be lost. Japan is in these days as common as Egypt. The fabled city of Peking was as well known to the officers of the Allied Armies as London, Paris, or Berlin. Corea alone remained, comparatively, a *terra incognita*. At Tientsin, barely two days' steam from it, no one seemed aware that such a thing as a railway existed in the Hermit Kingdom. At the British Consul-General's office there, when seeking to learn if it were possible to march overland through Corea from Chemulpo on the west to Gensan, or Wensan, on the east coast, I was informed that they knew little or

nothing about that country. This promised well; even in these days of widespread civilisation, I was at last to catch a glimpse of a still barbarous and unprogressive land. The sole thing that troubled me about it was that our steamer was to stop only two days at Chemulpo; and I wanted to visit Seoul, which is forty miles inland. How in forty-eight hours was I to manage to go to the capital and return? I knew nothing of the existence of a railway; and I came to the conclusion that I must secure ponies at Chemulpo and ride.

But, to my surprise, on going on board the comfortable little Japanese steamer, *GENKAI MARU*, at Taku, I found in the saloon a time-table of the Seoul-Chemulpo railway, which showed that trains ran to the capital every two hours during the day, taking about an hour and a quarter over the journey. It was a relief to learn that a railway existed; but of course, I thought, it could only be a dilapidated, ramshackle concern, and one would be jolted in wretched carriages over a badly-laid line. Still that would be better than riding eighty miles on rough Korean ponies. To add to my astonishment there were advertisements, also hung up in the saloon, of two hotels in Seoul. One, kept by an Englishman, was called the Station Hotel and claimed among its attractions the advantage of being "far from the blare of military display." The rival establishment was evidently French and bore the name *Hôtel du Palais*. Railways and hotels! Korea did not seem quite so benighted as I had thought.

Newchwang and Chifu visited, our steamer headed for Chemulpo. The entrance to the harbour lies through a bewildering maze of countless islets, far more wonderful and picturesque than the much lauded archipelago of

the Inland Sea of Japan. In between these innumerable islands large and small, our vessel threaded her way, and my respect for her officers (all Japanese) rose high when I saw how skilfully they brought her through the tortuous channel on a dark night with never a beacon light to guide them. The large steamers of the Japanese-owned lines which ply to Europe, America, and Australia have to be provided with white commanders, officers, and chief engineers, as European passengers fear to trust their lives to a purely native ship's company. Yet the navigation of the Chinese, Korean, Siberian, and Japanese coasts, in these narrow typhoon-scourged seas, calls for far more skill than is required to take a ship along the broad, well-defined ocean routes; and all the steamers which ply from Taku and Vladivostok to Nagasaki and Yokohama are commanded by Japanese officers.

Soon after daybreak I was on deck to catch the first glimpse of Chemulpo. In and out through the narrow passages our vessel swung. Here, on one hand, lay a long, hilly island, its steep slopes clad with grass, the white beach fringed with foam. On the other a cluster of gigantic rocks rose sheer and threatening from the sea, their black sides glistening with the spray flung up by the waves which rolled heavily against them, only to be hurled back in masses of broken water. Suddenly the *GENKAI MARU* doubled a bluff, rocky shoulder, and ahead of us lay the mainland.

On the face of a long, undulating hill stood the city, the houses climbing up the steep side to the summit. No mere cluster of Eastern hovels is Chemulpo. Near the sea tall factory chimneys rose up above European-like buildings. Long, regular streets of well-built houses ascended the hill. Here and there in spacious grounds

stood stone villas with slated roofs. Along the sea-front a wide road ran by a substantial quay and stone piers. For Chemulpo is a prosperous port, with many European and Japanese merchants, and a large colony of the enterprising subjects of the Mikado. Only the lower classes work in Corea, and commerce is left to the foreigner. To right and left of the city were lines of hills, running back as far as the eye could reach. The foreshore extends well out, and at low tide a large stretch of mud is uncovered; so the steamers at anchor lay well away from the town, protected by the hills of islands and mainland.

As the *GENKAI MARU* brought up, she was surrounded by a flotilla of *sampans*,—long, shallow boats with square sterns and prows tapering to a point. They were worked by brawny, muscular Coreans, who stood facing the bows and pushed, not pulled, their oars. My fellow-passengers consisted of several British and German military officers and a few Americans. We all went ashore promptly, our boatmen working with an energy that I have never seen equalled by their kind anywhere else. Brought in alongside a sloping stone landing-place, up which we walked, we passed a few custom-house officials, who took no notice of us. The road ran by the quay round the harbour, leading on the left to the railway-station, a few hundred yards away. Above us was a low hill, crowned by a European villa, the residence of a foreign consul or merchant.

As we gained the quay, a crowd of loitering Coreans watched us with indolent curiosity. They were mostly clad in white cotton; the coolies, bare-headed or with large, queer-shaped straw hats, wore short jackets, baggy knickerbockers, and bandages like putties on their legs. The men of a better class had long, voluminous

cotton coats, which reached almost to the ankles and stood out from the hips with the fulness of skirts. Opening towards the neck and showing other white cotton garments underneath, these coats were confined under the arm-pits by a cord passing round the body and tied in front, hanging down in two long tassels. The head-gear of the more respectable Coreans was exceedingly curious. A mitre-shaped skull-cap of black gauze, about five inches high, rested on the head, fitting closely around the temples and forehead. On this was placed, so that it stood several inches above the wearer's hair, a tall, round, broad-brimmed hat of the same black gauze, stiffened with bamboo fibres; in shape it resembled the head-gear usually worn by the comic Frenchman of the London stage. Below the long coats appeared trousers. Some of the labourers and the lower-class children wore dark-coloured padded garments; but white cotton was the general rule. Along the quay trudged coolies, carrying their loads fixed in a curious contrivance on their backs. Two forked sticks were bound vertically to their shoulders, just long enough to allow the lower ends to rest on the ground when the carrier sat down, thus supporting the weight of the burden. In the forks was fastened a basket made of matting, in which the loads were placed. Its upper corners stood out from the shoulders at angles which at a distance gave to the bearers the appearance of having wings.

As the morning was now too far advanced to make it advisable to visit Seoul that day, we determined to devote the afternoon to an inspection of Chemulpo and reserve the capital for the morrow. To make sure about the trains, we first directed our steps to the railway-station. This was not an imposing structure. On

one platform was a plain, substantial stone building containing the booking-offices, waiting-rooms, and a not particularly luxurious refreshment-room. The attendants, as well as the railway clerks, were Japanese. On the other platform stood a small waiting-room; and further down was a long, high engine-shed with galvanised iron roof. Having learned all that we wanted to know, we retraced our steps along the quay and entered the town.

The business part of Chemulpo consists of a mixture of European and Japanese buildings, most of the shops being kept by the enterprising colonists from the neighbouring Island Empire. From the sea-shore rise the tall chimneys of factories. We climbed a steep street running up the face of the hill on which the town is built. The houses on either side, with the exception of the European business offices, were rarely more than one storey high, the most substantial buildings being a bank, the Daibutsu Hotel, and the residences of the foreigners. The street ended near the top of the hill, and we found ourselves among the gardens and well-built houses of the consuls and white merchants, some of whom we passed hard at work on a lawn-tennis ground. From the summit a spacious view lay around us. On the side furthest from the town stretched a bare plain dotted with a few villages, their tiny, flat-roofed hovels crowded together. Beyond was an interminable vista of hills, barren and treeless for the most part. Along the coast winding inlets pushed there way into the land, and islands lay in profusion on the sparkling sea.

Descending again into the town we roamed through the streets, our interest divided between the quaint attire of the people and the strong contrast of their buildings. Here was a queer

little Japanese wooden house, the ground floor a shop, the front of the upper part closed with sliding paper screens. Next to it was a Chinese eating-house, boasting all the strange and repulsive forms of food in which the Celestial delights. Then came a drinking-saloon, its shelves crowded with bottles of Japanese beer, and over the door a sign-board bearing the inscription in English *Billiard-room within*. Beside it stood a substantially-built brick house, the offices of some European firm. Nor were the types of humanity which thronged the streets less curious or interesting. Towards us, toddling along on their high wooden sandals, came a laughing, chattering group of Japanese women in grey or blue *kimonos*, their oiled hair twisted into fantastic shapes and bristling with lacquered combs, flowers, and brightly-tasselled hair-pins. Behind them walked a couple of Chinamen, moving silently along with felt-soled shoes.

The dress of the Korean women is very quaint. Long, voluminous white cotton dresses reaching to the ankle show baggy trousers underneath, which, ending at slippers with up-turned toes, give them somewhat the appearance of Turkish women. Over their head is thrown a long cloak, generally green, fastened under the neck, the sleeves, through which the arms are never passed, hanging down over the shoulders. By this cloak hangs a tale, historical and interesting. Once upon a time a king of Corea invited the officers of his army to a banquet in the palace at Seoul, in complete ignorance that a military conspiracy, aimed at his throne and life, was afoot. The conspirators, who were among the guests, resolved to seize their opportunity to murder the king during the progress of the banquet. On entering the palace, the officers deposited their

large military cloaks in an ante-chamber and took their places in the hall where the feast was spread, waiting only a signal to fall on and slay their host. But a number of the women of Seoul had become acquainted with the conspiracy. Loyal to their monarch and unable to warn him in time, they went in a body to the palace, and gained admittance into the ante-chamber. Seizing the officers' cloaks they entered the banqueting-hall unobserved; some, stealing noiselessly up behind the officers as they sat at the feast, flung the cloaks over their heads and pinioned them in the folds, while others ran to the bewildered king, hurriedly warned him of the plot, and spirited him safely away before the baffled conspirators could release themselves from the grasp of their brave captors. In token of his gratitude to his loyal female subjects, the king decreed that in future the Korean women should wear the military cloak, thrown over their heads, as a mark of honour.

A little further down the street we came upon three Korean soldiers. The army has recently been reorganised by the Japanese, on whose troops it is modelled in dress and equipment. These men, the first Korean warriors we had seen, were small and friendly-looking. They were dressed in dark blue serge tunics and trousers, or knickerbockers with leg-bandages, and wore *képis*, or small shakoes, with a brass ornament in front, similar to the chrysanthemum of the Japanese troops. One had a modern, breech-loading rifle, and carried a number of small cardboard boxes and packages slung on his back and tied there by handkerchiefs in knapsack fashion. The others were armed with nothing deadlier than a fan. As they stopped to gaze at us in cheerful curiosity,

I walked up to them and intimated by gestures my desire to photograph them. They smilingly assented and posed themselves readily. The Korean, it should be observed, has not the same objection to having his portrait taken which characterises the Chinaman; even in Hong Kong and Macao I have seen 'ricksha coolies vehemently protest against the indignity and cover their faces with their hands, rather than be exposed to the evil eye of the devil-machine, as they consider the camera. But our military friends seemed quite flattered, and stood patiently while I took their portraits.

In Chemulpo, as elsewhere throughout the country, the money chiefly in use, and most in favour, is Japanese. The coinage of the kingdom is so debased that one *yen* (or Japanese dollar, worth about two shillings) is equal to one dollar forty cents Korean. Indeed the national money is frequently refused and payment demanded in foreign silver; even good British Hong Kong dollars will not be accepted, unless by the Chinese residents. I entered a Japanese photographer's shop and endeavoured to buy some views of the country with these coins; but my *kimono*-clad friend absolutely refused them. He proved equally obdurate when offered Korean money, and I could purchase nothing.

On the following day we went ashore early in the morning and proceeded to the railway-station to catch the first train to the capital. Here the monetary difficulty became acute, for the clerks in the booking-office would not accept our Hong Kong dollars. However, we boarded the train without tickets and trusted to luck. Engine-drivers, guards, railway officials of all sorts, were Japanese. The carriages were on the American principle, the difference

between first, second, and third class consisting chiefly in the upholstering of the cars.

The line to Seoul passes first near the sea, over creeks, by mud-flats, round the bases of barren hills, by crowded villages with their flat-roofed, squalid huts where unkempt peasants gazed lethargically at the train. The country soon grows more open. The hills are rounded; the plains, rising in swelling upland covered with long grass, are dotted with patches of ragged firs. There is but little cultivation, though the soil seems fertile enough. Occasionally we passed a house better built than usual, with tiled roof and stone or plastered walls, the residence of some Korean who dared to let it be known that he was not sunk in the depths of poverty. For in this unprogressive land few of its inhabitants may boast of wealth. Let a man show signs of being better off than his neighbours and, like hungry vultures, the corrupt officials will at once swoop down upon him, when fines and imprisonment will soon reduce him to the common level.

The stations along the line are fairly numerous. European in appearance, the contrast between the plain, unromantic stone buildings with ticket-offices and waiting-rooms, all in approved Western style, and the black-hatted, white-robed passengers with flying skirts bustling to catch the train, was forcible.

When the conductor came through the carriages to collect the tickets, we explained that we had none and offered our Chinese dollars in payment of the fare. These he refused and insisted on Japanese *yen*. Eventually he reluctantly accepted one dollar forty cents in Korean money from me for the one dollar fare; but my companions were forced to wait until Seoul was reached, where they could

exchange their Hong Kong silver for more useful coins.

The scenery along the route was on the whole uninteresting. Level plains, swelling uplands, and rounded hills, covered with long coarse grass, clumps of fir-trees and patches of cultivation. The train ran for some distance beside a broad and placid river, beyond which the houses of a town clustered around the foot and up the sides of a small hill. Then, suddenly turning, it crossed the river on a fine iron bridge, ran through stretches of cultivated land, past more hills, and finally stopped at the terminus, which is situated outside the walls of Seoul. The English hotel, which I had seen advertised as "far from the glare of military display," was close to the station. It consisted of a number of small Korean houses in a large courtyard surrounded by a wooden palisade, close under the city walls, within which, and situated on a small eminence, the tower of the British Legation was just visible, rising above the hotel. The energetic English proprietor and his wife had converted the unpromising-looking buildings into very comfortable rooms, the dining-room especially being a bright, cheerful apartment. As some of us had left the steamer too hurriedly for any food that morning, we asked for breakfast, and were soon served with an English meal of excellent bacon and eggs; out of place as it seemed in this distant land, we did ample justice to the home-like fare. Staying at the hotel were several guests, one or two missionaries with their families, a couple of American ladies on their travels, and an English colonel. After breakfast the landlord kindly procured a guide for us, and, engaging 'rickshas, we set off to visit the city.

Seoul is somewhat similar in appearance to Peking. It is surrounded by

high, embrasured walls pierced by tunnel-like gateways surmounted by square or oblong towers with double roofs and wide-spreading, upturned eaves similar to those of the Chinese capital. Indeed, the place is practically a smaller and a cleaner Peking, and the whole land shows unmistakable traces of the Chinese conquest. From the broad main streets, lined with one-storeyed houses bordered by deep, open drains, branch off narrow, evil-smelling lanes and alleys. The buildings, both public and private, are all of the Chinese type of architecture, the tiled roofs and the upturned eaves being strongly reminiscent of the Celestial Kingdom. To our surprise, however, we saw a single line of rails leading out of the gate by which we entered and, as our 'ricksha-coolies ran us along inside the city, an electric tram-car flashed down the street towards us. Westared in astonishment! Here in the capital of the Benighted Land, in allothful, backward Corea, was one of the latest examples of modern progress. The car was small with no seats on the top, and from the sloping roof the slanting trolley-arm ran to the overhead wire. The driver and conductor were Japanese, as are all the employees of the Company. The car was divided into two compartments; and the seats, which ran along the sides, were crowded with Coreans, of both sexes and all classes. The city is covered with a network of tram-lines, over which a regular and frequent service is maintained during the day. On the posts supporting the overhead wires were notices which, so our guide informed us, warned the inhabitants of the city against using the rails as pillows during the night. Strange as it may seem, many cases had occurred where the ignorant townspeople had lain down to sleep on the track, utilising the cool iron

to rest their necks on. While they slumbered the tram had come rushing along in the dark, with the inevitable result that head and body parted company.

Turning off the main street, our 'rickshas rattled down a smaller one running parallel to and near the city wall. In it was situated the Russian Legation, with one of the Czar's soldiers on guard at the gate; further down, on a slight eminence, stood the British Legation. Both these buildings are of European architecture, the latter being surmounted by a square tower crowned by an open gallery with gabled roof. Plunging deeper into the city we came to an open space, on one side of which we saw Seoul's second hostelry, the *Hôtel du Palais*. We now began to understand the meaning of the phrase "blare of military display" in the advertisement of the Station Hotel, as the rival establishment is called; for all round this quarter, in every street, at each gateway, and at every corner, stood double sentries, while guards were continually passing to and fro. The garrison of Seoul consisted, I believe, of about four thousand men; and fully half the number must have been continually employed on sentry-go.

At this square our party separated temporarily. Some went on to pay a visit to the royal palaces and the Queen's tomb; the rest of us, having done enough sight-seeing in Peking and North China generally to last us for the rest of our lives, preferred to wander afoot through the streets and observe the ordinary life of the inhabitants. We gazed with interest at the little soldiers, the long-robed, queer-hatted citizens, or the open-fronted shops, where foods, embroideries, pipes, and many European articles were on sale. We made several purchases, mine including one of the curious gauze Korean hats and

the skull-cap worn beneath it, for which I paid three dollars; but those of the best quality, made of human hair and the finest bamboo, cost as much as one hundred and fifty dollars (nearly £15).

On reaching the main streets we resolved to patronise the tramway and purchased tickets at the small office at one of the stopping-places. A car soon came up and we took our seats. The genial young Japanese conductor spoke a little English and, evidently proud of his accomplishment, entered into conversation with us. Noting the Korean hat which I had just purchased, he said to me, "You have buy!" On my replying in the affirmative he continued, "How much you pay?" I told him, whereupon he burst out laughing. "Oh, you dam fool" he cried and slapped me genially on the back, rather to my astonishment. However, his mirth was contagious, and I joined in the laugh against myself, while our Korean fellow-passengers, though ignorant of the joke, all cackled merrily.

The car shot along through the wide, dingy streets, over small bridges crossing broad drains, and out through the tunnel-like arch of the gate in the city wall into the country beyond. The road narrowed down until the luxuriant foliage of the trees met overhead, and the line ended about a mile from the walls. On our return we left the car at the gate, to take photographs, but we had not reckoned on the insatiable curiosity of the Korean. A crowd speedily gathered; and no sooner was a camera in position than a throng of men, women, and children pressed closely up and strove hard to look in through the lens. Entreaties and curses proving equally unintelligible to the good-humoured mob, at last we employed strategy. One of our number raised

his camera; instantly the throng rushed at him and tried to peer into the strange little box, when I seized my opportunity. Hearing the click, the crowd turned and scurried back to me, when my companion in turn took them. Then, shouldering our way through the laughing mob, intensely amused at their own defeat, we jumped on another tramcar and were rattled back through the city and out by the gate where we had originally entered. From here we walked back to the Station Hotel.

Thus ended our brief glimpse of the capital of Corea. We returned to Chemulpo, and on the same evening our steamer sailed for Japan. The following day found us in the magnificent natural harbour of Fusan, a land-locked bay surrounded by an amphitheatre of rounded hills. A large fleet could shelter there with ease, and a few forts would make the place impregnable. Its position on the south-east corner of Corea, within a day's steam of Japan, makes it a point of special interest to the Japanese, who would strongly resist its passing into the hands of any powerful and possibly hostile nation. Fusan was the last spot of ground they possessed on Korean soil after their invasion in former times. For centuries they have maintained a small colony in the town, which is, to all intents and purposes, a Japanese settlement. Almost the only steamers which visit the port are the vessels of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha which ply between Taku and Nagasaki or Vladivostok, and Japan, and Japanese engineers are building a railway across Corea from Seoul to Fusan. It would be but natural that the Russians should cast an envious eye on Fusan; and equally natural is it that Japan should object to their establishing themselves in a harbour so magnificently equipped

by Nature and so near to her own coasts.

The docile, phlegmatic Corean counts for little in the schemes of more powerful nations. His country has been for centuries the cockpit of Eastern Asia; and only his want of active patriotism and his prompt submission to his conquerors have saved him from extermination. Cheerful and hard-working by nature, long years of oppression by corrupt

officials have left him thriftless and lazy. Of what use is it to endeavour to lift himself from the slough of poverty when, at the first appearance of wealth, he will be forced, under pain of imprisonment, torture, or death, to disgorge the fruits of his toil? Thus commerce is left to the foreigner; and the Corean is content with a bare livelihood and asks but a peaceful existence.

GORDON CASSERLY.

THE TRAMP.

I AM perfectly well aware that tramps are not generally supposed to be specially gifted with imagination, nor with much love for the picturesque; yet from my personal experiences of these tattered nomads, I have found them to be almost as richly endowed with those qualities as their outward appearance would suggest. And surely, it must require some imagination to concoct those pitiful tales by which tramps generally succeed in lightening the pockets of the unsophisticated but charitable pedestrian. Like the victims of the Sirens, if you are tempted to stand and listen to one of these dulcet strains you are lost, or at least you have parted with something which may, or may not, be valuable to you, according to the fashion in which you regard filthy lucre.

You are passing along a road when one of these interesting specimens of the picturesque meets you and accosts you with this preliminary request: "Please, sir, could you oblige me with a light?" Now a light is what no smoker can possibly refuse if he has one about him. You must stop and begin to search your pockets as naturally, and as readily, for the tramp, as you would for an ordinary traveller. It is what you would ask, if you wanted the article, and met some one on a lonely road who seemed likely to give it.

While the intended victim is rummaging in search of the match-box, which has got into some out-of-the-way corner of his pocket, the tattered prowler is studying his probable prospects before beginning business.

A search of this kind is about the best test of a man's character. If he is charitable, easy to be imposed upon, and in no great hurry, he will search leisurely, taking out the different articles deliberately, one by one. He will most likely bring out his own pipe and tobacco-pouch, and, while handing over the match-box, also press upon his unfortunate brother a pipe-full of the weed. If he does all this without becoming excited or losing his temper, then the borrower is pretty sure of a credulous ear to his oral fiction, and at the end of the narration, perhaps half-a-crown to help him along his weary way.

I am by nature a patient listener to the woes of the tatterdemalion fraternity. Perhaps a strain of the same Bohemian blood runs in my veins. I admire, as they do, lonely roads and pleasing landscapes. I am fond, as they are, of perpetual change, and enjoy uncertainty as they do. Method becomes obnoxious when it is forced upon me. I like, as they do, old coats and disreputable trousers, and value much more the chance pipe of borrowed tobacco than I do my own special brand.

Of course I do not always give full credence to the stories which they favour me with, although I am generally filled with admiration at the invention displayed. This, joined to the histrionic gifts exhibited by the narrators, generally lures from me a certain fee, as my tribute to their abilities. It is so pleasant to sit down by the side of a stile, in a country road on a summer afternoon, with an expert liar beside one,

modulating his trained voice to a pathetic self-pitiful strain, all the while watching you with his crafty eyes to see the effect of his sad story. It is pleasant to have your ears tickled in this soothing manner, while your eyes are gratified by the spectacle he presents to you, his stage effect as it were; a figure, draped by Time, in a fashion of its own, with æsthetic bleachings of colours and gradations of tones sufficiently subtle to charm the most critical perceptions, with fringes and fluttering edges, patches, and additions to suit the convenience of the wearer, that no costumier could imitate, unless perhaps he were of Chinese or Japanese extraction.

The real professional is not to be mistaken, when once you get to know him thoroughly, for the temporary tramp,—that is to say the tramp who lives by the road for the mechanic out of work, who may be merely seeking for employment.

The real article never wastes his valuable time in seeking for work, and he would despise a mate who would dream about such an undesirable consummation to his day's march nearer home.

Possibly such an adept began life as the brat of a beggar, and was initiated into his honourable craft with his first lisplings, having served before that date as an unspeakable object for compassion; therefore the road is his only and true home. Such a one will avoid Unions as much as he possibly can, because he does not like to work for his night's shelter. He has rarely any need to go into such places. If he knows his trade at all, night seldom falls upon him without finding him fully provided, and there are jolly places where tramps congregate at nights by the way, and compare notes like the merry mendicant pilgrims of yore.

He has grown up as a professional roadster all his life. His mode of existence is one void of care and responsibility. As a rule, it is almost as rare to see a dead tramp as it is to see a dead donkey. They are a hardy and long enduring race, and may be met of all ages, from helpless babyhood to sturdy and unwashed veteranism; but I never yet encountered a very decrepit specimen, although I have met many who could feign all the ailments of poor humanity to serve the purpose of the moment.

If it is a youthful tramp, he will begin conversation by asking how far it is to the town beyond the one you have just left, also perhaps the time. He will not shock you by asking for a light, as he prefers leaving you under the impression that he has not yet acquired this bad habit. He is a virtuous, if humble, young man, who has lost both his parents and means of living by the collapse of a coal-mine, and is generally dirty enough to make this statement seem feasible. He is looking out for work, and has been on the outlook since that deplorable accident in the mine. He has tramped all that day, and the day before, without breaking his fast, while his last meal consisted only of a dry crust. At this juvenile stage in his life the tramp has to content himself with coppers, being too young and inexperienced to get up pathos strong enough to draw forth silver from his patrons. He has not practised enough to be able to drop a tear with subdued effect; it is the middle-aged widower who can do that to perfection.

This adept accosts you pleasantly, and while you are searching for the match, remarks cheerfully about the condition of the crops and the state of the weather. He is a hopeful wanderer so far as the prospect of

future work is concerned. If he can manage to get a sickle, on trust, until he can afford to purchase one, he is sure of a job at bean-cutting, which will carry him along first-rate until the hopping-season begins. He has got his pipe filled and lighted at your expense, yet still he lingers, extending his confidences, and gliding gracefully into the pathetic. A broken leg was the first of his disasters, followed by the loss of his dear wife, and a lingering illness which gradually reduced his wardrobe to its present state of dilapidation. He exhibits his pawn-tickets as vouchers of the truth of his tale. They are all there, silent witnesses of his former respectability, although of no more use, having run out their time; a vest, nine pence, a coat, fifteen pence, and so on. "The price of that sickle and a bed for to-night, is the whole that is wanted to make a man once more out of as miserable a wreck as you might meet in a day's march," he concludes, wiping the furtive tear away with his rag of a handkerchief. If lucky, the bereaved one walks off, with the tears of gratitude in his leery eyes, and the price of that sickle in his twine-tied pocket, while the affected donor feels, for the passing moment, a better man as he once more turns a dewy gaze towards spreading Nature.

Of all the variety of tramps whom I have come upon in my wanderings after the picturesque, I never yet met either a vindictive or a grateful one. You may blaspheme at one of them until you are on the verge of a fit of apoplexy, and he will only reply gratefully, "Bless yer, sir, for them kind words." Set the house-dog after him to the further dilapidation of his time-worn habiliments; you cannot hurt his feelings or rouse him up to the point of harbouring revenge. Abuse is what he naturally expects,

if he cannot raise commiseration in your bosom. He will not leave you, when once he has got a hearing, until he has roused either the one emotion or the other. As rags are his stock in trade, the raggeder your dog can make him the better prospect he has with the next customer; therefore, as he has no cause for resentment, he does not feel it.

I am taking up my subject from a natural history point of view, and wish to deal with it dispassionately and fairly. I do not look upon the tramp in the same light as I would regard a man whom unmerciful disaster has driven from the ranks of respectability into the hopeless mire of destitution. Such a one is not a tramp, although he may be compelled to consort with them, and most likely may have to die among them. Such a hopeless wreck, with his bitter hatreds, disappointed ambitions, envyings, withering wishes, and impotent desires, can no more be compared with the pure-bred mendicant than can a wild tiger-cat newly caged be compared with the domestic favourite who serves to ornament our hearth-rugs.

Like the cat, it has taken many generations to form the nature, as well as to harden the hide, of the tramp,—in fact to make him the object that he is. A Romany has some of the qualities necessary, but he is too conservative and tribal, with too many traditions to hinder his progress towards the traitless perfection required. He is not cosmopolitan enough in his ideas. He does something occasionally for a living,—plaiting rushes, telling fortunes, painting his caravan, house-breaking, or poaching—each of which requires exertion and brain-power. The genuine tramp has grown beyond all effort. He can lie fluently, because to do this requires no effort,

but he will not even exert himself to steal, unless the article is placed very handy. He lives for the pure sake of living, and therefore is, in the truest sense of the word, the only human being without a single responsibility, motive, care, obligation, or sensibility. In fact I can only compare him to the domestic cat who has every desire gratified by her indulgent owner. The tramp is a general pet of society who has been smoothed by indulgence down to mere good-natured easy animalism. He is truly a lily of the field, who neither toils nor spins and yet is amply provided for.

He quarrels sometimes when in drink, but not often, and his rages are extremely short-lived. Having no domestic ties, nor household gods, he has no jealousies. He may form a union for a few days, or months, with a tramp of the opposite sex, and be for the time a step-father to the half-naked progeny who are trooping about with her; but, as both their tastes are erratic, some day they will take different roads without a thought of regret, and no more affecting leave-taking than a parting glass to friendship. They will meet again, with other ties formed, or if it suits their fancies, contract another short partnership together. Their consciences are the easiest, their hearts the lightest, and their memories the shortest for either benefits or wrongs received.

Summer-time is the pleasantest season of the year for the tramp, but the winter months are the most profitable; therefore I think, on the whole, that he does not mind sacrificing the pleasures of green woods, and warm suns, for the more solid advantages of icy blasts, slushy roads, and driving snow.

When a man is cold and drenched he is all the readier to sympathise with the tramp who may be in the

same wretched condition. A really miserable day is the harvest-time of the tattered and shivering vagrant; of course, although he may appear ten times more affected by the piercing blast in his rents and rags than you are in your overcoat, he is not so in reality. Like the savage, he has become inured by a lifetime of exposure to the different seasons, and carries beneath those scanty looking rags a hide as hardened as a rhinoceros. What is making you, in your warm coat, shiver to the marrow, is only bracing up this sturdy rogue and sharpening his appetite for the Irish stew, or steak and onions, which he knows will be waiting for him at the end of his exceedingly short day's journey.

Spring with its east winds and depressing damp, late autumn with its howling blasts and savage down-pours, winter with its ice and snows have all their comforting aspects to these charity provokers. The different seasons mean only a very gentle stroll, a few shivers and abject moans and a cosy evening at the first village inn devoted to the service of his kind.

And it is during the evening that our adventurer is seen at his best, when he has reached his caravansary and, throwing aside all hypocrisy, he gives his donation to the general fund and prepares for a boisterous night of freedom and festivity.

Little beer-shops by the side of the road these inns are, with such names as *THE BEGGAR'S OPERA*, or *NOAH'S ARK*, *THE SAILOR'S REST*, *LUCKY HORSESHOE*, and so forth. Quiet places, as to the frontage, with a small bar and a dingy parlour beside it, where the landlord sedately attends to stray customers; while to the rear, through a long passage, are the tramp's quarters, large kitchens which serve to cook and dine in, with sleeping-dens leading from them.

The landlord has generally a small closet to the rear of the parlour, with a little counter and ticket-like box made into the wall of the kitchen. Here he can receive orders, and watch that his guests do not make too much disturbance to call down the remonstrance of the police, which might place his licence in danger. Inside these bar-closets I have spent many interesting hours, getting my experience of the queer customers on the other side, when it was not always convenient to join in the festivities.

Irish-stew, ham and eggs, steak and onions, and chops mostly occupy the early part of the evening. The fire is always kept blazing merrily, and the cook busy with her pots, frying-pans, and gridirons, for the customers drop in from sundown to nine or ten o'clock at night, after which hour no legitimate tramp would be on the road. Whoever comes in later must be some poor paltry searcher after base toil, who is glad of the leavings which these prosperous sons and daughters of charity discard. I must say for them that they are extravagant and lavish in their donations when they have been lucky themselves. What they have gleaned during the day they spend conscientiously before bedtime, leaving the next day to provide for itself.

They are not epicurean in their eating. A jolly gorge is what they come here for, and they sit down to enormous dishes, devouring as much as they can, until they are purple in the face with repletion. Then they contemptuously pass over the remainder of the feast to the poor wretches who crawl in late. Those despised objects, who really want work, are too proud to beg, yet must play the hungry dogs to these robust cadgers, and eat humble pie for their futile attempts to be honest.

A merry night succeeds the supper.

Pipes are set alight and drinks ordered. It might be supposed that as this is a beer-shop, ale and beer would be the order, but with the exception of a few pots by way of what Mr. Swiveller would call modest quenchers, the true tramp, if in funds, despises this poor tippie. Bottles of brandy, gin, rum, and whiskey, are brought from the spirit shops and consumed copiously. The *ladies* and street-singers take port wine by the pint. One evening I saw three blind men empty six flagons of wine at a sitting, winding up with a bottle of brandy by way of a night-cap.

Singing, swearing, dancing, and courting fill up the intervals, in the delicate manner that might be supposed from the refined company, so that by the time the worthy landlord has shut up his front bar, the revellers are in a high state of conviviality.

Tramps do not possess any fixed property, neither do they hold on to anything transferable very long, but sometimes I have met them in company with a dog.

Now dogs are the most imitative of animals, as well as the most reflective. The hour they make up their canine minds to accept a biped as their leader, they begin to mould their personalities into the likeness of that biped. A cat will retain her individuality to the last gasp of her ninth life, but a dog allows himself to be absorbed into the personality of the being he decides to follow, and he quickly becomes a feasible replica of his master.

The tramp's dog is an animal apart from all other dogs, as the master is different from all other castes of mankind. He is a mongrel, as might be supposed, and has the blending, with the other qualities, of a hundred different breeds in him. He is about the size of a fox-terrier, with a shaggy coat, dirty white and rusty black in

colour, a long solemn snout, small crafty eyes, enormously thick legs, and an attenuated barrel. His tail hangs limply down, or, if it curls at all, takes an inward curve between the hind legs, which generally have a backward and a downward tendency, that shrinking appearance which the hind legs of dogs are apt to take when the master has tied a rope to their collar, after openly expressing his intention of drowning his faithful follower. Cruikshank has drawn the animal to the life in one of his illustrations to *OLIVER TWIST*.

The ribs of the tramp's dog protrude, because he does not fare so well as his master. His rough coat hangs also in ragged patches, not with distemper (because it requires breed in a dog to take the distemper), but with frequent and violent scratchings which are his only pastime. He could not be a tramp's dog, if he did not imitate, to the best of his ability, his master's rags and other peculiarities.

It can easily be understood that a dog who wears no collar, and who knows that no taxes are paid for him, has not much cause for pride. A dog that must pass through parts of the country where police regulations are sometimes very stringent has to be on his mettle and keep a wary eye about him for casualties. He is perfectly well aware that his leader cannot, and will not, take his part, or even own him, if he gets into any trouble with the authorities. He cannot afford the luxury of a free fight with any of the dogs he may meet, for that would call too much public attention to his master, a state of affairs that he tries in every way to avoid, for his own sake and for the sake of the object that he follows. His main aim, therefore, is to sneak through life as unobtrusively as possible and avoid anything in the way of publicity.

He knows perfectly well that when he comes to a crowded part of the road, or where houses are, he must skulk behind and appear as if he were an objectless and ownerless dog. He must wag his tail to every one he meets and fawn upon them as if he was on the look-out for a master. He must give a wide circuit to all villages and towns where policemen are likely to be, and in general obliterate his individuality, as well as his similitude, on every possible occasion, if he intends to continue in the land of the living, which like his master, he wants very earnestly to do. Therefore the stranger does not often see the tramp and his dog together. The dog is never to be met inside the cadger's inn, nor even within its vicinity. On a lonely part of the road you may chance upon the pair together, but the dog will sneak out of sight, and take refuge in the adjoining field the moment the stranger, and possible victim, appears in sight.

As a mongrel, he is accustomed, like his master, to all sorts of weather. During the day he follows at a respectful distance, prepared to make himself scarce at a moment's notice. Like the Australian dingo, he has lost his bark, and when his master comes in sight of the night's refuge, he sneaks away to some hedge, where he can keep his eye on the place and wait patiently for his master's reappearance next day. He then takes a circuit of some fields in order to avoid the houses, and rejoins the wanderer on the other side of civilisation.

His master never thinks about him, nor considers his wants in the slightest. What he can pick up in the shape of old bones, or dig up from the buried treasures of other dogs, constitutes his food. His scent is keen for such finds and he is

generally fairly successful, at least he manages to keep the soul within those bulging ribs, and that is enough for his desires. Covered with fleas, he has more occupation than his master, because he bothers himself to a greater extent over these invaders. Sometimes he is caught and shot, or drowned, or stoned to death, but he takes all this as the chances of war. Sometimes you may find him in a snow-drift trying his hardest to keep life and warmth in the little body of a tramp's abandoned brat, or lying frozen and stiff upon it; for not being human, he will take responsibilities upon himself, in spite of his nomadic training.

Before a nation is civilised, children are a source of wealth to the parents. When we are bound down by the obligations of civilisation they become a decided burden to a poor man. It is not the fault of the children that they seem like curses instead of boons when they arrive. It is the entire fault of an exacting civilisation. Why cannot we be like the savages of New Guinea, the free and easy parents of the Solomon Islands, or those extremely indigent poor who carelessly pitch the entire responsibility on the shoulders of the rate-payers? Better still, why not be like the regular tramp which is the nearest approach to those sons and daughters of Nature, the savages, welcome our progeny with careless merriment, and leave the providing of them to the casual passer-by?

The male tramp is absolutely devoid of any responsibility or care for his nameless children. He is much more careless than the savage papa, yet he is quite ready to take up any family for the time, no matter how numerous, and enjoy himself with the results of their mendicant gleanings. He is the easiest father with these hardy young savages, and they

have the jolliest life imaginable while with these parents. The boys and girls have no reason to dread the waking up in the morning, with stern parental orders about clean necks and hands, and a board-school nightmare to haunt their innocent slumbers through the night. They may lie down like the puppy-dogs and get up next morning with a yawn, a scratch, and a shake, and with no one to make a single reflection about their private habits. Society must cover their nakedness, so that they, with their parents leave that task to society. They have nothing whatever to do with either births, deaths, or habiliments; society manages all that for them. What they alone have to consider is how best to satisfy the vacuum which Nature creates in their internals, and that is easily done with the gifts which they have inherited from a long and varied line of accomplished sires.

To the like of us unfortunate payers of rents and taxes the coming of a baby is a very sorrowful subject for contemplation. The doctor, Mrs. Gamp, long robes and christening parties, vaccination, measles and the rest,—a thousand and one cares troop in the footsteps of that minute stranger from mystery-land. But, to the happy tramp these are considerations and miseries unknown.

Like the savage, he leaves his female at the first Union, when she can no longer keep up with him. There he expects her and her brood to be looked after by the authorities appointed by a charitable country for that purpose. He goes on his way cheerful and contented with his lot, and probably wipes her and them, with other present troubles, entirely out of his mercurial mind. The female is just as careless about her present and future. She is young and healthy as a savage, and most

likely a great many degrees more shameless. Beside her run five or six sturdy young half-naked savages. At the last moment she drops into the Union Hospital, adds another to the superabundant population of paupers, and so soon as she is strong enough goes on her way rejoicing, all the richer by another beggar, the possession of which no one is likely to contest with her.

There is one singular point about these tramps, both male and female. They are mostly light-haired, blue-eyed, and ruddy in colour. When you can get past the dust and dirt to the original colour, the females are not as a rule beautiful, but they are generally robust, brick-tinted, and healthy. They do not need to carry or nurse their offspring very long; at six or eight months the beggar's brat is generally trying its own legs and using its own gums on a crust. While the mother is carrying it, she is almost sure to reap a rich harvest of pity, with its equivalents, so that a nursing tramp has no need to go a-begging for a new husband. She may take her own pick, for she is as good as a well-jointed widow to the fellow who can get her to link her fortune with his.

A large family is also a decided advantage to the mother who can parade them in their rags and step-and-stair stages. She can go from door to door with the best of prospects, and tell her story about a sick father out of work with splendid effect.

One day I asked a female who had come, with her filled quiver, to appeal to my benevolence, what ailed her husband. With an upward cast of her roguish blue eyes she answered, "That's what we all want to know." "Where is he?" I next asked, which evidently took her unawares for she gave me the same reply, and to my next question of

"What is he?" she burst out laughing as she brought her glance to bear full on me, while she replied mendaciously: "Ah, sir, you want to know a great deal more than I know myself."

In my capacity as an artist, I regard these nomads with great affection and would not want them out of the landscape for a great deal. They are always ready and willing to pose as models, and never hurry me in my work, while being free and natural in their actions, they invariably strike picturesque attitudes. While I sketch them they open their hearts without stint, regarding me, I suppose, as a kind of fellow craftsman who imposes on society, as they do with their fictions. They tell me their adventures and what luck they have had lately, thus helping me with the incidents needful to an author; also in many cases they put me up to the most likely houses to appeal to, and what houses I should avoid as of no use.

"So and so's dog is all bark, you may go safely past him, but look out for the next place, its a vicious brute and likely to plant its teeth in you without a warning."

"How old is this little chap?"

"The Lord knows, for I don't; you'll be asking me next, who's his dad," replies my model with a merry laugh; "all I know or care about is that he is the best kid in the world for drawing a tanner out of old ladies. They all pities him when he tackles 'em."

"Have you seen my mother passing this way?" asked a young mendicant about six, as I was sitting painting one day by a roadside.

"What is she like?" I enquired in turn.

"She's a long, skinny, yellow-faced woman with a broken nose and a torn-down-eye."

This description was too graphic and terse for me to be mistaken; such a female had accosted me some time before, so that I could put the impish vagrant on the right track.

The children of tramps seldom take any of the troubles of childhood. Probably they suffer a little from hot gums when they are teething, but they don't trouble their mothers, and they have a superabundance of hard crusts to help them along. As for measles or whooping-cough, I cannot recall a single case where I noticed the symptoms, so I suppose, if one does fall ill on the march, that the mother leaves the patient behind to the care of the nurses provided by society and straightway forgets his or her existence. The children scramble on through their young life, until, like the birds, they pair off, independent of all ties, living, as the true savage lives, only for themselves.

I may be mistaken, and yet from my own experience of the real tramp, which I have tried to present to you, there is not, and never will be, any scheme strong enough to change his

nature from what it is into that of a useful member of society. Philanthropists have tried to make good citizens out of the aborigines of Australia and have universally failed. The aboriginal has perished before his reformation had advanced beyond the initiatory stages, and the same may be said of the tramp. He may be confined within four walls until his health gives way, but he will never take to honest labour, nor be induced to quit his wandering and lazy mode of life. It is the same with children of the first generation. They may be forced to learn reading and writing, accomplishments which they will afterwards utilise in the form of begging letters; but like the aborigines of Australia they will return to their old ways so soon as they can get free, no matter what advantages they throw aside to get once again into their rags. There is apparently a fascination about rags and the life that goes with them which, once tasted, cannot be resisted.

HUME NISBET.

A. CHRISTIAN LEGEND.

(A.D. 33.)

[THE following verses may be of some interest to those who knew Henry Kingsley, or who have read his spirited and romantic books. One of these books, GEOFFREY HAMLYN, was republished only the other day. Happily for the world what is chivalrous and gallant in literature will always find a response, and the rising generations, no less than the setting generations, continue to enjoy fresh air in the pages of their favourite books and like to read of spirited adventures, and of brave young men at full gallop on desperate and generous missions. What sort of hero he of the present motor-car will turn into, still remains to be sung by some master-singer.

Many years ago Henry Kingsley, who had returned from distant ventures, married and settled down for a time somewhere on the river between Henley and Wargrave. He was working very hard, writing for newspapers and finishing book after book, but in intervals of leisure and sunshine we used sometimes to see him or his young wife sculling their little boat from under the branches of the willow-trees growing along those banks, which with their delicious dabbled fringe of green and purple divided our two cottages. The writer can remember going with her brother-in-law Leslie Stephen, travelling also by water and along the green shining sedges, to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley in their cottage at Wargrave. Whoever else might be there from the neighbouring houses, one special friend was always to be seen close to Henry Kingsley's chair, a beautiful deer-hound, in looks like that Abbotsford Maida, so well known to us all.

The other day, after a lifetime—after many lifetimes—the writer received a packet of old MSS., dating from those bygone days, to look over, and among it she found this poem, which no one had read for years. She is grateful to Mr. Macmillan and his Editor, who have given it honour and a place in the shrine of many good men and works and long remembered writings, and to the friend who has added some missing words and cleared up some obscurities in the unfinished text.

ANNE RITCHIE.]

- "Oh stay with me! it groweth late,
The dew falls fast, and night is near;
The fox is barking on the hill,
The mountain road is lone and drear.
- "The lion lurketh in the glen
That leadeth down to Galilee,
And Pontius Pilate's armed men
Swarm on the hill;—abide with me.
- "Last week an Arab robber passed,
Wounded and footsore, faint and wan;
We took him in and bound his wounds,
We gave him food, and sped him on.
- "This morn the Roman soldiers came—
Spies had betrayed our charity—
They slew my husband on the hearth,
They hanged my son upon the tree.
- "Their corpses lie within the tent,
And I sit lonely by the bier,
Lone, childless, widowed, desolate;
Yet rest with me, for night is near."

"I cannot stay," the Stranger said :
"Woman, you know not what you ask.
The night is near, the work not done ;
I must away, towards my task."
"Nay, Stranger, stay," the widow said,
"To shelter from the evening heat ;
One cup of water ere you go,
And rest awhile your way-worn feet."
The Stranger bowed His lordly head
And passed into the widow's tent :
He blessed the water ere He drank,
And softly towards the dead men went.
He kissed the father on his brow,
He kissed the boy upon his cheek,
He laid His hand upon their breasts
And looked on them,—but did not speak.
The dead men rose, and stared around.
"We dreamed a dream of rest," said they,
'We dreamed that all the strife was done
And waited for thee ; past away
'Is that sweet dream, ah mother, wife,
Have we come back to thee again ?
We thought that thou would'st come to us
Not we to thee. Were we not slain
But yester morn ! Are we alive,
Or hath death brought thee to us now ?
What sleep was that ! What waking this ?
Who standeth there ! What, is it thou ?"
"Silence !" the Stranger said and passed
Swift-footed on His lonely way,
Towards the lake, where in the West
Gleamed the last glories of the day.
They watched His swift steps speeding on
Up the wild glen towards the shore.
He crossed the ridge, and He was gone,
Gone from their gaze for ever more,
For ever more while life shall last—
Yet shall they see Him once again,
When all the angelic hosts of Heaven
Hymn round the Throne their deathless strain.
They'll know Him then, that Stranger wan,
When dawns the everlasting day ;
Those simple Arabs of the glen
Will know that Christ had passed that way.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

BY A MAN.

"**TWERE** well for mortals otherwise to raise children, and for there to be no women; so had there been no evil to mankind." In these days of little Latin and less Greek no apology is needed for quoting in the vernacular the words of Euripides, "Euripides, the tender, with his droppings of warm tears."

Jason spoke in his wrath; his first wife objected to be supplemented by a younger rival, and he jumped to the conclusion that all women were equally unreasonable. It never occurred to poet or people that there was another and simpler alternative; that the Lords of Creation should be eliminated from mankind and the gentler sex left in possession of the stage.

Astronomers sometimes entertain us by speculating what would have been the consequence to our planet, had our golden sun been red like Aldebaran or green like some sister star. It might be equally profitable to consider what would happen if at some distant date the Boers, not content with driving the English into the sea, as they once threatened, should overcome their horror of salt-water and, after reducing England to subjection, should deport our male population in a body to Kerguelen's Land, or some equally uninteresting portion of the Antarctic Ocean. We all remember the sad results that followed when the Greek husbands lingered too long around Ilium, or later when the Roman hosts were detained outside the walls of Ardea. Would our wives and

daughters yield themselves up to insolence and wine after the manner of the Ladies Tarquin, or would they spend their spinsterhood at the distaff like the virtuous but unhappy Lucrece? No man will hesitate for a moment what to reply. There would be no banqueting, no looking upon the wine when it was red. Late dinners would be at once abolished and there would be an abnormal rise in the price of eggs. Your natural woman detests order in her meals. Breakfast in bed, lunch with her hat on, tea out of doors, but, above all, an egg in the drawing-room for dinner; these are her simple desires. It is not that she loves simplicity so much, but orderliness is connected in her mind with the management of servants and picnicking suggests emancipation. Men who spend their lives in the office working for daily bread have little notion of the tireless devotion and unceasing worry that makes things go so smoothly at home. It is one thing to come back weary and appreciate the excellence of parlourmaid and cook; it is quite another to beard those worthies daily in their sanctum and insist upon the display of that excellence.

The ill-used Medea, to return for a moment to our original illustration, in a passage whose incisiveness the immortal Mrs. Caudle herself might have envied, repudiated with indignation the suggestion that a matron's life was a life of ease. She would rather three times face the spear on the battle-field than once endure a

woman's lot at home. It is doubtful whether she over-estimated her case. We are not of those who speak slightly of villainous saltpetre, nor do we undervalue the efficacy of a well-directed torpedo; but if we were offered the choice between a month in the stokehole of a Russian man-of-war or a fortnight under the artillery of the servants' hall, we should think twice before deciding which was the kindlier fate.

"You know, my love, I never interfere with your household affairs, but I should be glad if you would suggest to Jane that I don't like ringing so often for my boots," or, more testily, "I wish to heaven, Clara, you'd tell that maid of yours to attend to her business and answer the bell." These contributions to the domestic economy the most pusillanimous husband is not afraid to make. But when it comes to a personal demonstration on the side of order, or a practical suggestion in the interests of efficiency, the predominant partner usually seeks safety in inglorious flight. And let it be remembered that this perfection of detail is not in itself dear to the female heart. Notice the difference of behaviour in man and woman on receiving a parcel. He, secretive by nature, puts it away for a while out of sight, and when he opens it folds paper and string into neat little bundles. She, all haste to examine her treasure, which is probably some domestic flannel bought an hour before, flings paper and string on the floor, where they remain undisturbed. It never occurs to her that the room is less comfortable on that account and when she upbraids the housemaid next morning for not removing them, it is neglect of duty, not untidiness, that vexes her righteous soul. She cannot understand that the love of the order which is necessary for her

husband's business has permeated his being, and that if his library table sometimes exhibits a suspicious aspect, it is the weakness of the flesh and not the willingness of the spirit which leads him to be untidy.

There are some to whom these remarks will seem paradoxical, because they have been led away by preconceived ideas and have never studied the subject for themselves. The solution of the problem of woman's nature cannot be evolved from the inner consciousness. It can be conquered by sitting still and looking at it. We have never ceased to wonder that two neighbouring people like the English and the Welsh can grow up side by side in ignorance even of each other's language. There is a greater wonder nearer home. What do we English men know of the women who live in our midst? At school and at college we are kept apart. As bachelors we meet and fence with them in society, but it is not until we are married that the mask is thrust aside and we learn to know our partners face to face. It has been said that marriage doubles our expenses and halves our pleasures. If this were true it would be but the necessary penalty of high estate. The man who has once tasted the sweets of the hunting-field cares less for hacking along the road; his ideas have expanded. In the same way the man who has once been admitted into the fellowship of the other sex cares less for celibate delights, but his range of experience is widened. "*Ex una discit omnes*," which may be translated freely, "Women are much of a muchness." He finds that they have been credited with attributes that do not belong to them, and perhaps denied virtues that are fairly their due.

Before, however, starting upon the catalogue of these virtues and at-

tributes, it would not be amiss to consider briefly what are the necessities or expectations which lead honest folk into holy matrimony.

We can set on one side the young who marry strictly for love. They expect nothing, at least nothing that can be put into words, and so need not come into the calculation. But those of maturer years and soberer disposition must surely be able to give some coherent account of the reasons that led them deliberately to plunge into the unknown. Our ancestors, who were an unimaginative race, dismissed the question with the smallest exercise of thought. "Tom must marry at once, or there will be no heir to the family estate. It does not matter so much about Johnnie, but his shirts are getting into a terrible state." If these two reasons seemed inadequate in any particular case it was always possible to fall back upon the pious platitude that marriages were made in Heaven, and the situation was saved.

It has now become obvious that the supply of territorial magnates is not sufficient, and the ingenuity of man has suggested a simpler solution for the absence of buttons. After all, from the lady's point of view, the post of chief superintendent of the wardrobe, though honourable in itself, must have left something to be desired. It is evident that some stronger inducement must be found, or the Marriage Service would far less often be called into requisition than it is. Man, as Aristotle tells us, is a pairing animal and Nature will have her way. He is sick of solitude and needs a home; she has outgrown the paternal nest and longs for an establishment of her own; proximity and accident do the rest. The bells are set a-ringing, and they start together on a voyage of discovery which, though fertile in sur-

prises at first, commonly lands them in the desired haven at the end. Each has shed a few illusions, but the sum of mutual satisfaction is not seriously diminished. It would be interesting to read a candid diary written by an ordinary couple before, and say six months after, marriage.

If a man does not know a pink from a pelargonium he frankly admits that he cares nothing about the matter, but every woman is supposed to be fond of flowers. Is she? We will admit at once that when a lady takes to gardening she makes the wilderness blossom like the rose. She has exactly the dainty touch that plants love and to which they respond. But to say that women in general are fond of flowers is a complete misconception. They like to use them as furniture for the adornment of their rooms, or to arrange them prettily in vases to deck their dining-tables; but as for their habits, their disposition, their history, whether they came from their own garden or from the florist round the corner, they care no more than the man in the moon. Has anyone ever seen a woman, not a professed gardener, cut a dead rose from a bush to improve the appearance of the tree? There are hundreds who will pick a live one and let it die a few moments later in their waist-bands. Fond of flowers indeed! As well call them fond of clothes because they like to be well dressed. The present writer is wearing at this moment a garment in which he has shot, fished, and golfed for the last ten years. He knows every crease and wrinkle in it, and would not change it for the latest production of Bond Street. Is any woman equally faithful to an old friend out of her wardrobe? It is true that her dressmaker never gives her the chance by letting her have material that will last a third of the

time. No, she values her dresses, as she values her flowers, or for the matter of that her horses, or her coachman's livery, not for their own intrinsic merits, but as a component part of her own equipage. The unreasonable affection for his own *entourage* which man shares with the otherwise objectionable domestic cat is practically unknown to her. He is conservative by nature, and likes the arrangement of his study because it has always been so. She is conservative only in politics, and is never so happy as when effecting a radical change in the position of her drawing-room furniture.

On the other hand it is not fair to say that women attach too much importance to their equipage or to the adornment of their person. It has pleased Providence, that in the male biped of the *genus homo* alone fine feathers should not make fine birds. Given a decent tailor to start with and his clothes may drop off his back with age without deteriorating seriously from such beauty as he may possess. Every woman knows, and some confess, that with them good looks depend upon good dressing, and are they to be blamed if they spend time and trouble in searching for a combination that may produce so desirable a result? It is well if they do not array themselves only with this end in view. We have known a comely matron who stated thoughtfully, as one who had toiled painfully to an unsuspected truth, "The fact is you should look what the weather is before you dress to go out." But prescience such as this is rare, and would not affect the generality of the sex.

It is obvious that this desire to do credit to her husband by her personal appearance results in a considerable expenditure of cash, and he is often heard to declare that his wife's bills

will land him in the workhouse. She is not, however, as a rule willingly extravagant, and in some respects her conduct compares favourably with his own. When a man wants a pair of gloves he takes what the shopman offers, and walks away as a rule without enquiring the price. If it is a ready-money transaction and the cost is greater than he anticipated, he curses his luck but pays the money, resolving to try a cheaper shop in future. He would feel it beneath his dignity to haggle about shillings with a tradesman, or admit that he could wear anything except the best. His wife has no false shame in the matter. "Oh, but 3/6 is rather 'more than I care to give; can you find me a pair at 2/11?" And a pair at 2/11 is generally forthcoming.

But if by any chance it is a question not of buying but of selling, if they have a house to let, or a dinner service to dispose of through the Exchange and Mart, the assistance of the wife is invaluable. Her sanguine temperament and lively imagination paint the transaction in colours which fill the purchaser with ecstasy, and her husband's mind with awe. It is not for nothing that *caveat emptor* has become a proverb. Everybody knew that the *emprix* could take care of herself. There would be a great future for women in the genteeler walks of commerce could they grapple with the mysteries of book-keeping. "You see, Philip dear, you owe me £2 10s. out of the weekly bills, and I paid Sarah's washing with cook's beer-money because I advanced her 10/- out of my own purse last week to send a post-office order to her mother who is ill, so if you give me a cheque for £2 15s. now it will be all right." Philip does not see, but he has been to Cambridge and is not going to be beaten at mathematics by a woman, so he signs the cheque.

Again, it is fearlessly asserted about women that their intuition is strong but their logical faculty weak. The first proposition is probably true, but the second surely depends on insufficient evidence. We have all heard them state one side of a question so clearly and so convincingly that there is no reason to suspect they would not show equal discrimination in weighing the other, if they had patience to listen to it. Unfortunately they never have, and in this, as in so many cases, judgment has been given in default. A faculty has been denied them which they may very likely possess, only owing to mere accident it has never yet been called into play.

But who are we that with our male arrogance talk so glibly about intuition and judgment, while in defiance of the most elementary logical procedure we have argued from the unknown to the known, and strayed from our original proposition? We ought all this time to be pacing behind our wire entanglements

in the Isle of Desolation and speculating about the process of affairs at home. To be honest the digression was not entirely unintentional. We had ventured on to treacherous ground and were struggling to regain a firmer foot-hold. What woman does we know, but what she will do in any given contingency who can tell us? We have pronounced the doom of the dinner-bell; we can foretell with certainty the running down of the household clock; for what need of time has the Eternal Feminine in the absence of its male counterpart? The latch-key will hang disconsolate on its nail, for female burglars are unknown and no woman ever yet on her own initiative shut a door; but beyond these lesser details fancy fears to pry. Perhaps we may safely conclude in the manner of the old Scotch song:

There'd be na luck about the house,
There'd be na luck at a',
There'd be little pleasure in the house,
Were the gude man awa'.

THE FIRST ENGLISHMAN IN JAPAN.

ON one of the beautiful hills that overlook Tokio Bay is the grave of an Englishman who died nearly three hundred years ago in remote Japan, infinitely more remote then than now. When the American squadron of Commodore Perry came knocking at the long closed doors of the Morning Land in 1853, his ships anchored in the very shadow of the pioneer's tomb. Pioneer he truly was, the first man of English race to set foot in the far eastern Empire which since his day has enlisted so many of his countrymen in her service; and to the present time an annual celebration is held in his honour by the people of Anjin Cho, a thoroughfare in Tokio. *Anjin*, the Japanese word for pilot, was the name by which he was known in his adopted country, where there are those who still claim descent from him; his actual name was William Adams, and Gillingham, near Rochester, had the honour of giving him birth.

He was born into an age and nation, the dominant characteristic of which was enterprise. In commerce, discovery, and, one may add perhaps, piracy, that characteristic had its most striking results, as every reader of Hakluyt and Purchas knows; and Adams was a typical Englishman of his time. It was, however, in the Dutch service that he left Europe, never to return. He must then have been an experienced navigator in the prime of life. At the age of twelve he had been apprenticed to Nicholas Diggins of Limehouse, who seems both to have built ships and owned them, had afterwards

served in the Royal Navy as master and pilot, and, later still, had been in the employment of the Company of Barbary Merchants for eleven or twelve years. In 1598, the first ascertainable date in his career, he went over to Holland to act as pilot-major¹ of a squadron which was being fitted out at Rotterdam for a voyage to the East by the Dutch Company of Merchants, no doubt inspired by the tales told by Linschoten, on his return from these regions, of their immense wealth and the decadence of the Portuguese. The little fleet, consisting of five small vessels overcrowded with men, left the Texel on June 24th under the command of Captain Jacob Mahu or Maihore. Space does not permit an account of the adventurous voyage, described with much vigour by Adams in his correspondence; it lasted nearly two years, the ship in which he sailed anchoring off the feudal principality of Bungo in the island of Kiushiu, Japan, on April 19th, 1600, "at which time," observes Adams, "there were no more than six besides myself that could stand upon his feet."

The natives crowded aboard, but in perfect friendliness, the only drawbacks being that neither party could understand the other, and that the Japanese, with too keen an interest in the strangers' belongings, helped themselves to all they could lay hands on. A day or two later some Portuguese and Spaniards arrived from

¹ A pilot-major was a seaman of approved skill and experience who directed the navigation of an expeditionary squadron, a post of great responsibility.

Langasacke (which we know now as Nagasaki), who acted as interpreters, and also, Adams tells us, as traitors. They doubtless disliked the idea of this Anglo-Dutch party poaching on what had hitherto been a Spanish and Portuguese preserve, denounced its members as pirates, and incensed the populace against them. The daimyo or feudal lord (Adams calls him king) of Bungo seems, however, to have shown friendliness to the two dozen travel-worn seafarers who had reached his shore, three of whom died soon after landing.

Meanwhile their arrival had come to the ears of the ruler of Japan, Ieyasu. I purposely use the word ruler, for Ieyasu was not emperor, albeit Adams and other old writers call him so, but was at this time only regent, though three years later he was proclaimed Shogun, a position which he had virtually held since his decisive victory at Sekigahara. The real sovereigns, the emperors *de facto* of Japan from 1192, when Yoritomo received the title of Sei-i Tai Shogun (Barbarian-subjugating-great-general) from the emperor *de jure*, to the restoration in 1868, were the Shoguns, members of various aristocratic families, Minamoto, Hojo, Ashikaga, Nobunaga, and Tokugawa, Ieyasu being the first Shogun of the last-named dynasty. During almost the whole of this long period the emperors *de jure* were persons of no account, possessing but the shadow of sovereignty, living a secluded life in their palaces, and being generally murdered at an early age. Ieyasu was probably the greatest Japanese who ever lived. A skilful general, he was still more eminent as statesman and reformer, did much for education and scholarship, took an interest in what he could learn from the few Europeans who found their way to Japan, and left behind him a book of maxims and

reflections on statecraft called THE LEGACY OF IEYASU.

On hearing of the Dutch ship and her crew, he sent for the latter to come to him, and on their arrival at Osaka, where he was in residence, Adams had an audience in "a wonderful, costly house gilded with gold in abundance." He gave the great man an account of his wanderings, tracing them on a chart, and was asked many questions on whence he had come, his objects in coming, and so forth. To that regarding intentions, "I answered: We were a people that sought all friendship with all nations, and to have trade in all countries, bringing such merchandise as our country did afford into strange lands in the way of traffic." We are not told how this interview was conducted, but it was presumably interpreted by a Portuguese, and he may have malevolently tampered with Adams's words, for Ieyasu was anything but gracious and showed decided scepticism about the chart. For thirty-nine days afterwards Adams was kept a prisoner, and, not unreasonably, had disquieting fears of crucifixion, which, he had learnt, was the customary native method of execution. Meanwhile Portuguese and Spaniard were poisoning the Shogun's mind against him and his comrades. Naturally irritated that those late refractory subjects of theirs, the Dutch, should encroach on their Japanese monopoly, they lost no opportunity of impressing on the Shogun how ill it became him to favour rebels to the authority of His Catholic Majesty. But Ieyasu was not the man to be dictated to by Catholic Majesties thousands of miles distant, and his invariable answer to such appeals was that he denied the right of any foreign power to dictate his attitude to strangers visiting his dominions, that European wars and revolts were

no business of his, and that, so long as strangers kept the laws and traded honestly, he cared not who they were nor to whom they might be nominally subject. On the last occasion of a Hispano-Portuguese memorial being presented on this question, he lost all patience and hounded the petitioners from his presence, emphatically declaring that if "devils from hell" visited his realm, they should be treated like angels from heaven, "so long as they behaved like gentlemen." In the present instance also, Ieyasu, recognising that the advice of the Portuguese was not remotely related to their own commercial and religious interests, flatly declined to follow it. Adams was released, and with his shipmates rejoined their vessel, which in their absence had been plundered. Liberal restitution was, however, made by Ieyasu, and after some wrangling the money was divided among the crew according to relative rank.

What became of his companions is unknown; we have now only to deal with Adams himself, whose fortunes waxed greater after the dispersal of the band. The abortive Dutch expedition proved of some historical note, since it led to an Englishman setting foot in Japan for the first time, and becoming the assistant and friend of its ruler. He has left us no details of the first five years of his service for Ieyasu, but about the end of that period he was invited to construct a ship on the European model, and the vessel was designed and built, giving the Shogun great satisfaction. A second and larger ship was afterwards made to convey home a Spanish governor of the Philippines, who had been wrecked on the Japanese coast. Adams, who from his letters seems to have been an educated man, was also useful to Ieyasu as an instructor. "Now being in such grace and favour,

by reason I learned him some points of geometry and understanding of the art of mathematics with other things, I pleased him so, that what I said he would not contrary." His services indeed were rewarded with an estate near Yedo, called Hemimura, "like unto a lordship in England, with 80 or 90 husbandmen that be as my slaves or servants." With all this, however, Adams was home-sick. He had left a wife in England, and seems to have been an attached and, all things considered, a faithful husband, often making remittances to Mrs. Adams through the East India Company. After five years, therefore, he besought his master to permit him to visit his native land, "desiring to see my poor wife and children according to conscience and nature." Apparently he had not yet married in Japan, but by 1616 he had a Japanese wife and a son and daughter, Joseph and Susanna, who are frequently mentioned in the diary of Richard Cocks. Ieyasu refused leave of absence; probably he feared that if his Englishman crossed the broad seas, he would think twice before returning. The application was renewed when tidings came of the Hollanders being in Java and Patani; Adams now told the Shogun that if his departure were permitted, he would bring both Dutch and English to traffic in the country. But the answer was still in the negative.

Meanwhile he was living a busy life. He made several tours round the coast, and advised on naval and military matters; probably he did some private trading as well. His experience enabled him to be of service to the Dutch traders who came to Japan in 1609 and 1611, when Spex established the factory at Hirado, and, owing to his standing at court, he was also useful to them as a diplomatist. He rendered

like service to other foreigners in Japan, for he says in one of his letters: "The Spaniard and Portugal hath been my bitter enemies to death; and now they must seek to me, an unworth wretch, for the Spaniard as well as the Portugal must have all their negoesses go through my hand. God have the praise for it." From the Dutch ship of 1611 he learned that his countrymen were trading in the East, and, hoping that some of them might know him, he wrote on October 22nd, 1611, the interesting narrative of his life in epistolary form, which has fortunately been preserved with other letters of his in the India Office. There is a touch of pathos in the superscription of this letter which the lonely Englishman sent forth upon its travels, trusting it might reach a sympathetic reader: "To my Unknown Friends and Countrymen: desiring this letter by your good means, or the news or copy of this letter, may come into the hands of one or many of my acquaintance in Limehouse or elsewhere, or in Kent, in Gillingham by Rochester." He concludes with a brief appreciation of his adopted country, in the course of which he says: "The people of this island of Japan are good of nature, courteous above measure, and valiant in war: their justice is severely executed without any partiality upon transgressors of the law. They are governed in great civility. I mean, not a land better governed in the world by civil policy."

Probably through their factors, recently settled in Bantam, two copies of this letter were transmitted to the "Worshipfull Fellowship of the Merchants of London trading into the East Indies." It has been said to have led to the opening of British intercourse with Japan, but this is a mistake, for the first English expedition to that country under Cap-

tain John Saris had started on April 18th, 1611, six months before it was written. It must have been some earlier letter of Adams, now lost, which inspired this enterprise, and in Saris's commission he was instructed to take counsel with Adams on all questions. It must not be supposed, however, that Saris was sent with the sole object of opening trade with Japan. He had other duties to perform, the main object of the expedition, as originally planned, being to call at Surat, where Sir Henry Middleton had been fostering the Company's interests. The East India merchants had regard for their servants' spiritual welfare as well as commercial ends, though Foxe's *BOOK OF MARTYRS* can scarce have been cheerful reading for little groups of Christians living amid men of alien faiths who were experts in torture. In the forty-first article of Saris's instructions we read that "for the better comfort and recreation" of the factors in the Indies, the Company is sending "the works of that worthy servant of Christ, Mr. William Perkins, to instruct their minds and feed their souls with that heavenly food of the knowledge of the truth of God's word, and the Book of Martyrs in two volumes, as also Mr. Hakluyt's *Voyages* to recreate their spirits with variety of history."

The earlier part of Saris's voyage need not be dealt with here. In October, 1612, he anchored off Bantam. There he saw Adams's letter of the previous year, which had already been answered by Augustine Spalding, chief merchant of the East India Company in Java, who sought further information of Japan's commercial prospects. Long before Adams's response to this letter reached Bantam, Saris had sailed for Japan in the *Clove*, reaching (June 12th, 1613,) Hirado (then called Firando) on the

island of the same name, which lies off Kiushiu, the southern member of the Japanese group. Hirado had long been a busy port. From an early period travellers to or from China passed through it; the Mongols had made it their point of attack in their attempted invasion of Japan in the thirteenth century; in the sixteenth it was a resort for Chinese traders and smugglers. The Portuguese had formerly been settled at Hirado, and the Apostle of the Indies, St. Francis Xavier, had founded a church there, while the Dutch, as we have seen, had set up a factory about two years before Saris's arrival.

He had a cordial reception from Matsura Hoin, the ex-daimyo of Hirado, who, in accordance with Japanese custom, continued to administer the district, though his nephew or grandson, Tono Sama,¹ was nominally in power. Both noblemen, attended by forty galleys, rowed out to the *Clover*, and Saris led them to his cabin, where he had prepared a banquet and music for their delectation. He then handed a letter over from James the First, but Matsura did not open it at once, saying he would await Ange's (Adams's) arrival. The latter was absent at the time on one of his court missions, but the daimyo undertook to send him a letter from the captain. For the next few days the English ship was a resort for the gaping curious of Hirado, and, according to Saris's journal, some of the Catholic Japanese ladies fell into an error of judgment in admiring his decorations.

Giving leave to divers of the better sort of women to come into my cabin, where the picture of Venus hung, very lasciviously set out, and in a great frame,

¹ An official designation equivalent to his Highness.

they fell down and worshipped it for our Lady with shows of great devotion, telling me in a whispering manner (that some of their own companions, which were not so, might not hear), that they were Christians, whereby we perceived them to be of the Portuguese-made papists.

On another day :

The king came aboard again, and brought four chief women with him. They were attired in gowns of silk, clapt the one sort over the other, and so girt to them, bare-legged, only a pair of half-buskins bound with silk riband about their instep; their hair very black and very long, tied up in a knot upon the crown in a comely manner: their heads nowhere shaven as the men's were. They were well faced, handed and footed; clear skinned and white, but wanting colour which they amend by art. . . . The king's women seemed to be somewhat bashful, but he willed them to be frolic. They sang divers songs and played upon certain instruments (whereof one did much resemble our lute, being bellied like it, but longer in the neck and fretted like ours, but had only four gut-strings).

Matsura, who appreciated English cooking, especially powdered beef and pork "sod with onions, radishes and turnips," continued amiable and attentive to his visitors, and by his consent they rented a house. With about a third of his officers and men Saris took up his abode in it, and the lead, powder, cloth, copper and other goods of the cargo were stored in its godown or warehouse. Saris employed his time in making friends with the merchants, Japanese and foreign, of the port, and to that end distributed gifts right and left, an essential factor in Japanese commerce and diplomacy. Seven weeks slipped by without any more serious trouble than the escapades of Christopher Evans, gunner's mate, who persisted in going ashore without leave and running wild there, "for which cause," says the captain, "I gave order to set him in the

bilboes, where before the boatswain and most of the company he did most deeply swear to be the destruction of Jack Saris, for so it pleased him to call me."

On July 29th Adams returned, and to Saris and Richard Cocks, who had come in the *Clove* as chief merchant, detailed the prospects of Japanese trade, speaking warmly of the natives. Saris's journal indicates that from the first there was a coolness between the two men. They rubbed each other the wrong way. Adams was invited to settle at the English factory, but preferred his own quarters in the town, where he had a St. George's ensign flying; while willing to do all in his power for his countrymen, he had no intention of throwing over his clients of other nationalities. Saris complains that, whenever he wants Adams, the latter has an engagement elsewhere and says that, if wanted, he can always be heard of at the Dutch factory. Probably it was the old story: the official from home coming out and wishing to command the man on the spot, who knew the ways of the natives and to whom red tape was repellent, and the latter retaliating with independence and brusqueness of manner. It must be remembered that Adams was not yet in the service of Saris's employers; he was merely giving help and advice, and on a vital point his counsel was not followed. He was against the English factory being set up at Hirado on the confines of the empire, and urged that it should be in eastern Japan, near Yedo, which, as a great city and seat of government, offered an excellent market. Saris, however, pleased with his treatment by the local ruler, Matsura, determined that Hirado should be the headquarters of British trade in Japan; it was even with difficulty that Adams persuaded him to present

his letters to Ieyasu (who in 1605 had delegated the Shogunate to his son, but still retained supreme power), and to that son, Hidetada. The daimyo provided a galley for the journey, and with eighteen men, half of them English, Saris and Adams set out for Ieyasu's court, then at Shizuoka. On the way they visited Kamakura and the great copper image of Dai Butsu, and, faithful to the traditions of the British tourist, "some of our people went into the body of it and hooped and hollowed, which made an exceeding great noise," while others inscribed their names on the image.

On September 8th Saris delivered the royal letter to the imperial secretary, who handed it in turn to Ieyasu, court etiquette not permitting direct presentation. Saris then withdrew, and Adams was summoned for consultation, the result being that Saris was permitted to send in a petition, stating what privileges he desired, and duly received a charter authorising trade all over Japan. The party then proceeded to Yedo, where the Shogun Hidetada gave it audience; and on the return journey four days were spent at Adams's house near Uraga, a small port outside the entrance to Yedo Bay. Adams took the opportunity to renew his counsel that the factory should be set up there, but Saris, while acknowledging the merits of Uraga harbour, remained bent on his former scheme.

After the return to Hirado the breach between the two men continued to widen. Tales were set afloat to Adams's disadvantage. Even Cocks, despite genuine friendship, a friendship apparently mingled with awe, writes: "I cannot choose but note it down that both I myself and all the rest of our nation do see that he is much more friend to the Dutch than to the Englishmen, which

are his own countrymen, God forgive him." One trumpety incident caused much mutual irritation about this time. A servant of Adams's, whom he had left at Hirado to cater for the merchants, "did most unreasonably cosen" them; he seems, in fact, by illegal commissions to have made about ten shillings on the wine bill. Saris, indignant with the man, went to the master. "In friendly manner," he says, "I acquainted Mr. Adams in the presence of Mr. Cocks, of his man's dishonest and villainous dealing, being put in trust and to cheat us so unreasonable. He took it very evil that his servant should be so thought of, and so highly took his part, as by the persuasion of Mr. Cocks I did not say further, but gave order to Mr. Cocks to let him go no more to market for us."

Adam's attitude can be attributed to his wider acquaintance with the Asiatic servant's elastic code of morals. A more serious cause for friction was of a financial nature. Saris had at Uraga bought for the Company some Kioto ware from a stock kept by Adams as agent for some Spaniards. Adams expected payment in Spanish ryals, then the international currency of the East, but Saris insisted on paying Japanese money and thereby reduced the price five per cent., such a discount being then customary. Adams protested that he was thus out of pocket, as he had to pay ryals to those for whom he had sold the goods, but Saris would not give way. Altogether their relations were far from pleasant, especially towards the end of the captain's stay in Japan. Adams could not but reflect that, so far, his services to the Company had been gratuitous; he had received gifts amounting to £42, but this was not fair remuneration for a man to whose influence and knowledge the success of the expedition was due. He was,

indeed, entitled to a free passage home in Saris's ship, and Ieyasu had now consented to his going; but the prospect of many months with Saris in the confined space of a small vessel cannot have been enticing, and he resolved to let the *Clove* sail without him.

Informed of this decision, Saris, who, however he might dislike the other, had to recognise his value to the factory and the certainty that if it did not employ him some foreign one would, made an offer for his services. After some negotiations Adams accepted a salary of £100 a year. Eleven days after the contract was signed, Saris wrote a memorandum for Cocks, in which the references to Adams are nothing less than venomous. He is only fit to be master of the junk or an interpreter, requires constant supervision, and must not be trusted to disburse the Company's money. Saris, then, professed to believe Adams a fool, idler, and knave, yet left him in a responsible post at what was then a high salary. In the circumstances the latter, ignorant of the captain's Parthian dart, must have been well pleased to see the *Clove* fading away on the horizon in December, 1613. Despite Saris's insinuation, Cocks reports to the Company in the following year, "I find the man tractable and willing to do your Worships the best service he may," and mentions that he has repaid £20 advanced by the Company to Mrs. Adams in England.

Before Saris left, the factory was in working order. Cocks at its head, with the title of Cape-merchant, left an interesting diary, from which a good idea of the life of the colony can be derived. He established two branch factories at Osaka and Yedo, each with several sub-agencies, and fitted out one or two oversea expedi-

tions. Adams was active on behalf of the Company, now overhauling ships, now buying and selling, now serving as diplomatist, and in this last capacity sometimes displeasing Cocks by pro-Dutch proclivities. Thus in 1615 he bought a junk and, after refitting her, took command for a voyage to Siam. This was against the wish of Ieyasu, who wanted him to remain in Japan and offered him a larger estate if he would do so. But Adams stuck to the Company, seeing in that the chance of an ultimate return to England. The cruise of the *SEA ADVENTURE*, as the junk was called, was unsuccessful. After nearly foundering in a gale, she took refuge at the Loo Choo Islands, whence, owing to a mutiny of the crew, Adams had to put back to Japan.

In the following year (1616), on his return from another and more profitable voyage to Siam in the same junk, he found that Cocks had been awaiting him to go to court for the renewal of trading privileges, since Ieyasu had died and Hidetada now reigned alone. Procuring the new license was a long and tiresome business. For a month they lingered in Yedo, wasting their days in ante-chambers and trying to interest officials in their cause. It was a time of change, and Hidetada's dislike of aliens was notorious. When finally he got his charter, Cocks apparently examined it with no great care, for on his homeward journey he was surprised to hear from Hirado of serious restrictions being put on trade by the authorities. Referring to his license, he found that the article formerly permitting the English to trade where they would, now confined them to Hirado and Nagasaki. The reason for these shrunken rights he took to be the Shogun's dislike of the Spanish missionaries, though he had explained,

when asked whether the English were not also Christians, that all friars and Jesuits had been turned out of England before he was born, and related the story of the Gunpowder Plot. Renewed efforts for a full license had no success, the official answer being that nothing could be done that year.

At the end of 1616 Adams's engagement with the Company expired, and for the future he was engaged partly in private trading, partly in diplomatic missions. For his political efforts there was an opportunity on the arrival of another missive from King James, armed with which he set off with Cocks to seek concessions from Hidetada. The same weary process of waiting and bribing went on, and with the same lack of success. The English were now to be restricted to Hirado, and Adams was entrusted with the task of winding up the branch factories. Meanwhile the authorities had been exercising strict supervision over the Hirado establishment and hampering its sales. Since Ieyasu's death there had been a change in their attitude to the English traders; the latter no longer dreamt of appealing to the native judges in any dispute. Nor was there trouble with the Japanese only; a serious incident led to a rupture with the Dutch, which had hitherto been avoided. There was plenty of trade-rivalry, but relations, if not cordial, had been courteous, Adams, hand in glove with both nationalities, being the go-between. The Dutch, moreover, who carried on a brisk piracy, had hitherto left English vessels unmolested. But a great humiliation had now to be endured, the ship *ATTENDANCE* being brought into Hirado harbour by a Dutch privateer with much firing of salutes. Cocks, indignant at this affront, sent a message to the Chinese trading colony at Nagasaki, asking it to join

in an appeal for justice to Yedo, and another to Adams, then at court with a Dutch embassy, begging him to withdraw from association with the enemies of his countrymen. He was not to be appeased by a call from the Dutch chief merchant, who came to express his regrets and hand over the ATTENDANCE, out of which, however, all that could be removed had been taken. "I answered," says Cocks, "they might show themselves friends to the English if they liked, either now or hereafter, but for my part I did not care a halfpenny whether they did or no." To his disappointment Adams did not wish to intervene in this feud, and advised him against going to court with his grievance; but Cocks, determined to see it through, set out. After all Adams met him on the way and accompanied him, but the Shogun declined to meddle in the affair, saying he was only lord of Japan, not lord of the sea.

Poor Cocks returned crestfallen to Hirado, and things went from bad to worse with the factory. No more ships arrived for it, though the Dutch again insulted it by bringing in two more English prizes; brawls between the English and other nationalities were frequent, and the former had rank injustice if they appealed to law. To increase Cocks's worries, there were no profits to be made, and, owing to the illness of his subordinates, his books had got into a muddle. "God send us well out of Japan, for I doubt it will be every day worse than ever," is one of the gloomy entries in his diary.

It was during this time of British decadence in Japan that William Adams died. He had all along played for his own hand, but one

of his last recorded actions was assisting two Englishmen to escape from Dutch captivity. The news of his death reached England in the following words of good Mr. Cocks, a forgiving soul, for the departed had sometimes been a thorn in his side.

Our good friend Captain William Adams, who was so long before us in Japan, departed out of this world the 16th of May last [i.e. in 1620] and made Mr. Wm. Eaton and myself his overseers, giving the one half of his estate to his wife and child in England, and the other half to a son and a daughter he hath in Japan. . . . I cannot but be sorrowful for the loss of such a man as Captain William Adams was, he having been in such favour with two Emperors of Japan, as never was Christian in these parts of the world, and might freely have entered and had speech with the Emperors, when many Japan kings stood without and could not be permitted. And this Emperor hath confirmed the lordship to his son, which the other Emperor gave to his father.

The cause of Adams's death is unknown, as well as the age at which it took place. Probably he was from fifty-seven to sixty. Despite his traditional burial near Yedo, Professor Riess conjectures that he died at Hirado, as his inventory was drawn up in the English factory within six days of his death. That factory was not destined to survive for long. After a period during which Dutch and English worked harmoniously in Japan, the massacre at the Spice Islands in 1623, for which Cromwell later exacted an indemnity, brought about a final rupture. Soon afterwards the English Company withdrew entirely from Japanese trade, having in ten years incurred a net loss of about £40,000.

WILLIAM G. HUTCHISON.

PRISONERS ON PRISONS.

IN England the study of crime, its causes and its cure, is the hobby of a few, but it should be, and is, the business of many outside the ranks of those officially engaged in the detection and punishment of criminals. Of this study the prison is an important department, though by no means so important as is generally imagined. Discipline is maintained in the State, no less than in the army and in schools, not so much by fear of punishment, as by educating the common-sense of the many to the knowledge that submission to authority is the best policy for the individual, as it is for the community. The forces arrayed against each other are, then, on the one hand the baser and more short-sighted instincts of human nature, which, in an environment of bodily and mental disease, poverty, drunkenness, insanitary dwellings and evil tradition, tend towards crime; on the other hand, medical science, religion, domestic ties, philanthropy, and all the machinery of local government. To these latter the prison,—that is to say, punishment—is but a humble ally.

In the mind of the casual observer, however, the position that the prison holds is something very different. For him an atmosphere of romance is created by the stories of Chillon, of Bruce and the spider, and of the prison-breaking exploits of Jack Sheppard. His curiosity is aroused by its apparent mystery, by the reticence of the officials, by its very form, and by the idea that it may be the temporary home of some crimi-

nal notoriety; while, if of finer feeling, he may be moved to pity for the sufferings which he imagines are being borne by fellow-creatures within its walls. To satisfy the appetite of such a public, there has of recent years been a steady flow of books on prisons by ex-prisoners and others. Nearly thirty years ago *FIVE YEARS' PENAL SERVITUDE* had more than a temporary success, for it was one of the causes which gave birth to Lord Kimberley's Commission on the Penal Servitude Acts. Later came Mr. Michael Davitt's *LEAVES FROM A PRISON DIARY*, a book which gratified the taste for morbid things, and is, furthermore, full of curious studies of criminal types; while of another class is the series of *SCENES FROM A SILENT WORLD*, sketches depicting the prison and the prisoner as seen by an intelligent visitor, drawn with a delicate touch, and alive with sympathy for human suffering and human weakness. The vogue of this personal and descriptive class of reading shows the hold that the prison has on the popular imagination, and accounts for the multiplication of books of prison experiences during the last few years; by the appearance, for example, of *PENAL SERVITUDE* by an ex-convict, whose identity was hardly concealed under the initials W. B. N., of *TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN SEVENTEEN PRISONS* by a gaol-bird of wide experience, and by a series of articles in a popular magazine, the work of another ex-convict, which he entitled *FIVE YEARS PENAL*.

Everything depends upon the point of view, and later on I shall have

something to say about that taken by writers from the outside, men of letters and officials. For the moment, however, it is necessary, in order to assess the value of the descriptions and criticisms set forth in these three works, to examine the point of view of the ex-convict. Circumstances have given to me the opportunity of seeing something of a sufficient number of men who have served their time to gain a fair insight into the salient characteristics common to the members of the class,—a temperament, self-conscious, vain, credulous, and sanguine; and although, without a personal knowledge of the writers in question, it is impossible to describe their several characteristics, it is not unfair to assume that they possess those which are common to the ex-convicts whom one has studied. And the assumption is justified by an examination of the books. Moreover the abnormal atmosphere of convict, as of monastic, life tends to produce a form of hysteria which, in the case of the monk, induces a state of spiritual exaltation, and in the case of the prisoner, who lacks the monkish ideals, shows itself in an exaggeration of his temperamental defects. So much for the psychology of the point of view. As to its material side, one need not be a criminal to sympathise with the prisoner, who, naturally, is not prejudiced in favour of the authority holding him in check; in fact, it is this sympathy which in weaker members of the community is liable to be perverted by the class of literature under review into that dangerous channel of humanitarianism which is cruel in its kindness. In reading these books by ex-convicts one is struck with the way in which trivial incidents are exaggerated, with the generalisations deduced from isolated facts, and with the narrowness and the distorted perspective of the outlook. But con-

sidering the surroundings of the writers, the fact that they are cut off from communication with the world at large, these apparent peculiarities are not unnatural.

In a community of which everyone is a member against his will, in which everyone is suffering under a sense of gross injustice (for convicts, we read, have the gift of persuading themselves that either their conviction was unmerited or that the sentence was out of all proportion to the crime), where men have to be kept in hand by strict discipline, who are accustomed to act either on the impulse of passion or with calculation for their own interests, without any regard to the loss or suffering enjoined on others,—in such a community one should not be disappointed at finding the ethical and social standards set rather low down. For reading between the lines one discovers that there is a standard of public opinion in a convict prison, and that there are many who do not act up to its level. The anti-social instinct of some of these men is such that they are incapable of living even with their fellow-sinners without scheming for their own aggrandisement at a comrade's expense. In *TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN SEVENTEEN PRISONS* there is an account of a quarrel between two convicts, originating in one suspecting the other of having betrayed him to the authorities in the matter of some contraband article, which ended in the weaker man being thrown into a brick-kiln. *W. B. N.* recounts several incidents of a similar nature, as does the author of *FIVE YEARS PENAL*. The proverb which implies the existence of honour among thieves would seem to receive its quietus in prison, if we are to believe the stories told in these books; and, perhaps, it is as well for the authorities that it should be so, for it appears that a combination of any

importance among prisoners is always betrayed before the climax arrives.

Another feature of prison life seems to be its gossip and its credulity. One reads of an incident quickly becoming known all over the prison, and one wonders mildly why the rule of silence exists; but keeping in view the circumscribed outlook of the gossipers, one does not wonder at their abnormal credulity. An essential to the enjoyment of gossip, whether in the cathedral close or the wards of a prison, is the capacity for accepting it as truth, and the degeneration of the critical powers which makes this capacity is, in both places, a result of monotonous surroundings, and lack of interest in the doings of the world outside. But in the convict prison this lack of interest is caused by the enforced absence of news; it is not inherent. On the contrary, next to an illicit supply of tobacco, a page of a newspaper surreptitiously introduced would command the greatest price; and according to the writer of *FIVE YEARS PENAL* such luxuries are all too common, as, consequently, must be the venal warder. But the stories of this man, who, by the way, has also contributed prison experiences to weekly and daily papers, are so surprising that they must be taken with a grain of salt, more especially as he is at pains to record the statement that he has suffered from the morphia habit, a habit which does not, to say the least of it, exercise a restraining influence on the imagination of its victims.

I have hinted earlier at the vanity and self-consciousness of the criminal type, and they are well illustrated in prison literature. The fact that a man should find satisfaction in seeing his name on the title-page of a book as its author is in ordinary circumstances natural and by no means blameworthy; but to obtain such

gratification at the cost of reminding relatives and friends of his moral downfall shows a want of self-respect bordering on vain-gloriousness. The line taken by one of these writers who palliates his crime at the expense of the man whom he defrauded, of the judge who sentenced him, and of the Press which approved his sentence, is rather depressing, but is typical of the whole. In fact, the only real interest of these books lies in the sidelights which they throw on the psychology of criminals, and, indirectly, on the effect which imprisonment has on the character and temperament of those who have been through it. When we come to search for suggestions as to improvements in the system, the field is found to be barren, for the prisoner's view is necessarily narrow. The detail which offends him fills his mental vision, whether it be a question of diet or of discipline; and these two features, in one form or another, would appear to obscure all others. From the praise bestowed on the medical department, and knowing the supremacy of the doctor on questions of food in all public institutions, it is difficult to believe that any prisoner suffers in consequence of the insufficiency of his rations, or from their poor quantity. One need not be a great administrator, or even an experienced housekeeper, to see that sufficiency without waste can only be attained if the members of the community mess together. Then an average of consumption can be arrived at and there will be no waste; but for disciplinary reasons we may take it that prisoners' messes would be impracticable. At all events they have to take their meals apart, each in his own cell, and a fixed ration must be issued to each man. This, we understand, can be supplemented by the doctor, so none can be said to go hungry. On the

other hand, there must be a large amount of waste, for those who have more than they require cannot give the surplus to their neighbours, and with cellular catering it cannot be avoided. On one question,—that of the evils of association in convict prisons without a more highly developed system of classification—convict-authors agree. At present the line is drawn between men undergoing their first term of imprisonment and the remainder; and considering that a sentence of penal servitude is never awarded for a first offence, except in cases of grave crimes of passion or of serious fraud by one in a position of trust, the latter by men of education and with family ties which will probably prevent their being drawn into the vortex of crime, we can appreciate W. B. N.'s point, when he suggests that association among themselves by men of this class is not likely to be materially injurious. But as to the others, looking at the question from the broad point of view of worldly experience, no one can doubt that the standard of the community will be formed on the lines of the strongest personality. In a community composed of men whose power of resistance to temptation was not strong enough to restrain them from a first lapse, whose moral strength has necessarily grown weaker with each succeeding fall, there cannot be one whose influence for good is sufficiently potent to sway his companions. Given, then, an atmosphere of evil, it may be assumed that the personality of the man who has had most success in crime, or most experience of prisons, or is the most daring in defiance of authority, will set the tone. Under such conditions, we must take it that, except in the case of those segregated as first offenders, a convict prison is more

punitive than reformatory. That is the worst that can be fairly said; but in his criticisms of the system the man who has spent twenty-five years in seventeen prisons is not quite logical. "So long," he writes, "as the present gang system obtains, a force is at work which can produce but one result, viz., the manufacture of criminals. Every working party in every prison in the country is an incubator, and produces through the infallible law of cause and effect, a daily brood of criminal chickens." The point of this passage turns upon the words *manufacture* and *incubator*; but a manufactory deals with raw material, and an incubator with a form of life which has not yet taken shape. If the recruits who join the gangs of convict prisons were made of the raw material of innocence, or were filled with the negative virtues and the interesting possibilities of an egg, the metaphor would be absolutely true. It must be remembered, however, that the manufacturing and hatching processes have been consummated outside the prison, that the manufactory and the incubator are to be found in those conditions of life enumerated at the commencement of this article as working towards crime; the results of which only reach the prison when they have drifted through the preventive and reformatory agencies set up to save them. It is not fair to say that the prison manufactures criminals; on the other hand, statistics of reconstructions show that it does not reform them; therefore, say the convict and the unphilosophical observer, the prison is a failure. The student of criminology, however, must take a broader view. The reason for the existence of capital punishment is the hope that it may deter others from committing murder. Similarly, the only reason for the imprisonment of a man, whose cure

will not probably be effected by it, is the certainty that if he went unpunished others would be more likely to follow in his footsteps, to their own condemnation and to the undoing of the community. Some form of punishment must be kept in hand for the deterrence of those who are not amenable to social laws, and civilisation has hitherto failed to evolve anything better than deprivation of liberty under penal conditions.

What form those conditions take in this country is the feature in prison literature which interests the general public, for a knowledge of the existing state of things is necessary before improvements can be considered. To attain such knowledge a perusal of these books will be found useful; though, as has been said before, the student of criminology will look mainly for side-lights on the varying criminal individualities, and to the views which the writers express on the results of prison treatment upon themselves and others. But when we come to examine criticisms and recommendations, taking first him of the twenty-five years' experience, the results are disappointing. He suggests that the "commercial element in the employment of convict labour" should be eliminated, for to this he attributes the "promiscuous association," being apparently under the impression that it is with a view to making prisons self-supporting that such association exists. If this be the idea of the Home Office, it cannot be congratulated on success, for the estimates for the Department are still considerable, nor do they show any sign of annual decrease. It is generally supposed that the associated work in convict prisons was adopted as being more humane than the alternative of keeping a man in a cell by himself for a long term of years; while in the ordinary local prisons

the opposition of Trade Unions to the State-supported output of manufactures is said to make it exceedingly difficult to find profitable or even useful work for their inmates. The military element he also thinks too strong in prison administration. That is a moot point, but as he goes on to suggest more highly paid officials as an alternative, we fear that the economising spirit of the Treasury will bar a trial. Under another heading it is suggested that "an opportunity should be given to every person to start life afresh under favourable conditions." The Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society exists to ensure such chances to those willing to make use of them; but, it is suggested, County Councils should establish public workshops to meet this need, or, failing that, a larger sum of money should be handed over to prisoners on discharge than is now the rule. The efficacy of the latter does not strike one as being demonstrated, while, if local authorities are to set up public workshops, it should be in the interests, primarily, of those who have not yet fallen into paths of crime. Another suggestion is the institution of "mutual improvement" classes in convict prisons, and the author thinks that a "counteracting influence" to the "vicious agencies" would be so produced. If worked by carefully selected instructors from outside, such an institution might have good results; but the "mutual" idea, for reasons stated previously by this writer himself, would tend to vice rather than to reformation. That a free interview with a parent, a wife, or a child would produce a "wonderful effect upon most men," and that the encouragement of instrumental music in prisons would operate powerfully as a reforming agency, are the two final suggestions.

It has been said that the view of

the convict is narrow; and if these six suggestions embody the experiences of twenty-five years, we are justified in our conclusion. W. B. N. suggests improvements in food, more especially in the matter of vegetables, and an extension of the privileges of talking and of earning remission amongst the less hardened, and then devotes himself to the inequalities of sentences. The first two are worth consideration; the third, by far the most important, lands us at the door of a very serious and insurmountable problem. The fact is that in the administration of criminal law the only factor that is constant is the prison. There nothing is left to chance; neither sentimentality nor passion can alter the course of events, for the nature of imprisonment is laid down by statute, and its details are filled in by orders of the Secretary of State amplified by instructions from the Prisons Board. The once convicted criminal thus knows what form his punishment will take, if he is caught and convicted; but his capture will depend very largely on the intelligence of the police and his own cunning, both varying factors. If caught, the skill of his advocate and the dulness or sympathy of a jury may ward off conviction; and if convicted, his sentence may be for any term, from one day to a long period of penal servitude, depending, in part, upon the gravity of his offence, and, in part, upon the temperament and prejudices of the presiding judge. As W. B. N. points out, and illustrates, this last factor introduces an enormous element of chance; but until all men's minds are equally balanced,—when judges would become unnecessary—or until a fixed ratio of punishment is laid down for every variety of offence, this uncertainty must exist. And the adoption of the latter system would probably lead to more hardship

than does the present one, for it would be obviously impossible to provide for circumstances which are never the same in any two cases.

Two chapters of *PENAL SERVITUDE* are devoted to criticising certain articles in the London daily journals and some papers contributed by Mr. George Griffith to *PEARSON'S MAGAZINE*. The latter have recently been republished in book form, with a number of other articles descriptive of prisons by the same writer. W. B. N. comments severely on the mention of his own and other names by one or other of these journalists; and the fact that any individual, while behind the barrier, should be brought before the public in a descriptive article on a prison, is certainly in questionable taste. The differences between the author of *PENAL SERVITUDE* and Mr. Griffith are, however, principally concerned with details, on which the former, as an inhabitant of Parkhurst Prison for several years, is more likely to be accurate than the casual visitor. The statement of the latter that his articles were "passed as correct" by both the governor of the establishment in question and by the Prison Commission is hardly satisfying; for it appears to the outsider that the duties of these authorities would be completed when they had satisfied themselves that there was nothing in the articles subversive of discipline or detrimental to the public interest. This little passage of arms between the writer from inside the prison and the looker-on from without is only alluded to here to assist us in judging of the value of the point of view of the latter. The descriptions of the places visited, as well as the illustrations in the book, appear to be full and detailed, but in reading *SIDE-LIGHTS ON CONVICT LIFE* one does not feel that one has got any further,

either in the unravelling of the problems of penology, or in acquaintance with the convict from the psychological standpoint.

Of a more weighty calibre were the series of articles published in *THE DAILY MAIL* last October. Though the writer, seemingly, started on his task with little knowledge of the subject, he was evidently equipped with a keen power of observation, and perhaps had facilities denied to less fortunate journalists. Certainly his articles, whether descriptive of prisons or descriptive of their work and results, leave the reader with a feeling that he has learned something, and with an appetite for more. Here, again, we have an instance of the observations of the onlooker being checked by a critic from inside, for this series of papers was followed by two articles written by an ex-convict of superior intelligence and with some gifts of composition. Unfortunately for the enquirer, his articles are marred by a personal bitterness which makes one distrust his fairness as a critic; and he falls into the same error that we have noticed on a previous page, namely, basing his argument against the prison system on the fallacy that good men are made evil by its influence. The fact being that the elimination of first offenders from the sphere of habitual criminals is a safeguard against the propaganda of crime which is so sedulously insisted upon by the ex-convict.

Books which deal with penology, that is to say with punishment as a branch of social science, are not numerous in this country, though they range from *PRINCIPLES OF MORALS AND LEGISLATION*, first published over one hundred and twenty years ago, and in its later editions developing the utilitarian philosophy of Jeremy Bentham, to *PUNISHMENT*

AND REFORMATION by an American (Dr. F. H. Wines) and Mr. Havelock Ellis's *THE CRIMINAL*. Of this more serious form of prison literature, the student will find Dr. Wines's book the most comprehensive guide to the knowledge of criminological matters yet published. In this article, however, it was intended to deal with the literature of the prison rather than of penology, and these books are only mentioned for the guidance of anyone who may desire to pursue the subject from the concrete to the abstract. On the other hand, having dealt with the point of view of the prisoner and of the outside observer, it is but fair to glance at the official view as set forth in the Annual Report of the Commissioners of Prisons. A blue-book is not the most attractive form of reading, and this particular volume with its statistics and returns, its reports by governors, chaplains and medical officers, containing none of those exciting tales which adorn the pages of an ex-convict's book, would not appeal to the general public. There are, nevertheless, in the Report passages full of helpfulness and pointing towards progress. It has been suggested more than once in this paper that the prison, as a punitive instrument, is the last resort of civilisation in its war against crime, and no one will deny that the less punishment there is, commensurate with the public safety, the better. It is, then, more than satisfactory to see endeavours being made to reduce the punishment of the prison at both ends of the scale, substituting for it, in the case of the class called juvenile adults, a reformatory treatment; and for the hopelessly irreclaimable, putting forth a scheme, the details of which are not more than hinted at, under which these people shall be restrained from depredations on society under conditions, irksome no doubt, but not

punitive. These two schemes, of which the former is in its infancy and the latter but foreshadowed, will, as they develope, narrow the field of punishment on both sides. We may count upon the new treatment of these youths as yet another obstacle that the young criminal must pass before his downward career lands him in a state of habitual criminality. Already, we learn from the Report, steps are to be taken to multiply these establishments, by allocating a part of certain prisons in different parts of the country to the reception of juvenile adults. So far Borstal has been the scene of the experiment in the case of youths committed to terms of imprisonment, and Dartmoor in the case of those sent to penal servitude; and the officials in charge of both these establishments speak hopefully of success.

The Prison Board is to be congratulated on their two new schemes

for dealing with crime; on the one hand, a purgatory in which the criminally-inclined youth may be purified, as well as punished, and so have a chance of social salvation; and on the other, a limbo for the detention of habitual and professional organisers of crime, on whom experience has shown that punishment has no effect, but whose seclusion is necessary as a safeguard to the community at large, and as a means of preventing contamination. When these two developments have become mature, and if means of carrying out a stricter classification of the criminals who belong to neither of these categories can be arrived at, the convict-writer of the future will no longer be able to allege, as he so often does now, in excuse for his criminality, that his evil propensities have been increased by contact with others worse than himself under the roof of a prison.

CRIMINOLOGIST.

THE ENGLISH THEATRE.

THE recent discussion about the English drama has done some good, in bringing the matter to a definite issue by asking the question, can the English theatre be anything but a business carried on for profit? Sir Squire Bancroft answered the question when he declared that he kept a shop and conducted it on the shopkeeper's principles. That was more sensible and more honest than talking about the artistic mission of the commercial theatre. We have gained something and cleared our minds of cant when we recognise that the first and last aim of the English theatre is to make money. It may have other aims, such as the glorification of individual actors with the consequent distortion of a play's natural construction, but these aims are not general, nor openly avowed.

In fact, the theatrical manager is in the same position as any other shopkeeper; he can live only by pleasing his customers. The theatrical, like the drapery, trade has its leading establishments, its Bond Street houses, its suburban emporiums, and its little shops in back streets. The sales indicate the means, knowledge, intelligence, and ideals of the patrons who are attracted and retained by the enterprise and shrewdness of the shopkeeper, and particularly by the judgment he shows in selecting the season's novelties. The intelligent tradesman sees, and the most intelligent sees first, a change in his clients' taste. If through Ruskin, or William Morris, or South Kensington, they have heard of art, the intelligent tradesman gives them art-fabrics and

art-furniture, varying the fabrics and patterns as required. But he does not go about claiming to be an artist, and declaring that his object in life is to create a love of the Beautiful. He is satisfied with his profits. The theatrical manager goes to work in the same way. He has his spring shows and his autumn shows, and he sets off his wares with idealism or romanticism, with art or poetry as he thinks best. These are only the lures for his public, the means to his profits. Unfortunately, the commercial manager makes the mistake which the draper avoids; he will go about saying that he lives for art and poetry, and all the other pretty things. He deceives himself and the truth is not in him. He cannot afford to live for poetry and art: at the best he can do so only so far as his public will let him; and we know the sort of art and how much of it the commercial manager's customers want. So far as it is art, it is the spectacular art which uses colour and light, scenery, crowds, and costumes for sensuous effects. The large stages and the mechanical resources of the modern theatre are favourable to spectacle which sometimes deserves to rank as an artistic creation. The attraction of colour, of ordered movement, and of balanced mass is universal; but the pleasure it gives is scarcely intellectual. The love of a show is common to the women of the people and the women of society, and to the men of all classes whose senses and minds are as those of a little child. The masque, which was also a show, was immensely popular

in England in the spacious days of great Eliza and the less spacious days of James Stuart. Spectacle is the modern form, and when it is well done there is nothing to say against it, except that it is not dramatic; it reduces drama to a mere accessory. Spectacle, because it is a living, natural, and progressive art, will probably kill drama. Ruskin opened the eyes of the English people, and now that they have been educated beyond the primary contrasts, they can enjoy refinements of colour and tone which did not exist for the early Victorians. It is a great gain, though not a gain to drama, and if the taste for spectacle continues to grow, the dramatic part of it will be represented by the commercial manager standing at the proscenium delivering explanatory verse, while objects and creatures of surpassing beauty defile before a succession of panorama-cloths.

That, or something of the kind, will probably be the sole advance in the art of the theatre if playgoers continue to educate their eyes and neglect their intellects. The present discussion began with the reformers saying that we had no national theatre. The apologists of the commercial theatre rent the clouds with denials and protestations, and quoted the receipts of box-offices. They asserted that the English people had a national drama which they loved next after their national Church and their national sport. They argued that, just as every nation has the laws it deserves, so it has the drama it deserves, an argument (if it be one) which anyone can meet by denying the premiss and the analogy as well. No one on either side has told us what he understands by national drama. Perhaps it is an innate idea, or it may be that exactness is considered pedantic and likely to pre-

vent controversialists from arguing high and low and round about them. Even at that cost it is better to know what we are talking about, and greatly daring I will hazard a definition. National drama is the kind of drama which reflects the temper, manners, thought, and custom peculiar to any country.

Let us test our plays by this definition and see how far they reflect our national life. There is the important matter of religion. How far does our drama reflect the religious life of the nation? So far as *THE SIGN OF THE CROSS*. Even the commercial apologists see the inadequacy of this reflection, and yield the point by saying that it is irreverent to treat sacred themes in the theatre. The Greeks did not think so, nor the Christians of the ages of faith. Modern France and Germany produce religious plays. England does not and cannot; and when we allow ministers of religion on the stage, the Anglican clergyman is an example of benignant and gentlemanlike piety, the Nonconformist an obvious hypocrite, and the Catholic priest ascetic in England, jovial in Ireland, and diplomatic in the Latin countries. Surely the gifts of Providence are not distributed with such mechanical exactitude. However that may be, there is clearly no place for religion on the English stage, and there is one vital element of society ruled out of the drama.

Let us next take politics. Now, people do not agree on politics, and disagreements may produce disorder, and nothing hurts business so much as disorder or the fear of it. The theatre, managers say, gets a bad name with respectable people who have no politics. I am sorry for this, because I am sure that there is good dramatic material in politics. What an admirable political play Lord Beaconsfield could have written! And is not the

commercial manager like all capitalists rather timorous? I should not damage the theatre if my neighbour showed excessive (and unreasonable) delight in the Conservative speeches; I should possess my soul in peace, knowing that my man would have his turn before long. And that of course is what most people would do. To see the female politician on the stage, and the duchess who makes or unmakes ministries in the society-papers! And then the scope for intrigue! But it is all a vain dream; there is no room for politics in the English drama.

These explosive themes, however, do not exhaust life. There is the vast field of character conditioned by occupation; the professions, commerce, and labour. In this field the novelists have found their best material. Their doctors, lawyers, parsons, shopkeepers, farmers, and labourers are human beings whom we love or hate just as if they were alive. We know their looks and speech and gait and habitual gestures. The course and accidents of their lives make the plot and incidents of great novels. The ambitions of lawyers, the ideals of doctors, the affairs of merchants, and the petty commerce of the small shop hold the stuff of pathos, humour, and tragedy; but not in the theatre. There they must creep into the husks of conventional types; they lose their individuality, and in the dry air of the stage the juices of their vitality evaporate. They degenerate into bits of character and comic relief if they are lawyers or doctors; men of science and scholars are usually represented as little better than fools outside their own professions; the lower middle-class are either comic absurdities with ridiculous names such as Tickletop and Gushington, or in serious plays they are mere figure-heads.

It seems a pity. Allowing for the difference of method, surely what is interesting in the literary form could be made interesting in the dramatic form. The fortunes of a business firm have dramatic possibilities which would be effective on the stage if faithfully observed and faithfully presented. If we can scarcely expect to recognise the partners, perhaps the managers, or at least the clerks, are persons within our knowledge. At less effort, though with less awe, we could understand them better than the sumptuous aristocrats whose emotions are always but dimly realised by commoners. Why then is the drama implicit in the lives of the English people never seen on the stage? It is conventionalised in domestic plays and caricatured in melodrama. Why do we never get the real thing?

It is partly, I take it, because the English are a deferential people, partly because they are sentimental materialists (a combination that is supposed to produce idealism), and partly for another reason. The deferential Englishman likes to see lords and ladies on the stage just as he likes to see them in cocked hats and tiaras in the illustrated papers, or joking with difficulty in *PUNCH*. He does not think that they are over-represented on theatrical programmes, or that their importance in plays is so much greater than it is in the actual world. To him they are an ambition and an ideal. Aristocrats fill him with awe, millionaires strike him with terror; their misfortunes inspire him with pity, and in that way he gets the Aristotelian katharsis. The idealist who hates everything that he calls low will not have common people on the stage unless they are amusing or contemptible. So the drunken and unlicensed plumber becomes the representative of the English working

classes. That plumber shows how far we have got towards a national drama.

The other reason is that which prevents the commercial manager from exploiting (as he would say) the play of contemporary life. He is not prejudiced against such plays: he is as ready to make money out of truth as out of falsehood; but he is in the hands of his paymasters. One thing his audience will not suffer; they will not see their daily lives, the details of their business, the way they make their fortunes, and the way they realise their social aspirations, put upon the stage for the delight and edification of their neighbours and acquaintances. They shrink from seeing themselves reflected on the stage. This also is idealism.

The obscure mental processes of these classes have produced a rule of ethics which recognises how hard it is to make a decent income and keep your wife and family in a fair position, which says that we are all in the same boat and declares that the unpardonable sin is, in the elegant language of our day, to give the show away. This rule condemns most of what is true in literature and drama. It is the exceeding bitter cry of the Ephesian silversmiths; Ephesus and England are at one. The average man cares very little about truth in literature or art, but he cares very much for keeping himself and his wife and family in that state of suburban society to which he has been called. Naturally the commercial manager leaves truth out of his plays, and the national drama languishes.

There is one test that should be applied, because it seems to give the commercial drama a chance. Its apologists have no difficulty in showing that it has little or nothing to do with intellect; but in the domain of feeling it rules paramount. It appeals

directly to the primary universal instincts, which are common to men and the other animals. Time, and the revolving seasons, and the high rents of theatres in central London, have largely restricted the peculiar domain of the drama. Few of the elementary instincts pay on the stage, and as a matter of fact, they are reduced to the emotion of love. We regret the fact, and hope to be compensated by the perfection that comes from concentration. Passion is the most dramatic form of this emotion, yet passion is unknown on the modern stage. All the sub-varieties of love can be seen there; the tender, the lady-like, the "nice," and the jolly, but not passion, not the one and highest form of love that ought to be there. I remember seeing it on the stage once in Mr. Jones's *MICHAEL AND HIS LOST ANGEL*, one of the greatest achievements of our contemporary drama, and the occasion of one of the greatest mistakes of the daily newspapers. Their criticisms, resting on the usually safe idea that the British public are as moral as Artemus Ward's kangaroo, expressed a maidenly and outraged modesty, dumb before *THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY* and *THE GAY LORD QUEX*. This time the professional moralisers were too moral for their clients. A large majority of the public supported the play in the theatre as well as in the drawing-room. It was a lesson to anyone inclined to despair of the English theatre, for it showed that there is a public for natural and sincere plays, and that the commercial manager cannot afford to produce them.

The commercial manager is only carrying on the traditions of his class. With rare exceptions the theatre in this country has always been commercial. The popularity of some Shakespearian plays did not mean

that the public cared particularly for the poetic drama; it meant that they cared very much to see Kean, John Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons. In the absence of "stars" the theatres of the palmy days were as commercial as our own, and as ready to attract the public with melodrama, menageries, and circuses. That was long before the cry for Free Trade in the drama, or, to speak accurately, before the anti-monopoly agitation. There has always been Free Trade in drama; the dramatic produce of France, Italy, and Germany have never paid import duty. As a countervailing duty was impracticable, it is hard to see why this source of revenue was overlooked. At all events the anti-monopolists won, and the era of Free Trade in drama began in spite of the people who argued that Free Trade is a theory of trade and not of art, and pointed out that the art of Greece, Italy, Spain, and Holland was produced in economic conditions much nearer Protection than Free Trade. Is Velasquez lodged in the Escorial an instance of free competition? Were not the St. Catherines and St. Sebastians, and the other saints whose portraits the copyists produced by the score, the true products of supply and demand? The result of applying trade principles to the drama has been to make it a trade, and to limit the relation of manager and audience to that of shopkeeper and customer. We have seen how much reflection of life there is in the commercial theatre. "Our people don't care about that kind of thing," the managers say, and apparently get their most successful plays at the Army and Navy Stores. I do not know what our officers are like in action, but in the theatre they are of an astounding simplicity, of a pathetic conservatism. Having seen Captain Hood's *SWEET AND TWENTY* and Captain Marshall's *SECOND IN*

COMMAND I should say that Captain Hood got his psychology from Captain Marshall, if that did not bar the only possible source of Captain Marshall's psychology. Yet their plays are the only kind of national drama (besides adaptations of Dante and Homeric panoramas) that we have got from the commercial manager. He is satisfied with the theatre as it is and with the dividends it pays, and if it pays none he is kept going by the syndicates that renew themselves by fissure. It is no affair of his that since Goldsmith and Sheridan the drama has contributed nothing to English literature, and that while the characters of our great novelists have become part of the life and thought of the English people not a single character, not a single speech or phrase from the English drama is either remembered or quoted.

The commercial manager then can do nothing to remedy the critical condition of the theatre. If any competent and impartial person thinks that its condition is satisfactory he had better run over a list of the plays of the last few years and see how near they come to being a national drama. I can recall only one, MR. AND MRS. DAVENTRY, which had more than a superficial relation to life. Mr. Jones, having apparently come to the conclusion that the theatre is not the place for human nature, is now satisfied with amusing the classes and the dependents of class. Mr. Pinero always has one eye on his play and the other on the box-office, with the result that his serious pieces are mainly examples of compromise. The psychology of his heroines is either accidental or arbitrary; they usually yield to the hero, but they always yield to the plot, and his *coups de théâtre* are as dangerous to the piece as they are to the furniture. In short, most of the plays of this, as indeed of

almost any period, are meant to amuse people who have been working hard all day and have had either too much or too little dinner. Their object is permissible, but it has nothing to do with the dramatic art.

Bicycling, golf, and the music-hall have affected the business side of the theatre, and on the other side the impetus derived from Dumas *filis*, Augier, and Ibsen has spent itself. The theatre is losing its audience and its inspiration. That is why the question of an endowed theatre has come up again. The intelligent minority will not go to the theatre, an assertion which is not disproved by giving lists of successful men and women who go to the first nights that are fashionable among a certain class of people who believe themselves to be fashionable. People are getting tired of the theatre, of its cheap effects, its coarse methods, its vain repetitions, its stock personages, its unreality, and its ignorance of life. Already they say that the dramatic form is exhausted, that its capacities have been over-estimated, that its vividness and directness are attained at the cost of truth and delicacy, that its necessary conditions gravely limit its range and reduce it to a relative inferiority. There is ground for these complaints, and evident danger that the methods of the stage are crystallising into rigid patterns. It has ceased to progress, a fatal sign of deterioration, as in the Italian painting, but that occurred after getting very near to perfection.

The deterioration of the stage is a serious matter. The loss of any form of art is the loss of a high pleasure, and the stage can get certain æsthetic results better than any other form. And if we are not to lose the results, the drama must find a means of renewing itself. It must develop some neglected methods and discard those

that are worn out. It must learn to treat the primary instincts in the spirit of truth and not in the spirit of melodrama. We do not want explosions of crude emotion, or character expressed by catchwords, and we do want a more simple and flexible framework. The rigid mechanical plot is worn out. Plot is a necessity of drama, but not its material or its essence. There cannot be plays without plots! Certainly, and there cannot be houses without foundations, but that is no reason for living in the cellars. Action there must be, but not merely physical action. Motion is not of itself dramatic. Before movement can be dramatic it must be intelligible, and have behind it an intellectual or emotional state which it expresses or interprets. A play which shows a man rushing about the stage assaulting people, getting under tables, or hiding in cupboards, has action; but unless we know why he does these things, and unless he does them with reasonable and sufficient motive the action is not dramatic; it is only absurd. And violent action is often less dramatic than suspended action. Two men slashing each other with bowie-knives are less impressive than two men at issue under intense and controlled emotion. These are elementary matters, but since the University Extension lecturers revived Aristotle, you may always have him thrown at you by people who have not grasped the difference between the Greek and English drama.

We want, then, emotion that is sincere, plot that is simple and flexible, action that is necessary and interpretative. The drama should be able to state character; after that it should be able to give an exposition of character, and perhaps it might in time learn to exhibit the growth, development, and culmination of character,

and how it reacts under the pressure of event and circumstance. It could go further, and combine emotion, temperament, and intellect. Some day it might characterise emotion. For instance, why should all queens express emotion in exactly the same way, which happens to be the way of the actress who plays them? Queens, like their subjects, have their individual styles of expressing feeling. Berengaria of Cyprus and Anne of Austria probably did not feel in precisely the same fashion; they experienced the same emotions no doubt but not in the same degree, and they should be made to show them in their own way. That is to characterise emotion, and it can be done with kings as well as queens, and with the commonalty also. Dramatists, pre-occupied with movement and action, have neglected speech as a means of revealing character, and they do not seem to know that the sound and cadence of language can express varieties of mood. In plays loaded with plot and incident dialogue must be explanatory. A natural and delicate method of expression, such as speech and language of this kind, has to be sacrificed; it demands more attention than the average playgoer will ever give, and more intelligence and cultivation than we have any right to expect of him. But no one expects that the average playgoer will

reform or improve the drama. The minority must do that.

The playgoer who has made the exodus from the theatrical nursery is in the reverse situation to the lover of music. There is music for the populace and music for the connoisseur. If you like Raff and Gade and Tschaihowsky, you can hear them; if you prefer symphonies to the marches of De Sousa, they are to be had. It is not the same with the lover of drama and acting. There are no symphonies and Ruffs and Gades for him; he must put up with the lower forms of the art he loves. He has realised his position, and the demand for the endowed theatre is a demand for a higher form of art. It will be met in the theatre, as it was met in the concert-room, by the associated effort of private people. When musical people could not get what they wanted, they joined together and founded societies for oratorio, for instrumental music, for symphony, and for anything else they desired, with the result that the taste of the musical public is immeasurably higher, more informed, and more exacting than the taste of the theatrical public. Music has a standard, the theatre has not. Is there as much interest in the theatre as in music? If there be, those who care for it can do what the musical people have done.

C. G. COMPTON.

CATHARINE THE SECOND AND HER COURT.

THE regular march of Russian aggression, or, let us say, expansion during the last two centuries has been a striking and, to those people who do not happen to be Russians, an alarming phenomenon. But a closer scrutiny of contemporary facts in the light of the history that has led up to them tends on the whole to show that the alarm which the great Empire of the North inspires in her neighbours (and to-day the phrase covers nearly all nations of the globe) is, if not indeed unreal, at least greatly exaggerated. For instance, one of the most prominent features of the situation to-day is that Russia, by the very fact of her expansion in the Far East, has curtailed her own possibilities of expansion to the South. The secret of the long tragedies of Armenia and Macedonia lies largely in her incapacity of acting under modern conditions in two directions at once. And this incapacity, or at least its recognition by Russian statesmen, is a fact of comparatively recent origin.

In the eighteenth century indeed Russia struggled with a reckless and feverish energy for territorial expansion in all directions, displaying in the process a relentless purpose and a lavishness of blood and treasure, and achieving a success only equalled by our own. The truth is that the great empire-building period of Russia coincides almost with that of England. Roughly speaking, Catharine the Second was the contemporary of the two Pitts, and in many ways the types of character developed in the two countries during

that tumultuous period are, in spite of a great racial difference, singularly akin. It is not impossible that the Russian type has subsequently undergone much the same modifications as our own, has experienced a certain cooling of the blood, a change from the recklessness of youth to that modern prudential temper which prevails, on the whole, among us latter-day English. What is clear, at least, is that the study of Russian history, and notably that of the reign of Catharine, is to be recommended to all who desire an intellectual grasp of one great group of international problems. Apart from any such result it is a study of the keenest human interest and one, it must be added, that to the English mind presents a great but stimulating difficulty.

A passage in Alphonse Daudet's reminiscences describes a conversation with Tourguenieff, in which the Russian novelist discusses, in confidence between men of letters, what it is precisely that constitutes the Slavonic temperament. Characteristically enough of the race, if not of the man, his description consists mainly in a pure negative, in renouncing the attempt to describe. We do not think, we do not feel as you do, he says; our morality is not yours; your hard and fast distinctions vanish in our atmosphere; the element our inner life moves in is, in short, the Slavonic mist (*le brouillard Slave*). Certain extracts from the book of his own youth made Tourguenieff's meaning clear to his hearer; the Slavonic mist it appears,

would be a medium highly antipathetic to the Shorter Catechism and one in which many of the properties, or even the decencies, of life, as we view it, tend to disappear. But it is nevertheless a profoundly interesting phenomenon, and, when we penetrate it a little, not without a bizarre and, perhaps, a redeeming charm of its own.

Russian history, when not of the merely official and academic kind, at once fascinates and perplexes, both because of the colossal types of humanity it displays and of a pervading sense that the world they move in is morally and spiritually a whole hemisphere away from the civilisation and the platitudes of the West. Nowhere, perhaps, have the characteristics been more incisively displayed than in M. Waliszewski's work *AUTOUR D'UN TRÔNE*, that extremely erudite study of the personalities surrounding Catharine the Second and of the great and enigmatic figure of the Northern Semiramis herself. Of the learned author's accuracy it would be impertinent to speak, except only to note that his work is chiefly based on correspondence, diaries, conversations taken down from the lips of Catharine, documents, in fact, as authentic as history can ever obtain, collated and weighted with the exhaustive patience of a highly critical mind. And in vividness and realistic effect, M. Waliszewski's pages leave nothing for modern curiosity to desire.

It is perhaps unnecessary to caution the reader that a work like *AUTOUR D'UN TRÔNE* is not fully intelligible unless supplemented to some extent from other sources. For an obvious instance, Prince Gregor Orlof, the first of the great Imperial favourites in order of time, the man who more than any other set Catharine on her husband's throne, distinguished

himself during the years when he almost reigned as Emperor by one solitary achievement, the pacification of Moscow. What was precisely the matter at Moscow is indicated in M. Waliszewski's pages by a single Russian word of unfamiliar aspect to most, *samovaniets*. It was in fact the great outbreak of plague in 1771, when panic-stricken crowds flocked round the holy image of the Mother of God and many persons were suffocated in the throng, till at length the Archbishop, an "enlightened man," caused the image to be removed. "He is in conspiracy with the doctors to make us die, he forbids us to pray to the Mother of God," the populace cried; and in the ensuing riot the Archbishop fell, and anarchy was let loose on the city till Gregor Orlof arrived to govern it. The incident is typical of much of Catharine's reign, the half-barbaric passion, the wholly barbarous ignorance, the veneer of enlightenment, are all highly characteristic of the Russia that she found and that she left. And, strangely enough, it is still more typical that an apparent trifle, a debauchee, as Orlof was in ordinary life, should suddenly have shown himself master of so portentous a situation.

What strikes one most in the great figures of Catharine's reign is their singular alternation between the wildest orgies and the most splendid achievements, between childish irresponsibility and successful statecraft. The contrast between the official history and the genuine biographies of the men who made it is at times so startling that one is tempted to believe them swayed in their public actions by some instinctive natural force "not themselves," which made, if not directly for righteousness, at least for the greatness of the Russian Empire. Under Catharine Russia

acquired a vast sweep of territory from the Baltic to the Euxine, including of course the majority of Poland and the Crimea; she for the first time set her grasp on the Black Sea, her arms were everywhere victorious, great internal reforms were given the force of law, and even to some extent carried out. And yet, but for a perception of great spontaneous forces at work in the obscuring medium of the Slavonic mist, we might imagine that the more personal and intimate history of the time resembled rather that of an empire rotting to its fall.

"I have made war without generals and governed without ministers," Catharine declared, and though the remark must be taken as an epigram, it has its truth. To the Western mind the following highly authenticated description of Panine, who was virtually prime-minister during the earlier years of her reign, might well seem incredible. "He rises at two o'clock (p.m.) to commence a toilet which his infirmities render lengthy. At four he is ready to receive the persons who habitually wait on him, but dinner is immediately served, and followed by a drive or a siesta lasting an hour. At half-past seven the minister receives his company of boon companions and the day is finished. The interval from half-past six to half-past seven is the only time in which one can address him on business of State." Another witness informs us, a few years later, that Panine slept from half-past six to eight, after which the strenuous efforts of two valets were necessary to arouse him.

When Potemkin was at the height of his greatness his chariot, with six horses ready harnessed, was often to be seen at his door day after day for months together "before he could decide to leave the palace where he happened to find himself."

Yet the work of government went

on not unsuccessfully, in a manner mysterious to the Western mind. An inconceivable mass of vices and ineptitudes seemed to leave the latent genius of these men unsubdued, to flash fitfully indeed, but at the right moment. When Saltikof, one of the greatest leaders in the Seven Years' War, died in disgrace and was buried with maimed rites, Count Panine was found standing sentinel at his tomb. He would stand there, he declared, till relieved by a guard of honour, which was duly sent. And when the question of the marriage of the Empress to Alexis Orlof was touched on in the Imperial Council, it was Panine, awake for once, who made a solitary and effectual protest: "The Empress will do as she pleases, but Madam Orlof will never be sovereign of Russia."

The greatest figure of the reign was certainly Potemkin; yet even here it is hard to penetrate the Slavonic mist. M. Waliszewski still finds it difficult to be certain whether the most imposing of Catharine's ministers or favourites was in truth a genius or a madman. The element of insanity, that a phlegmatic common-sense may be excused for seeing in Potemkin, was at least fortunate in its methods of expression. Owing his advance to the Orlofs, whom he was shortly to supplant, Potemkin was first introduced into the palace to amuse the Empress with his talent for imitating voices, and the master-stroke of the entertainment proved to be an imitation of Catharine's own voice, so successful that the amiable Sovereign cried with laughter. The Orlofs certainly owed their protégé something, for in a fracas resulting from a quarrel with the gigantic and brutal Alexis Orlof, the hero of Tcheshme and hitherto the most notable favourite of Catharine, Potemkin had lost an eye, and unhappily

squinting with that which remained, he had conceived the idea of retiring into a monastery. It was thoroughly in the manner of the day that, after his successful ventriloquism, he should persuade the Empress that this pious resolve was the outcome of a passion that a loyal subject must needs regard as hopeless.

Sombre and disquieting in outward appearance, intensely passionate yet of extreme finesse, Potemkin was a man before whom autocracy itself became humble. Vassilitchhof, Potemkin's immediate predecessor in Catharine's affections, at once remarked of him, "He is the master," adding with extreme candour, "I was the minion (*Je n'étais qu'une fille entretenue*)."

The Cyclops, as the author of his injury named him, was not easily tamed. Indignant at not being summoned to the Council of State, he refused to address a word to Catharine, and the Imperial dinner table was plunged into an embarrassed silence, from which the Empress retired alone to return with reddened eyes. Before long the conquest of Catharine was complete. In letters on affairs of State she bestows the titles of little Father and little Pigeon on the terrible Potemkin.

Gigantic in stature, with black hair and brown complexion, the Cyclops was an imposing and terrifying rather than an attractive figure. He never wittingly allowed himself to be painted. He shared with Alexis Orlof (oddly enough nicknamed *le Balafre*, the man with the scar) the right to wear the portrait of the Empress set in diamonds, her gift to both, and M. Waliszewski dramatically describes their encounter when Potemkin first assumed the hitherto unique decoration. Ordinarily their relations were those of courtesy. It is said that meeting on the palace staircase Potemkin asked, "What news at

Court?" and Orlof replied, "None, but that I am going down and you are going up"; and at the ball in question the same decorum was outwardly preserved. But the next day in Catharine's private apartments the quarrel broke out with fury, the alternately thundering voices of the two men causing the palace windows to tremble while the Empress stood deadly pale between them. Nor was Alexis Orlof, who had destroyed the Turkish fleet at Tchesme, or at least had the credit of that feat, easily to be disposed of. "He came down like an avalanche on my head," Catharine writes to Potemkin. All three were destined to be surprised in the sequel.

In administration Potemkin displayed, if inconstantly and spasmodically, faculties that were certainly akin to genius. Count Ségur, the French ambassador, called on him one day to communicate a memorandum of a projected commercial establishment at Kherson, a document crowded with figures and all manner of details. His reading of it was interrupted by the entrance of various persons, a pope, a secretary, a milliner, to all of whom Potemkin talked; and finally Ségur, not a little huffed, put the document back in his pocket, declining the Prince's invitation to leave it for future consideration. A few months later he was astounded at receiving a letter of thanks from the director of the Kherson establishment. Without further consideration Potemkin had simply, and no doubt freely, translated the memorandum into fact, a performance that might fairly have been called a master-stroke in Napoleon.

Potemkin had, no doubt, his moments of genius, but his manifestations of the Napoleonic type were frequently obscured by others characteristic rather of a greatly exaggerated Beau Brummel. The

famous Lady Cathcart was invited to stay in his new palace at St. Petersburg, but found only one room in the building completed, that one being three hundred feet long. Marvellous indeed were the caprices of his campaign against the Turks,—two regiments of grenadiers taken from the front to dig excavations in which entertainments truly Sardanapalesque (to quote M. Waliszewski's epithet) were given to bevy of ladies, and crystal goblets filled with diamonds were passed round to be emptied, the Prince reclining meanwhile on a rose and silver divan, while perfume burned in golden vessels.

"Why this firing?" was the question sent by Potemkin, who seems to have had a horror of the noise of cannon, to his subordinate at the front. "Tell the Prince it is because the Russians and Turks are at war," was the reply. On other occasions Potemkin would expose himself with entire recklessness. "Do not rise when I come," he said to the men in trenches when the air was alive with balls; "only try not to go down when the Turk's shot comes." The conqueror of the Crimea was, in truth, nothing if not fantastic. Desiring to see a *tzigane*, he sent for two young sergeants from a regiment stationed in the Caucasus, and, the *tzigane* having been sufficiently admired, sent them back with commissions. Yet for all that it was, in a sense, under Potemkin that Otchakof was taken and the Crimea conquered. He was the first Russian commander to concern himself about the well-being of his men; and if one remembers in what semi-deserts his campaigns were fought, his own phrase, that he had made bread out of stones, seems not an unreasonable hyperbole.

The Slavonic nature differs perhaps from others in its acuter sense of the insubstantiality of human existence.

It seems unable to rest in placid possession of the concrete; the passion for some unrealisable beyond is always a little way below the surface. One day at table Potemkin fell into a reverie; presently he spoke: "'Can any man be happier than I? All my wishes, all my desires have been fulfilled as though by enchantment. I wished for high office, I have it, for decorations, I have them all. I loved play, and I have been able to lose incalculable sums. I desired estates, I possess all I want; to build houses, I have built palaces. The finest and rarest jewels are mine. The cup is full (*en un mot je suis comblé*)'; and with these words he took a porcelain plate and broke it on the floor, then went out and shut himself in his private chamber." It is improbable, one fears, that Johnson can have heard of this singular confession, so far more convincing than the oratory of Rasselas.

For those who occupied the position Potemkin held with regard to Catharine one supreme prize remained, and for two out of the many, for Alexis Orlof and Potemkin himself, it seemed not impossible of attainment. The final effort of Potemkin to secure it, if perhaps a counsel of despair, was a stroke of singular subtlety. This remarkable man had always contrived to keep closely in in touch with the Russian clergy. Among his multifarious pursuits he had found time to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the liturgical minutiae and the endless chantings of the Eastern Church. He persuaded Catharine to accompany him on a pilgrimage to the Troitza monastery. Here, to quote M. Waliszewski, the loving couple found themselves surrounded by obsequious monks. Potemkin vanishes; the monks whisper in the Sovereign's ear words reprobating a union which

the Church has never been called upon to sanction. Suddenly Potemkin reappears, having exchanged his gold lace for a monastic habit. It appears that his conscience has been touched; if he cannot marry the object of his passion, he proposes to devote himself to God. Catharine unhappily proved equal to the situation. Comprehending, even sharing his emotion, she approves his design of closing his days within the walls of a monastery. The scene touches the highest reaches of comedy, none the less perhaps for a certain element of reality in the emotion. Hastily abandoning his monastic habit to follow Catharine to St. Petersburg, Potemkin discovers that his voice, in thunderous or caressing accents, has no longer its former power. But it is only at this point that his real greatness in this especial rôle is destined to appear.

The carriage of the superseded favourite who "growled like an angry lion and seemed to restrain himself with difficulty from breaking the furniture," did not fail, though Catharine was not without experience in that kind of its calculated effect. Before long Potemkin re-emerges not as Imperial favourite in the more specific sense, but as the purveyor of favourites whose qualifications were henceforth to be the possession of personal attractions and an absence of dominating character. "Brilliant but fleeting shadows, creatures of a day," they came and went at Potemkin's bidding; it was thus that he remained the virtual ruler of All the Russias.

His character, like so many others, still remains obscured for us by the Slavonic mist; it is a chaos of moral and immoral traits that defies complete interpretation. On acquiring certain domains he caused all the gallows on them to be thrown down,

proclaiming that the peasants must in future do his will solely by respect for their duty. He was seldom known to strike any of his domestics; generals and functionaries of State he frequently struck. A certain Prince Volkonski thus unceremoniously treated was said to have taken a "notable revenge"; he remained absent from the Prince's ante-chamber for eight days. While engaged in the siege of Otchakof Potemkin, hearing that the ambulance was in a deplorable condition, replied, "So much the better; I shall have no wounded." Yet the army adored him. Among the population at large he was unpopular. A courtier replied to one of Catherine's searching questions with, "In Petersburg there are two who love him, the *bon Dieu* and your Majesty."

"I am God's spoiled child," was Potemkin's verdict on his own career. He believed unquestioningly in his star. On one occasion a vessel close to his own blew up killing many on board; "and so it would have been with us," the Prince said to the person beside him, "if Heaven did not make me an exception." The recipient of this strange confidence was the Prince de Ligne, the soldier of fortune to whom several charming studies in *LES CAUSERIES DE LUNDI* are devoted, recording among other things his rule for attaining happiness: "To stand apart from oneself, to be much preoccupied with other people (*Avoir beaucoup de détachement de soi-même, beaucoup de préoccupation d'autrui*)." He may well have been preoccupied with his strange fellow-voyager on this occasion. It need hardly be said that he closed his life as a soldier of fortune.

With all the gifts of a statesman and a courtier mixed with the inconsequence of a child, yet with a strange forcefulness as of a human

tornado, Potemkin may well remain a mystery. If we are to escape the dilemma of genius or madman, it can only be by declaring that he was both. Among the many inconsistencies of the age stands the curious fact that despite all the solid acquisition of Russia under his direction, it is still as an improviser of the unusual and the fantastic, of a purely theatrical civilisation having no basis in fact, that he performed his greatest feats. Catharine's progress in South Russia, especially in the Crimea, under his auspices as Prince of the Taurid, is an instance in point. "Two months before," says an observer, "there was nothing"; but on the arrival of the Empress, "Heaven knows what miracles had happened. And the devil knows from whence have issued these establishments, these armies, populations, Tartars in rich costumes, Cossacks, vessels of war. I seemed to be moving in a dream." It must have seemed like a chapter of *THE ARABIAN NIGHTS* among those gardens improvised in the wilderness, and villages built for the occasion; but it was indeed the Devil who seemed most likely to have cognisance of the origin of it all. "One must say it; these marvels were produced by tyranny and terror, and entailed the ruin of several provinces." The beginnings of the Russian Empire are not without resemblance to stages of the Roman Empire which were not of the beginning.

The most splendid festivity of the progress was held, strangely enough, at Inkerman. The stage effect was certainly admirable. The gorgeous banquet, which was a matter of course, having reached its end, a vast sheet of canvas was allowed to fall, revealing to the astonished eyes of the Empress and the Court the new town of Sebastopol, while a fleet anchored in the bay thundered an

Imperial salute. But unfortunately the fleet had been built of green wood; in a few months the timbers warped and the vessels were all but useless. They had been designed, in fact, to serve as theatrical properties.

The eminence of Potemkin is strikingly displayed in contrast with the strange figure that rose to replace him after his death in 1791. The more Catharine succeeds in making her intimate personality visible to us, the harder it becomes to believe that she was ever old. As M. Waliszewski charmingly expresses it, at sixty spring still whispered in her heart, and her choice to replace Potemkin, alike in the *role* he had formerly held and in that of general adviser which he had never relinquished, fell on the young and handsome Platon Zubof. Of the new favourite's ancestry M. Waliszewski is content to remark that "his father governed a province somewhere and grew rich," which in itself hardly constitutes a distinction. Little that is recorded of his career is distinctive in a favourable sense. The anecdote of his going before his elevation to wait on the Grand Duke Paul, the heir apparent, and drawing aside respectfully "to make room for his Highness's dog," is no doubt typical less of the man than of the age. Souvarof, who could be a courtier at moments, remarked that the young man was fit to be a sergeant of the Guard. He attained, in fact, among many other distinctions, to that of Commander-in-chief of the Artillery without knowing the difference between a heavy gun and a field-piece. It was certainly not the age of specialists; a secretary of the Admiralty was chosen at this period on the ground of his once having travelled by sea to London; it was an age rather when men like Potemkin seemed to pick up the extensive if

rudimentary knowledge they required by a species of instinct, or equally when the young and charming, like Zubof, could afford to dispense with knowledge of any kind. Catharine, with her amazing femininity declared the latter "the greatest genius the Russian Empire had ever produced." She was then sixty years of age, in the first year of the French Revolution.

The new favourite's ante-chambers soon swarmed with the multitude of those who lacked advancement, and with one inmate besides who might well have been the creature of the malignant imagination of a Swift, but is in fact a historical personage of the most attested order. This was Zubof's monkey, ceaselessly clambering over the splendid chandeliers, skipping round the corners of the apartments, or sometimes venturing a leap on to the head of some one of the persons below who chanced to look attractive. Following the proverb, the assistants at Zubof's *levée* rivalled each other in startling perriwigs, in the hope that to afford a resting-place, however brief, for the monkey's feet would bring them a step nearer to the master. If Zubof had dreamed of a revenge for "his Highness's dog," he certainly obtained it. He obtained the further honour of an address from a provincial academy in which the modern Plato was compared, much to his advantage, to him of Athens.

Of all Catharine's generals Souvarof was the most famous and the most eccentric. A great soldier, it need hardly be said, intensely loved by his troops, whose lives he sacrificed in thousands, it was perhaps to their devotion, as happens with most generals, that he owed the greater part of his success. "It was not I but your little soldiers," Saltikof, who beat Frederic of Prussia at Kuners-

dorf, once said to Catharine; it is perhaps only in the Russian type that this kind of naive humanity could combine with real ability in war as in Souvarof, and with a certain ferocity. For the Russian soldiers of Catharine's day (and of the present perhaps) "*children of iron frame (ames d'enfants dans les enveloppes de fer)*," without talent for criticising their commanders, Souvarof was an ideal leader, being himself not without traces of the childish soul. The conqueror of Otchakof and Ismail, the leader in the titanic, if luckless, campaign in Switzerland was indeed capable, when the cannon was silent, of the most remarkable pranks. When the bâton of field-marshal was conferred on him, a solemn mass was celebrated in the cathedral of St. Petersburg. Souvarof ordered as many chairs as there were general officers senior to himself to be placed in line, and having divested himself of much of his uniform vaulted over these chairs one after another, while the astonished priests were waiting to commence the office. In camp he used to appear stark naked (*nu comme ver*) before the general gaze, and turn somersaults on the grass. A courier with a dispatch from Potemkin arriving once during this ceremony, Souvarof merely called for paper and ink and without other preliminaries wrote his answer, then resuming the somersaults. One is not surprised to hear of a large flask of strong punch being in constant requisition on the battlefield; the general called it his *limonade*.

But Souvarof with "his slow brow and piercing eye," is not a character to be comprehended at a glance. His eccentricities no doubt gained the hearts of his soldiers; it may even be, since psychologically everything is possible, that the *limonade* was useful in obliterating the horror of the heca-

tombs on which he marched to victory. He was seen to weep among the flames of Praga more, it would seem, for the massacred Poles than for his own Russians. The great campaign of Switzerland at least was the performance of no ordinary soldier. When Souvarof reached Vienna in 1798, the Aulic council of war demanded communication of his plans; he replied by displaying a blank sheet of paper bearing the signature of the Emperor Paul. His conception of strategy was a dogged bullet-headed advance with the bayonet; what was remarkable in this fantastic campaign was the vast reputation he gained by a dogged but masterly retreat. In a dispatch from Switzerland quoted by Rimband, he writes: "In this kingdom of terrors, abysses open beside us at every step awaiting our arrival.

. . . Nights spent among the clouds, the noise of cataracts, the breaking of avalanches—we have surmounted them all," and it was an army from the interminable plains of Russia that he commanded. "Lost in the heart of the mountains, betrayed by the carelessness of his allies," few situations in war have been more desperate. The iron frame of his soldiers was roughly tested: thousands in fact perished in the Mültenthal and on the glaciers of the Rindskoff; but what passed in those *amies d'enfants* among the plantasmagoric horrors of the mountains no one can tell us. Souvarof himself was perhaps overwrought by what must be called the most romantic experience of modern war. He greeted Korsahof, who had been defeated after a most obstinate battle at Zurich and thus prevented from supporting his commander, by snatching a carbine and presenting arms. "It is thus, is it not, that you have saluted Masséna? *Mais vive Dieu, pas à la Russe, pas à la Russe!*"

Another singular figure was the

Minister of State, Bezborodko, one of the most important and most trusted of Catharine's advisers during the latter half of her reign. It is a type in some aspects not unfamiliar to the eighteenth century in countries nearer home, a type in which laborious statesmanship is mated with wild debauchery and amazing extravagance, but in Bezborodko the mixture was spiced with a certain fantastic element alien to the West. Of by no means aristocratic extraction, he was commonly known as the Hahol, the designation of the despised Little Russian, and something genially peasantlike in his nature, which he retained among the splendours of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, seems to have rendered the name generally acceptable. It was he who imagined a new way of enlivening a whist-party, by having cannon fired off whenever her Majesty's physician revoked. The romantic side of his life was his harem, M. Waliszewski remarks, but far more distinctive traits of his are recorded. At certain periods he preferred distractions of a frankly vulgar kind, and would disappear for thirty-six hours, with a hundred roubles in his pocket, into quarters of the city not usually visited by Ministers of State. On one occasion an Imperial courier, bearing an urgent summons from the Empress, discovered him in one of these haunts extremely drunk; but in an instant he was sober, and returning home had himself drenched with cold water, let blood from both arms, and so was driven to the Palace. The Empress, it appeared, was impatient for the draft of a projected law; Bezborodko promptly drew out a paper and read aloud a document which moved Catharine to profound admiration, but on her desiring to see the text, the Minister fell on his knees with many apologies; the paper was a blank, his law had

been simply an improvisation. The iron heads of the age of Sheridan and Fox were, it seems, no monopoly in Old England.

The conventional idea of a Russian minister is completely routed by this singular personage. There was apparent in him at times a curiously simple humanity, a *bonhomie* very near to Nature and the soil, such as hardly any writings before those of Gorki have attempted to describe. A young fellow-countryman, another Hahol, called on him once with a view to obtaining a place. Growing tired of waiting this youth amused himself by chasing a fly, and oblivious of all else in the pursuit contrived at length with a desperate blow to smash to atoms the object the creature had perched on, nothing else than a priceless vase of Sevres porcelain. "Missed!" exclaimed a voice, and the Hahol turning round recognised the minister. "Come, let us talk," Bezborodko went on; "we must see that at least you don't miss the place."

It may be added that Bezborodko was a zealous collector,—connoisseur is perhaps doubtful—of objects of art. His furniture, not including pictures, was sold at his death for the relatively colossal sum of four million roubles.

Catharine's voluminous correspondence with Diderot, Grimm, and other *philosophes* affords considerable evidence of what she was, and still more of what she wished to appear. It was no doubt the lighter side of her mind that thus spread itself on paper for the edification of the great minds of Western Europe, her serious meditations being couched in Russian and hidden in the obscurity of the Slavonic mist.

But with Diderot, who stayed many months at St. Petersburg, she had numerous conversations that do

certainly reveal something. The philosopher indeed discovered in the Empress "the soul of Brutus with the charms of Cleopatra"; this of course is the gold-laced embroidery that in the eighteenth, or indeed in any century, seems inevitably to mask the true figure of royalty. Still reality peeps out on occasions. Once Diderot was declaiming about the iniquity of those flattered monarchs for whom, he remarked, a special place in hell, if there were such a place, must be reserved, when the Empress interrupted him. "What do they say in Paris about the death of my husband?" Diderot stammered (the Emperor Paul had of course not survived the revolution that set Catharine on the throne), then, recovering himself, talked sagaciously of harsh necessities sometimes imposed on the great. "Ah, Monsieur," said Catharine, "you are at least on your way to Purgatory."

Official history has too much to say about the reforms of Catharine's reign, and Diderot was eager to observe their ameliorating effects. The wide gulf between enactment and enforcement surprised him—he was unacquainted, says the writer, with a peculiarly typical Russian proverb, "*le papier souffre tout*" (nothing does any harm to paper)." The Russia of that period was of course a country vastly different from anything that existed in the imagination of the Encyclopædists; what is remarkable is that Catharine should have been so much allied with that illuminated circle, and yet have gone so placidly, and sometimes so remorselessly, on her own road. Of Diderot she remarked, "He seems on some sides a hundred years old, and on others ten"; an admirable summary of the impression perennially made by the philosopher on the children of this world.

It would certainly be inaccurate to suppose that Catharine's reforms were merely paper proclamations. Many of them were decidedly real, as for instance, the admirable organisation of general hospitals which remains in force at the present day. But in the eighteenth century Russia was labouring to catch up the development of Western Europe; competent observers noted that the chief national characteristic was mimicry: "Peter the Great had this gift on the grand scale, and every Russian has it in little." They were in fact monkey-like (*ovais singes*); it is curious to observe how a hundred years later this character has been bestowed, perhaps just as gratuitously, on the Japanese. "I am working at laws and tapestry," Catharine remarks in that peculiarly Slavonic vein of persiflage, which seems always to be saying that all things in the end come to the same thing. The same feminine occupation, or metaphor, pursues her when reading Blackstone: "I make no account of his book but spin my own thread out of him," a remark, thrown over the shoulder, as it were, that is yet a saying of genius. Catharine's was indeed in some respects an ordinary mind; she travelled the well-beaten route from the liberalism of youth to the conservatism of age, and moved with her country from the political ideas of the Aufklärung to the anti-Jacobinism natural to a crowned head in 1793. But her doings and sayings were always marked by a personal accent and a peculiar unconventionality that distinguish her at once from the ordinary run of monarchs. Thus her reception of Count Esterhazy, the envoy of M. d'Artois, chief of the *émigrés* at Coblenz in 1791, was not what that personage could have expected. Esterhazy was conducted to the palace by Zoubof who, after leading him through several apartments, opened a

door and pushed him in with the simple remark, "*Le voilà.*" In view of the political situation as a whole, this method of ushering the delegate of the counter revolution into the presence of the most powerful of European sovereigns, was not without its charm; and we may be sure that Catharine herself was not unconscious of it. Her whole apparently serious policy is full of these playful touches; at this time she was inviting the King of Sweden, her recent enemy, to the Seine with gunboats in order to "suppress the tumults in Paris." In her private correspondence of this period His Majesty of Sweden goes by the name of Don Quixote.

Only four years earlier Catharine had known danger nearer home, when her second war with the Turks and that with Sweden broke out together, and when she had sat in the Winter Palace reading the hopeless letters in which Potemkin foreshadowed the abandonment of the newly won Crimea, and heard, as she read, the Swedish guns at the mouth of the Neva.

To Catharine the fall of the French Monarchy was in comparison a sort of theatrical spectacle to be watched with interest from the Imperial box. She was in fact indifferent to the Revolution; she indeed coquetted with its intellectual side, because of her conviction or her instinct that the Revolution could by no possibility touch the realities of Russian life. As M. Waliszewski explains, she was as little concerned with the political principles, for instance, of Diderot, as an African potentate would be about the Radicalism of some passing explorer. The example is perhaps extreme, but it merely expresses the essential difference that under a common veneer of civilisation divided Russia from the West.

The total effect of a work like M. Waliszewski's, with all its crowd of

light personalia caught on the wing, is perhaps a little bewildering to the English reader. The *chauvinisme* of the natural man will insist on the many grotesque and savage blotches only too visible in such a picture of Russian humanity; a more sympathetic, and therefore more critical, study makes us aware that it presents a type of humanity with certain peculiar excellencies and a singular charm of its own,—a type more open to emotion, more intimate, so to speak, with itself than our more assiduous civilisation has produced. It may be noted in passing that a story by no means vague, though certainly not susceptible of confirmation, would indicate that Catharine did not belong to Russia merely by adoption, but by a nearer bond. But whatever was the true relation between her and the mysterious M. Betski, to whom she paid an affection and a deference almost filial, she has certainly become for us a pre-eminent example of the national type, deserving therefore critical and courteous study.

A vast collection of condemnatory epithets, all those in fact habitually bestowed on Mary of Scotland and Elizabeth of England together, might on the face of things be applied with propriety to Catharine, but it is to deal only with the face of things to apply them without considerable reserve. The most courteous historian must admit that a favourite was an essential requisite of Catharine's existence, and not solely for the reason expressed in that curious sentence, "She could not bear to have no equal (*n'avoir point d'égal lui semblait insupportable*)."

And the range of her favours no doubt was astonishingly wide, travelling, perhaps through insatiable curiosity, from Potemkin, Prince of the Taurid, to Korsak or Korsakof, a serjeant of Hussars, to Zoritch ("*Zoritch c'est le*

beau male par excellence, Korsak c'est le tenor"), to many others, a Persian candidate momentarily included, to Platon Zubof, to a personage only described as *Le bel Manonof*. All these were made illustrious for a while;

— Besides the presents
Of several ribbons and some thousand
peasants,—

the peasants being almost invariably found near the Vistula, for it was with the spoils of Poland that the favourites were enriched, and finally pensioned off. Some indeed were married to eligible ladies of the court, the toilet of the bride taking place on these occasions in the Empress's own apartment. One instance of this type is specially curious.

It is singular that, with her many distinguished correspondents, Catharine seems never to have entered on any communication with one who was in a sense her contemporary and to whom she presents on more than one side a distinct affinity,—with Goethe. The parallel between the Semiramis of the North and the author of *FAUST* is of course personal rather than intellectual, and lies mainly in regard to matters of the heart, in which respect indeed the resemblance is not a little striking. Catharine's secret was, in M. Waliszewski's words, an imagination fired by an inappeasable hunger for life (*La saintaisie de son cœur toujours jeune et de ses sens jamais lassés*). Goethe's last entanglement, it will be remembered, found him almost an octogenarian. "I have returned to life like a fly that has lain torpid through winter," wrote Catharine, announcing the commencement of yet another passionate episode, and singularly enough announcing it to Potemkin.

Yet it admits of no doubt that Catharine felt keenly the severance of

these connections, in those cases when the severance was not affected by her own imperious caprice. After the death of Lanskoi the transport of her grief caused her to suspend all attention to public affairs, so the French *chargé d'affaires* writes to his government; two months later the Sovereign only sees her ministers at rare intervals. She herself writes: "As regards public affairs, they take their course just as formerly, but for my individual self, I possessed a great happiness, and I have it no more. My days are passed in weeping or in business. Three months after my irreparable loss the best that can be said is that I have accustomed myself again to the sight of human faces, that I do my duty and try to do good." To the Western mind certainly the accent of these words must seem fundamentally incompatible with Catharine's personal history; yet it is there. The loss was not indeed irreparable, for Lanskoi was in due course replaced by *le bel* Manonof, an incident that occasioned a yet more cruel separation and a yet more astonishing revelation of the eccentricities of the Slavonic character. Like Don Juan, Manonof proved unequal to a social station of this highly elevated kind. "In royalty's vast arms he pined for beauty," which he discovered in the person of a maid of honour, *Made-moiselle* Chtcherbatof.

The sequel is given in a singular fragment of a conversation between Catharine and her secretary, Crapowicki.

"For eight months I have suspected it," the Empress suddenly

broke out. "He has kept to himself, he has avoided me. It was always an oppression on the chest—then lately he has talked of religious scruples—the traitor! It was this other love that strangled him." "Everyone is astonished that your Majesty should have given consent to this marriage," the secretary was content to observe. "God be with them! I wish that they may be happy," the Empress replied; "but you see it, I have pardoned them, I have consented to their union; they should be ravished, but now both are weeping! For a week his eyes have followed me everywhere. Strange! Formerly he had taste, a great facility; now he botches all that he does, everything wearies him, his chest is constantly worse. Indeed the Prince [Potemkin] said to me this winter, *Matouchka, crachez sur lui*, and he pointed his finger at the Chtcherbatof. But I was blind; I laboured to justify him."

Catharine was at this moment nearly sixty years of age. When the marriage took place the toilet of the Chtcherbatof was performed in the apartments of the Empress, who herself assisted in the interesting rite. The Manonofs were liberally endowed with lands or, in the usual phrase, with so many thousands of peasants. It is hard to imagine Queen Elizabeth acting thus in a similar situation. What this slight incident discloses is precisely that inner difference which makes the type that Catharine represents so interesting an enigma.

W. F. ALEXANDER.

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THE QUEEN'S MAN.

A ROMANCE OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Mistress Meg came back to the castle after her morning adventure, she was not over sorry to find that her grandfather had gone to bed, objurgating Sir Thomas for the length of his mass, and too weary to wait for her greetings.

Meg lay for a few sleepless hours, then rose and attended the Christmas service in the castle chapel, wondering a little that she saw and heard nothing of Lord Marlowe. She would not speak of him to Dame Kate, still less to Alice Tilney, and it was in silence and with long faces that they both waited upon her. If the truth were told, while the old woman was angry and anxious, Alice was afraid.

When at last Margaret was called to her grandfather, she told them both to stay behind, and went into his room alone. Now the cold white light of the snow was streaming in, but the glory of the evening before was all gone; a fresh fall had covered streets and fields inches thick. Sir William stared gloomily at the crackling fire, and his Christmas welcome to the child of his heart seemed weighted with the heavy chill of the day.

She knelt and asked for his blessing: he gave it absently, lifelessly; and then she sat on a stool at his feet

and looked up into the kind old eyes that gazed strangely upon her. "Does he know?" the girl said to herself. "Have the mischievous wretches told him? Could they not leave it to me? Have I ever deceived him, and will Harry make me begin now?"

But one might very courageously ask one's self these questions, and yet find it difficult to brave Sir William's fierce anger, if he had resolved to send Lord Marlowe away rejected. Meg waited for what her grandfather might say. The old face softened as it bent towards her, though a certain sadness and bewilderment remained.

"Ay, to be sure! My pretty Meg has come for her Christmas-box," Sir William muttered; and the girl said to herself, with a touch of dismay in spite of all, "No, they have not told him,—and I must."

"There is only one Christmas-box I want, Grandfather," she said hurriedly, as the old man stretched out his thin hand, on which the veins stood out like cords, to take a box of Eastern wood from the table near him. "Give me nothing else, pray,—" for he hesitated, looking at her, but with no sign of anger, so that she went on boldly, though her beating heart sent the red blood flying into her face. "I mean, if you will not give me that,—that which I want— all other gifts are nothing, for the convent will be the one home for me.

Grandfather, listen, wait and listen; may I choose my husband?"

Sir William did not answer instantly, but his look became heavier under Meg's imploring gaze. Without a word he took the box, opened it, and lifted out of their velvet nest several strings of large and most beautiful pearls. With their rich creamy lustre, which seemed to suggest a world of colour more wonderful than that of rubies and emeralds, they glowed in the grey and chilly room. Sir William flung them round Margaret's neck, tenderly touching her brown hair.

"These are yours, pearl of pearls," he said. "They were your mother's before you. As to husbands, what do you know of them? Leave such choice to your elders, pretty one."

Meg took the old hand and laid her cheek against it, while she caressed the jewels that so well became her white neck. "If your choice agrees with mine, Grandfather," she said. "Tell me, of your goodness, what will you say to him?"

"What? To Harry Marlowe?"

There was a touch of threatening, almost a growl, in the old man's voice. Meg only answered by slightly turning her soft cheek and touching his hand with her lips.

"'Tis this Marlowe you want for a husband?"

The reply was the same.

"Now may Our Lady and all the Saints teach me what I ought to do, for I shall soon be as mad as Harry himself," said Sir William, and he trembled as he spoke. "Meg, my lass, I was warned weeks ago to have nothing to do with this man. I would not believe Sir Thomas, when he told me 'twas common knowledge he was crazy. I left his name in my will as executor, — right or wrong, the Lord knows; but when I wrote on your affairs to my Lady

his step-mother how should I know she would send him, as he says she did, to ask you in marriage?"

"What could she do better?" said Margaret. "What fault have you to find with him, Grandfather?"

"Fault! What fault? Why, that he is crazy! Is the lass so blind as not to see that? Cupid has bandaged your pretty eyes, truly. A handsome man, I grant, but old enough to be your father, and with the queerest fashions of his own. To see him burn those letters, — now why, I ask you, should he burn them at all? It was a mighty strange thing to do. 'Fore God, I never saw a crazier thing. Tony finds a way to explain that, but I don't like it any better. 'Tis a choice between craft and craziness, it seems to me; and I shall not give my Meg to a crafty man or to a crazy one."

"But you will give her to Harry Marlowe," said Meg, very low. "You will give her to him as he asks you, this very day; and she will ride north with him to serve the Queen, her godmother."

"Why, on my faith, madness is catching, it seems!" the old man said, and fairly laughed. He put his fingers under her chin, and turned up her face to his. It was blushing and proud, the white teeth just showing in a defiant smile, the lovely brown eyes full of fire. It was the face of a woman desperately in love, who meant to have her own way. To such a face, the will of an old grandfather was likely to signify little. "You have set your fancy on this man?" Sir William said, growing grave again as he looked at her.

"My fancy! — nay, my heart and soul!" she answered him. Then she added, "It is because they cannot understand him that they call him crazy."

"Tony finds him not so hard to understand, yet he makes me like him none the better."

"Tony! What has Tony to do with him?" the girl said scornfully. "Cannot you then believe me, the only one who truly knows him?"

"And how, my fair mistress, do you know him better than your elders do?"

"Because I talked with him in the street as we came back from midnight mass, Grandfather."

"You talked with him in the street!" A cloud of anger was gathering on the old man's brow, his eyes were darkening before the storm.

"Where was your nurse, — Alice Tilney, — the men who attended you?"

"I left them. I went with Harry aside into Ditch Lane, and we, — we talked with each other."

Sir William swore an oath which half choked him, and tried to rise, pushing the girl from him, but she clung to his knees. He wrenched himself away from her, made a few faltering steps and leaned upon the table. "Where are they all?" he cried. "They shall be put in the dungeon, every one of them! Giles and John deserve hanging! I'll send home Mistress Alice to King's Hall, — I should have done it long ago. As to old Kate, she may beg her bread on the roads, for I will have her here no longer. What, cannot my grandchild walk safely through my own streets? 'Fore God, 'tis time I was dead! but how will things be bettered then? Alas, my sons dead before me, how can the house fail to fall into ruin! Where is Marlowe, — villain more than madman — thou hadst it, Tony! Ditch Lane at night! fine doings for a gentlewoman! By heaven, were it for her misery, as it will be, he shall marry her now, — and with my curse! Nay, old fool, no such haste —"

His wandering eyes fell on Meg, still kneeling by his chair, and in that noble young face he saw no shame or tragedy, but only distress at his anger, unmixed with fear. The girl's look was so high, so innocent, that a sudden change came over his erratic spirit. From almost weeping with rage, he broke into a nervous laugh, and cried out: "Thou naughty lass, why frighten the old grandfather so? But mark my words, no more walking in dark lanes with my Lord Marlowe or any other lord, — and those who were with you shall have a trouncing. He talked with you, — what did he say to you? Some of it I can guess, more's the pity."

Meg did not answer at once. She rose to her feet, came to her grandfather and linked her arm in his. Leaning heavily on her, he hobbled back and sank into his chair once more. She stood near him, tall and wonderfully beautiful, the Venetian pearls gleaming on her neck: she might have stepped straight, in her young majesty, out from some ancestral palace that mirrored itself in the great canal.

"What did he say?" the old man repeated. "That my lass was fit to be a queen? Ay, we know that. But in his own doings there seems some mystery. Is my Lady of one mind with him, or is this a mad fancy of the moment, as Tony thinks? He talks of hesitations, of whispers, — I know not what; he asks, why burn the letters, if they were the authority for his suit? He talks —"

"Oh, what is Tony to him or to me!" Margaret said impatiently, his own quick spirit mounting in her face. "Send for him, — speak to him face to face."

"Faith, and so I will," Sir William cried. "Tony, art there lad?"

Margaret started slightly and looked

round. The Italian glided out from a shadow behind the window, where the heavy curtains made an even deeper gloom. He had been sitting at a table, with a parchment before him, bending over it, so apparently absorbed, so utterly still, that no one would have guessed his presence there. He came with a laugh on his lips, which died away as he was touched with the haughty anger of Margaret's eyes. So he had been there, eaves-dropping! he had heard all she said to her grandfather, and the thoughtless old man had not cared enough for her dignity to warn her. Yet it did not much matter; she was ashamed of nothing she had said.

Antonio's face changed as their eyes met; he turned a little pale, with an imploring look, as he passed her to stand before Sir William.

"Why did not you speak?" she said sharply, but very low.

"Was my speech needed?" he murmured in answer.

"Yes, to explain your odious thoughts," said Meg, and she stamped her foot on the floor.

Antonio came a step nearer, bent on one knee, took the hem of her gown and put his lips to it; then he looked up straight into her eyes. "You blame your old playfellow!" he said. "And if I am right, fair lady, what am I doing? Only paying tribute to a charm that drives men to strange expedients; at least, so is my fancy."

"Come, Tony," cried Sir William, "make your peace another day. Go now to my Lord Marlowe and ask his presence here."

The Italian sprang up and left the room without another word.

Meg looked uneasily at her grandfather; it was on her lips to complain of this betrayal, to ask why he had allowed her to suppose them alone, to pour out her heart to him in the presence of Antonio. But the

weak flush on the old, agitated face seemed to silence her. It was only Antonio, after all, once the kind, clever playfellow, with whose Southern nature, low-born as he was, she felt a sort of kinship in this cold England, her father's country. There had been a time, not so long ago, when, as growing boy and little girl, the two had been inseparable. Now, since Alice Tilney had come, it was different. Antonio, her grandfather's servant and secretary, was no longer her brother and companion. He often made her angry now, and she despised him for certain of his ways; neither did she quite trust him. The somewhat fawning manners of the man, his watchful eyes, his curious smile,—all this was an unpleasant change from the devoted, sweet-tempered boy of former years. His very beauty, when she looked at him now, was disturbing, repulsive. But these feelings had been of the vaguest, developing without her knowledge as time went on, devoid of any consequence,—for what was he to her?—till this Christmas Day woke them to activity. How dared this Tonio interpose his slim presence, his cunning explanations, between herself and Harry and her grandfather!

As she moved away to the window and stood there, looking down on the white deserted bridge, where fresh snow had covered up the footprints of the night and early morning, she was conscious of a great anger against Antonio, and it poisoned even the joyful memory of the evening before,—the golden world, and Harry Marlowe riding in, weary till he reposed in the welcome of her eyes. Then she said to herself: "Why am I uneasy? The wretch Tonio has guessed something of the truth, but what signifies that? Harry, if he will, can tell my grandfather all he has told me, and we three can settle

the matter without interlopers. If I have to drive him out myself, Tonio shall not be here. Strange, that Harry does not come! How long, how long, my lord, my love! where are you?"

It seemed as if an hour might have gone by. Sir William closed his eyes, half dozing in his chair. The fire blazed up and lit the shadowy corners of the room. From the snowy fields beyond the river anyone looking up would have seen Margaret's figure standing in the window, dark against the cheerful glow. At last in her impatience she turned, stepped down upon the floor, and paced up and down with her eyes upon the door, the pearls shining softly as she moved. Once or twice she stopped and said,—“But where is he? Why does he not come?” and then she walked up to the door as if to open it, hesitated, turned back and looked at her grandfather. “I will not anger him again, he is too weak,” she said. “But oh, how can I wait longer!”

At last a quick step sprang up the stairs, a hand was on the door. Margaret paused in her walk, pressed her fingers to her heart for a moment, and stood quite still near her grandfather. She knew it was not Harry Marlowe.

Antonio opened the door without noise, and glided into the room. He gave her one glance, a very strange one; she thought afterwards that it spoke of both terror and triumph. Then he went up to Sir William and knelt down beside him, so that their faces were on a level. Margaret looked from one to the other.

“I have unexpected news,” he said; “’tis a mystery that no one can explain. Lord Marlowe is gone. It seems that he went north on foot very early this morning, when most of us were sleeping after the midnight mass. No one even saw him leave

the castle, and he must have gone with some country people through the town gate. His men followed him two hours later. A gentleman came to Ralph the guard, who had charge of the west buildings where they slept, and brought a message from my Lord that they were to break their fast quickly and follow him on the north road bringing his horse with them. They went while the town was still asleep; only a few saw them go.”

Sir William stared wildly, still but half awake. Margaret stood like a stone, till she met the upward glance of Antonio's eyes. Her whole nature rose against that look of his. She threw out both hands, crying suddenly, “It is false! He is not gone!”

Antonio looked down, his beautiful mouth curving softly into a smile. “I am a miserable man, to bring you such tidings,” he said; “but it is truth, dear mistress!”

“I do not believe it,” Meg repeated. “His men gone, you say? A gentleman with a message? What gentleman? Who brought them the message?”

“Ay, ay, Tony, who brought the message!” Sir William asked fiercely.

He had suddenly awoke to his full senses. With a hasty movement he seemed to spurn the young man from him, so that Antonio, springing to his feet with an angry flush, stood back a pace or two. Sir William put out his right hand and caught Margaret's left as she drew a little nearer to him.

“I cannot tell, Sir. Ralph did not know him,” Antonio answered.

“Go, fetch Ralph, and come back here.”

“What has happened, Grandfather? What will you do?” Margaret said trembling. “Oh, there is some villainy abroad. I fear,—I fear—”

"My poor Meg, I fear you must be convinced against your will," the old man said tenderly, caressing the hand he held. "Are not these the doings of a madman? One day he arrives, he asks for your hand, in so strange a fashion that those who love you are driven to believe that there is truth in the stories they hear of him. Then,—what man in his senses, if he desired,—most unreasonably—to speak with you alone, would not have found a better place than Ditch Lane, a more seemly hour than one of the morning? And now,—to leave the town on foot, alone, over the moorland in the snow, without farewell to you or me, without my answer to his suit,—a message to his men to follow him northwards! If the man be not crazy, what is he, Meg?" The girl stood silent. After a moment Sir William went on: "I see it all, Meg. He is either crazy or wicked. Hark to what Tony thinks, what he warned me of last night. Nay, start not away so; Tony has a quick brain, and loves thee and me. When my Lord came into this room and set his eyes on you, Tony heard him say,—to himself, as it were—'Too good for the Popinjay!' Ah, but hark a moment longer. When he began to ask for you in marriage, in his strange sudden way, Tony is sure that it was for his brother, not himself, he was speaking. But 'twas Tony who put his real thought into a word for him. 'Yourself, my Lord!' quoth Tony in a whisper,—did you hear him? Marlowe did, and took it up like a parrot or a popinjay. 'Myself!' says he. Talk of popinjays! 'tis the nickname they give Dick his brother, my Lady's son. Poor woman, if she charged Harry to plead his cause, as Tony thinks, she was ill-guided enough. And 'twas a bold and a necessary thing for him to burn her letters. But the man's a knave,

if all this be true, and I suppose this morning he has repented of his knavery, and so gone on his way."

"Ah," Meg said quietly, "it was Tony who whispered? My Lord thought it was I."

"What?" gasped Sir William.

But the girl quickly checked herself. If her grandfather was ready to blame Harry Marlowe for what Antonio, with more than good reason, guessed him to have done, it was not she who would prove it against him. Not a word of his passionate confession should pass her lips.

"All I can tell," she said, low but very positively, "is that Lord Marlowe has sworn I shall be his. And I am his for evermore. He has done us high honour, you and me. He is neither wicked nor crazy. If he be gone,—he is the Queen's man, and some messenger from the Queen must have called him secretly. He will come back, and I will wait for him upon my knees. But I am not sure; I think he is not gone; I think some evil—"

The door opened and Antonio came in, followed by a man-at-arms, whose stupid face was flushed with Christmas cheer. Margaret looked hard into the velvet shadow of Antonio's eyes—was he false or true?—and suddenly she saw her lover's fate there. She made a step with hands outspread, faltered and dropped upon the floor, falling her length, with all her brown hair loose and long, at the feet of these men entering.

Later, when with tears and sobs from old Kate, and stony terror on the face of Alice Tilney, she had been carried away, still as if dead, to her own room, Sir William, his voice and his whole frame shaking, called Antonio to his side.

"Your pen, Tony!" he said. Sit you down and write a letter to my

Lady Marlowe. Ask the meaning of these things,—tell all that has come to pass, and how her mad stepson's doings have well-nigh killed my Margaret."

"Ah, dear Sir, 'tis the shock, she will recover," Antonio said in his softest voice, and smiled with an exquisite tenderness. "Let us wish Queen Margaret joy of her knight,—on his way to her!" he added inaudibly.

CHAPTER V.

THUS every one, except a few persons who knew better, supposed that Lord Marlowe had justified his nick-name that Christmas morning. For certainly it was only a Mad Marlowe who would have started on foot and alone in the dark, in advance of his men, through the wild moorland country, deep in snow, which lay for miles to the north of Ruddiford. The road was little better than a track at the best of times, winding up shoulders of heather-covered hill, between jutting rocks and steep-sided valleys. Wild characters haunted it, swarming out of the caves in its lonelier recesses. Even the traders and carriers, who went that way with their pack-horses, were wont to linger in the shelter of Ruddiford till they were enough in number to attempt the northern road with safety.

What had really happened was this. Instead of starting alone to the north, voluntarily, unaccountably, leaving the girl who had taken him captive with the sweetness of her eyes, the ruddy shining of her hair, and hurrying on to that other woman, royal, unfortunate, who claimed his entire devotion, Harry Marlowe had been dragged southward in unfriendly company.

When he parted with his love, and saw her walk away between the swinging lanterns in charge of her

old nurse and the worthies of Ruddiford, he lingered a few moments in the place where she had stood, and where the air and earth seemed to keep her presence still. With a quick wild movement he stooped and kissed the stones her feet had touched; cold and damp they were, but to him as refreshing as grass in summer.

"For a few hours, a few hours only, my beautiful Meg!" he murmured to himself. "Then comes the climax of this sweet adventure. The old man shall give you to me, for I will take no denial. After all, as the world wags, I'm a better match than Dick, and he has no right to be angry. Now back to quarters,—to sleep, if sleep I may. Ah, Meg, to dream of thee!"

He walked down the lane towards the west gate, near which he and his men were lodged. Strolling carelessly, looking on the ground, with a murmur of loving speeches on his lips, as if the girl who called them forth were in his arms still, he knew nothing of the dark world round him till several men stepped out from an alley and barred his way, while a smoking torch flamed in his eyes and dazzled him.

Before him stood a young man as tall as himself, fair and desperate-looking, with red locks hanging down his cheeks and a drawn sword in his hand. Four or five more young fellows, armed to the teeth, wild and eager of look, crowded up behind this leader. Two more, creeping through the darkness, stole up at Harry's back, so that he was fairly surrounded.

"Surrender, my Lord Marlowe," said the leader of the band. "Give up your sword, or—" he flourished his own.

"Who are you, Sir, who ventures thus to speak to me?" said Harry haughtily. "Plainly you do not

know me. Stand out of my way, with your rascal companions."

There was such a fearless command in his manner that the youth who faced him shrank for a moment and hesitated.

"Jasper," cried one of the others suddenly, "he hath no sword."

It was true. Harry had gone out to the midnight mass with no weapon but a short ornamental dagger, and wearing no defensive armour of any kind, but a velvet jacket and short furred gown and cap. Ever careless, the thought of danger in these little streets of Sir William Roden's town had not so much as occurred to him. He had separated from his men, with the thought of following Mistress Margaret and gaining a word with her. Since then, no thought but of her had even crossed his mind.

"Ah, the insolent Yorkist!" cried Jasper Tilney. "He thinks he is in a land of sheep. He comes in with a fine swagger, takes the fairest of our ladies, and thinks to ride on his way. We are not worth a sword-cut, it seems. Come, my Lord, take mine, and a good blade too. You shall fight for Mistress Roden, or I'll kill you as you stand."

"Jasper, you fool," hissed a voice at his elbow, "why give him the chance of killing you? And we don't want a brawl in the street, here under the walls. Take him,—carry him off,—do what you please when you have him safe away."

The advice came from a slender man in a mask, the only one of the band whose face was hidden.

"Peace, foreigner," said Jasper roughly. "Keep out of the way, there."

As he spoke, he pulled off a glove and threw it in Lord Marlowe's face, then flung his own sword clattering at his feet, and snatched one from the nearest of his followers.

"Yorkist—traitor—we know your lady step-mother is in love with March," he said. "The Queen will be better without such service as yours. Fight,—or be whipped out of the town."

"What does the man mean?" said Harry, with perfect calmness. "Before I kill you, Sir, you will ask pardon for these insults and ribald lies. Have I fallen among a pack of highway robbers?"

"No, you have met a true lover of Mistress Margaret."

The words were loudly whispered, and made Harry start, for he was instantly reminded of the mysterious whisper, *Yourself, my lord*, of the evening before.

"There are demons abroad,—or angels," he muttered. Then, spurning Jasper's sword with his foot, he drew his small dagger and stood on guard. "If you fight like a gentleman, and alone, we are not ill-matched. Six or seven to one is heavy odds; still, I may account for some of you."

At first Harry contented himself with warding off Jasper's blows, which he did with marvellous cleverness and agility, even wounding him slightly in the left wrist, for Jasper was a rash and careless fighter. It is also to be said that he fought half-heartedly, and against the conscience which even this young ruffian had. His sword, his steel-guarded coat, against the dagger of a man dressed in velvet,—it was too like murder to please young Tilney, here a better man than any of his worthless Fellowship. But the prick on his wrist roused him, and also enraged his companions, who saw the blood dripping suddenly. Jasper gave a smothered cry, and aimed a more violent blow at Marlowe, who stepped back to avoid it. He was caught and tripped up from behind; a blow on

the back of his head brought him down senseless, while Jasper, standing over him, swore furiously at his companions.

One pressed forward with the torch, the two who had stolen up behind knelt down by Harry to examine his hurt, and looked up half savagely, half laughing, into the angry face above them. "Twas Tony's doing,—he signed to us," they said, and Jasper turned upon the masked Italian. "What are you doing, you black snake, pushing your false face between gentlemen? Why should we not fight it out as he willed it? He is worth all you crawling cowards put together. Is the man dead, you fellows?"

"Dead, no," said one of them sulkily. "I did but fetch him a clout to quiet him,—and you had best hold your ungrateful tongue, Master Tilney."

"Come, be pacified, we are all at your service," Antonio said softly. "What are your commands? Shall we take him to Master Simon, who will bind up his head and your arm,—or shall we go knock at the castle gate, and carry him in to Sir William and Mistress Margaret? Then you may have a good chance of acting witness at the marriage, if it be this day, as my Lord demanded, and they will scarce refuse him now. Patience, Master Jasper," he added, as the young man glared at him; "'tis pity to quarrel with your best friends. This fight of yours could not have lasted long, here under the walls; some of the men would have looked out, and spoilt your game quickly. You should thank me for stopping your foolishness."

"What are we to do with him? Leave him here?" growled Jasper.

"If you wish the wedding to come off, leave him here by all means," Antonio answered, and smiled.

"There,—out with the torch,—take him up, two of you, carry him down to your horses, and away with you. You have ridden with a dead man before now, and he is but a stunned one."

"Ay, but, Tony—Sir William, and she, will wonder that he is gone. What story—"

"Leave that to me; only keep him out of her way. This Yorkist,—as you were pleased in your wisdom to call him—he is the Queen's man, her special favourite, and who will wonder if his first mistress has called him away from this new fancy?"

The young men did as they were advised. Antonio, his eyes gleaming through his mask, watched the group, as carrying the long form of Harry it stole between the drifts of snow. "If my suspicions are right, my Lord," he muttered, "they might drop you into the castle ditch and leave you there; not many of your own would mourn you."

Harry Marlowe woke to deadly sickness and throbbing pain, with a discomfort so terrible that he, who knew what it was to bear wounds patiently, groaned aloud in spite of himself.

He was tied on a horse which was trotting roughly along an uneven track, his head hanging down, striking each moment against the animal's shoulder, and so tightly bound as to be incapable of moving or raising himself. It was still dark, except from the glimmer of the snow. Up and down hill, it seemed, his captors carried him, at the same dreadful jogging pace. His head was bursting, his heart thumping violently. He was conscious that horses were tramping behind and before; he could hear the creak of leather and the rattle of bridles, the crunching tread of many hoofs upon

the snow. Now and then a few words or a laugh passed among the troop that surrounded him, but on the whole this Christmas gambol of theirs was soberly gone through. A man was running at his horse's head, breathing hard, swearing sometimes and hurrying the beast on. Now and then a rough hand tried the cords and straps that fastened the prisoner. When Harry groaned for the second or third time, this man gave him a pull which jarred every nerve and muscle in his body, and panted as he ran,—“Here, Jasper, my Lord's crying out. Must we silence him again?”

“Alive, is he?” said Jasper Tilney from the front of the troop. “Nay, let him alone, let him cry. We shall be home in ten minutes.”

“He won't live so long,” said another, riding on the off side. “His head's got twisted, he's nigh choking. Best see to him, if you want him alive at King's Hall.”

Another carelessly remarked: “What use is the long-legged brute to you, Jasper? Let him die a natural death, and drop him in old Curley's ditch,—food for the crows, and less trouble for you.”

“Poor old Curley, when he finds him in the morning! A text for the Christmas sermon,” laughed another.

The whole troop, following its leader, halted suddenly, and Jasper Tilney threw himself off his horse. “You are a set of devils,” he said to them. “I won't have the man die; he is a brave fellow. Give me a knife; cut these cords, and set him on his feet.”

But this was easier said than done, for Harry, his limbs stiff and cramped from the tying, his head dizzy and reeling with pain, staggered and fell in the snow by the roadside.

“Water!” was the only word he said.

“Here's water enough,” muttered Jasper.

While his comrades looked on, some laughing, some discontented, he took a handful of snow, pressed some into Harry's mouth, and rubbed the rest over his brow and temples. In a few minutes the prisoner looked up with intelligence in his eyes. “Help me to my feet; I can walk or ride now,” he said, and stretched out his hand to Jasper, who stared at him curiously.

Most men would have felt the degradation of such a state. To have been knocked down from behind, tied to a horse like a criminal, carried off a helpless captive, and now to be dependent for acts of the commonest humanity on a rival and an enemy, who had insulted him and done his best to kill him,—it was enough to burden a man with misery and shame. But Mad Marlowe was not made of ordinary stuff; he was too stately to be touched by shame. “Give me your hand,” he said imperiously, and Jasper Tilney, staring hard and with a slow, involuntary movement, obeyed him.

Lord Marlowe stood upright, the men and horses thronging round. One had lighted a horn lantern, which did little more than give form and consistency to the shadows of that dreary winter dawn. The waste of fields stretched away, pale and dim, a few great trees, a clump of thorn or holly, just visible here and there against the snow-laden sky. The road, such as it was, seemed to lead on southward; but the troop, when they stopped to release him, were about to turn into a rough track across a broad field to the west, barred a mile or two away by a black barrier of forest.

“Where are you leading me, Sirs?” Harry asked with effort; then he laid a hand on Jasper's shoulder and leaned upon him, which character-

istic movement brought a grin to the coarser faces round these two.

"Now fight it out, Sirs," said one of the men. "Remember, my Lord, Master Tilney spoke ill of my Lady your mother, and called you all a pack of Yorkists. If you are a good Lancastrian, you owe him a buffet for that."

"And he shall not have it from behind," Harry said, with perfect coolness, while the fellow who had struck him growled angrily. "Listen, Master Tilney, whoever you may be," he said to Jasper. "I still owe you a buffet, your friends say; but I have paid something. I fetched blood from your left arm, did I not? Yes, you have bound it with a kerchief."

"And he would 'twere Mistress Meg's, but 'tis not,—not yet, that's to come," said one of the band.

"Now learn a lesson," Lord Marlowe said, and turned to face them, still supporting himself by Jasper's shoulder, "you English Fellowship,—I would gladly speak to you as gentlemen, but never will I, so long as you bandy the names of ladies in your common talk—'tis the lowest manners of rascaldom,—Master Tilney, you at least should know better. I touched you with my dagger-point, did I not? Answer."

"'Twas nothing but a scratch," Jasper growled hoarsely.

"Still, I did touch you. And you, or your friends, have hurt me so that I can scarce stand. Ay, we will fight it out one of these days, when I am myself again,—if I find you are worthy to fight me. But now,—what is this foolish game of carrying me off? What do you want of me? My money is with my men at Ruddiford; I am on my way to join her Highness the Queen; sooner than hinder me, you should ride with me to the north. Give me a horse now, and guide me back, one of you, to my men."

Jasper shook off his hand, and laughed fiercely. A chorus of angry laughter echoed his. "What do we care, my Lord," he said, "where you and your men and your money are going? If you were a Yorkist, I'd punish you with greater pleasure, but I don't love you the better because you are the Queen's man. We care little for parties, nor are we thieves, I and my Fellowship here. You are insolent, my Lord, and I'd have you know you are speaking to gentlemen of the best blood in the Midlands."

"You amaze me, Sir," said Harry, bowing slightly to the company. "Then,—let me understand,—what is it you want of me?"

Jasper stared him in the face. His wild blue eyes, his flushed, daring face, made him look by far the maddest of the two. "I want to—I swear to—hinder you from wedding Margaret Roden," he said between his teeth.

"Ah,—that, my fine fellow, you cannot do," said Harry, and smiled.

"Cannot I? We will see to that, my Lord. Come now, to prove I'm a gentleman, I'll trust to your oath. Swear to me, on the cross of this dagger, that you will never marry her, that you will ride north without seeing her again, and I will put you on my own horse and let you go your way,—ay, though every one of my comrades say me nay."

"We will not say you nay, Jasper," said the eldest and grimmest of the band. "We shall gladly be rid of his Lordship, but Brown Bob is worth keeping; we'll find him a worse horse."

"I have spoken, Leonard," Jasper Tilney replied. "Now, my Lord, what say you?"

Harry Marlowe laughed lightly. "You expect me to swear that?" he said. "I will swear nothing, promise nothing; so much I'll swear, on your

dagger's hilt or on any holy relic you may put before me."

"You value your life little, then."

"What is life! the power to eat and drink! You take my life, if you take what I live for."

He stood pale and immovable, facing Jasper Tilney, who hesitated, staring at him. In spite of the impatient growls of his companions, tired of lingering in the snow, he could do no more than threaten Harry. Strike him down in cold blood, unarmed and exhausted, though it were the surest way of disposing of a dangerous rival, he could not.

"That is your answer! You will repent," he said fiercely. "Here, tie him to my saddle. He shall run beside me to King's Hall."

"Good! Brown Bob is tired of standing,—he'll stretch his legs for him," said Leonard.

Luckily for Harry Marlowe, the going was very heavy and the distance very short. Jasper did not press his horse forward. The whole band plunged steadily on through the fresh snow, which balled so much that one or the other had to be constantly dismounting. Across wide desolate fields they came to a few miserable hovels crouching round a green, and from this a short steep hill led to a square-towered church in a churchyard bordered with snow-laden fir-trees. Beyond this were the high gables of a large house, entered by an archway with heavy gates and portcullis, and a walled courtyard with broad steps to the principal door. A faint misty dawn, spreading over that wintry world, showed all this plainly to Harry Marlowe's aching eyes.

As he strode wearily beside Jasper's horse, impatient now to reach his stable, and as they passed under the churchyard wall in the lane that led to the house, the white shaggy head of an old priest appeared over the wall.

"Merry Christmas to you, Jasper, and all my sons!" cried a shrill voice, something like the crowing of a cock in the icy morning air.

"Merry Christmas, father!" they cried in chorus.

"What brings you home so late, or so early? I have waited for you,—I feared, forsooth, to have no congregation. Hey, what prisoner have you there?"

"Oh, a fine prisoner, a guest of mine for the nonce," Jasper answered with a careless air. "Set your bells ringing, father. I thought we should have heard them half-an-hour since."

"Ay, ay," cried the old man, his dim, foolish, but anxious eyes fixed on the strange figure at Jasper's side. Then he turned away muttering, "I waited, lads, I waited for you," and then, as the party rode on, they heard him shouting: "Robin, Dickon, Tom, where be you all? Strike up the bells, men; here be Master Tilney and his worshipful Fellowship."

A few minutes more, and the old tower quivered with the jolly Christmas peal; the ringers of King's Hall were famed in all the country round.

The young squire led the way into his house, through a confusion of barking dogs, hurrying women and boys, under branches of holly, ivy, and mistletoe, while a wandering harper played in the hall, and a smell of roast beef and spiced ale filled all the air.

The clashing and clanging of the bells, the great blazing fires, the laughing faces of the people, all spoke tidings of comfort and joy. Jasper turned to his prisoner, who stood silent, with bound hands, in the middle of the floor. Pale and proud, in spite of all the king of his company, Harry Marlowe waited for his fate. Jasper Tilney was angrily conscious of quailing under those dark eyes of his. "Hear you, my Lord!" he said,

with an attempt at a laugh. "They are ringing you a welcome to King's Hall."

"Nay, the welcome is not for me, Harry answered.

"I am not a brigand or a murderer. You shall have time to think, and a chance of saving your life."

Lord Marlowe lifted his brows and said nothing.

Jasper scowled upon him for a moment, then took a bunch of heavy keys from a nail, and saying, "Follow me," led the way up the broad staircase of oak logs that ascended from the hall.

The Fellowship looked after the two men till they disappeared, then put their heads together, crafty or daredevil, as the case might be.

"Did you hear my Lord boast of his men and his money? I wager he is carrying sacks of treasure to the Queen. It will never reach her now, —why not share it? The west gate is poorly guarded, and the men may be snoring still."

"Why, they are twenty mile off by now. Was not Tony to cheat them into starting after their master on the north road?"

"Nay,—was he?"

"Surely, I heard him mutter a word in Jasper's ear. So it would take better legs than ours to catch them."

"Lazy lout!" Leonard said scornfully.

He was a big, violent fellow, towering over the others, and though inferior to them in birth and fortune, often inclined to dispute Jasper Tilney's leadership.

"Such words to me!" the other young fellow stormed, but his comrades interfered to stop the quarrel.

"Who will ride with me," said Leonard, looking round, "to catch these fellows on the north road?"

"Without mass or breakfast, —

and Doctor Curley, what will he say?"

"Let him say what he will; he knows he has not lambs to deal with. As to breakfast, we'll take that quickly,—and then away. No word to Jasper,—he can guard his precious prisoner. Look you, there are but few of these men, and they will not ride far. They will find no master on the road, and they will be back at Ruddiford while the day is still young. We will catch them outside the north gate. No need to go through the town,—we'll get across on the ice—'tis rough and snowy. Come,—who is for my Lord Marlowe's money-bags? They're better worth having than himself, whatever Jasper may say."

CHAPTER VI.

SWANLEA was one of the strangest and most beautiful houses in England at that day. It stood low down, flat on a meadow, and the hills rose about it, covered with forests of beech and fir. Round about it, back and front, a little river twirled and ran; a stream, though not the same, namesake and likeness of "my Lady Lea." To the south of the house, about which elms and cedars were grouped in stately fashion, this small river spread itself into a natural lake with an island in it, on which ivy and wild trees were now fast hiding the sturdy remains of a fortress much older than the present dwelling of the barons of Marlowe. This had once been a strong little place, defended by water and bridge and wall, though commanded by the hills all round.

It was the father of Harry, a man of large fortune and fine taste, a friend and companion of the Duke of Bedford, and thus touched by French taste and Renaissance fancy, who had dismantled the little castle on the

island and had built the large, luxurious house which now nestled so confidently in the valley of the Lea. It would seem that he had not expected any war, foreign or civil, to disturb his repose there, for never was there a house more difficult to defend. But this former Harry, Sir William Roden's old friend and brother-in-arms,—though the men were most unlike—did not live to see England torn in the strife of the Red and White Roses. He died in peace at Swanlea, not very long after his second marriage with the Lady Isabel, whose tastes were even more modern than his own and her freedom of thought very much wider.

He left two sons only—Harry, a youth of seventeen, and Richard, a child in leading-strings. These two were as different as their mothers before them. The first Baroness was a woman of the old world, of the Middle Ages now passing away. She gave largely to the poor; she scourged herself and wore hair-cloth next her skin. She was a saint, but also a devoted wife and mother, though her life may have been shortened by anxiety for her husband's and her son's salvation. She was carried up the steep path to the vault in the old church on the hill, the path worn by her feet in pilgrimage, to grow mossy and deserted when she was gone. On her altar-tomb, the marble face looked up to heaven as if to say, "How long, O Lord!" while all the influences she hated reigned in her stead at Swanlea.

The house was very fantastic, crowded with towers and turrets: it was easy to see that its inspiration came from the Palais des Tournelles at Paris, where the Duke of Bedford had his quarters when he ruled there. Inside it was beautifully panelled in wood, or hung with rare tapestries and curtains; there was a fine library,

for both Lord Marlowe and his son and successor loved learning, like the best men of their day. Outside, the formal gardens were divided by high hedges of box and yew, cut here and there into quaint shapes of birds and animals; live peacocks too, in summer, strutted on the lawns, and swans floated on the lake.

A crowd of well-trained servants made life run easily at Swanlea, and the house was furnished with every luxury of the time. Isabel Lady Marlowe held a kind of little court there, and with a keen eye for the winning side she secretly kept the friendship of the Duke of York and his attractive son, while her step-son, with men and money, devoted himself to the cause of Lancaster. Still, owing to her cleverness and his generosity, they did not quarrel. With Harry his father's wife, though out of sympathy with him, held the place of his mother, and though lord and master at Swanlea, he used his authority so little, lived so simply, and was so constantly away in attendance on his Queen, that it seemed as if the beautiful place were Lady Marlowe's to use as she pleased. For this liberality she repaid him by whispering that his eccentricity, which was undoubted, at times amounted to madness, and so the slander, encouraged by his own wild and careless ways, took form in the names by which half London and all the Duke of York's party knew him,—Mad Marlowe, the Queen's man.

The Lady Isabel, as they called her, was sitting in a small, high, beautiful room, lined with carved shelves of richly bound manuscripts. She sat at a desk, with letters spread out before her. The winter sunlight glimmered in through tall painted windows, and the burning logs on the hearth gave out a pleasant smell. Two greyhounds, with silver collars,

lay on velvet cushions before the fire, and between them, on a larger cushion, lounged my Lady's son Richard, a young fellow of twenty, with a mass of curled yellow hair and a face touched up with paint. He yawned often, and touched a few notes on his lute; now and then he lifted large lazy eyes and looked at his mother.

With her there was no idleness, no personal luxury. Her black velvet gown fell in stately folds; her pale face, still beautiful, for she was further from fifty than Sir William Roden thought, was grave and marked by care. It was a curious face, with much brightness but no sweetness; sometimes stony in hardness and coldness, sometimes moved to smiles and laughter which were not always found reassuring by persons in her power. Sir William, in his blind confidence, knew almost nothing of the woman to whom he had been ready to entrust his dear grandchild's future. He took the Lady Isabel on faith, as being all that his friend Marlowe's wife ought to be. He had only seen her once in his life, and that was before her husband's death, many years ago. In those days, indeed, Isabel Marlowe seemed to be a model of all womanly virtues, and a man would have taken his oath at any time, that she was what she chose to appear.

She read those letters again and again. She had read them, at intervals, for the last twenty-four hours, ever since they reached her from the fatal field where Queen Margaret had been victorious and had triumphed cruelly over Richard of York in his death. Outwardly, the traditions of the house of Marlowe obliged the Baroness to regard the news of Wakefield as good news; inwardly, it was an unwelcome check to her ambitions for herself and Richard her son.

A personal friendship and mutual understanding with Edward Earl of March was not entirely the result of that fascination which women seldom resisted, and which it had amused him to exert on her, the mother of the strongest of Lancastrians. Isabel would have laughed at the notion that she could be attracted by any man to her political undoing. Convinced that the future lay with the White Rose, she had a perfect scorn for Henry the Sixth, and a perfect hatred for Margaret of Anjou.

Some little curiosity found its way into the soft indifferent eyes of Richard, who seldom tried to understand his mother, and was still more seldom allowed to do so. She kept him in lazy luxury, childish and ignorant. Feigning to approve of the boy's half-conscious love and admiration for his step-brother, she never encouraged him to seek Harry's society. When Lord Marlowe was at Swanlea, some excuse was generally found to keep Dick out of his way. Hunting and hawking and all the other manly sports were frowned upon; when the lad, supposed to be delicate and frail, escaped to join in them, less from any love of them than from the wish to gain Harry's good opinion, it was generally at the cost of his mother's displeasure. Men laughed at the weak, gaily-dressed fellow, and called him Popinjay. Even Harry's kindness was not always proof against a certain scorn for him, though he guessed at better qualities beneath. He had been ready to enter into the plan suggested by my Lady after she received Sir William Roden's first letter, of marrying Dick to the heiress of Ruddiford. Welcoming anything that might make a man of poor Dick, this country girl, thrown by her old grandfather into his mother's arms, seemed the very wife for him. A good Lancastrian

connection, too, it would serve to steady my Lady on the right side, Harry thought, having little idea how far his step-mother's Yorkist leanings carried her. That she admired and believed in the Duke of York, he knew; but so did others who yet kept a dutiful loyalty to King Henry.

Lord Marlowe, as we know, had reckoned without the personality of Mistress Margaret Roden. But no news of him or his mission had reached Swanlea since he and his men rode away up the valley northward, a few days before Christmas; and it was now January.

"My Lady Mother," said young Richard, softly, "you pull a long face over this Wakefield battle and the death of the Duke, but is the news truly good or bad? Will it not bring the war to an end and set the King free to reign?"

"It may, Richard," said his mother. "But think you what that means,—the reign of a man of diseased brain, and the rule of a woman bloody, fierce, and cruel, who will treat all suspected of favouring York as she has treated the Duke himself and my Lord Salisbury and many more. My head and thine, Dick, may fall one day"—she smiled at him, and drew a pointed finger across her throat. "I have enemies enough,—there are slanders enough abroad,—what do you say?"

"I say, we Marlowes wear the Red Rose, and Harry gave me the Prince's silver badge for my cap, Mother. I care little for parties; still, why should I lose my head for the colour of a flower?"

"You care nothing and know nothing, silly Popinjay," said Isabel. "'Tis waste of time to talk to thee"; and again she bent over the papers on her desk.

A cloud of sulky anger darkened the boy's handsome face. He leaped

up from his cushion, dashed his lute on the floor so violently as to break it, and stalked across the room to her, while the dogs lifted their heads, and one growled low. Richard turned and looked at him.

"I will have that dog killed; he hates me," he said. "All the rest love me, but that pampered beast of yours—"

"Ah, I have more than one pampered beast in my kennels," said Lady Marlowe. "When they begin to kill each other, the chaos will be too great. Why this flame of fury, Dick? What have you to say to me?"

"Why do you treat me so, Mother? I know more than you think. I am not a child, not even a boy, remember. I am a man. I shall be married soon, and lord of a castle."

"You know so much as that?" she said thoughtfully. "Yes, 'twas a lucky thought, that marriage for you. That ancient place Ruddiford, with its old master and his traditions of Agincourt, all that may save your head and mine, Dick, in case this battle means real victory for the House of Lancaster. Queen Margaret may hear what she will, but I should be safe, I think,—Marlowe on one side, you and your Rodens on the other. Yes,—and in the other case, 'tis a strong position, worth much to either side; in a certain way 'tis the key to the north, though neither side has armed it, for I think the old knight must be well-nigh in his dotage. Something might be done, and if he were out of the way—"

"Are you talking of Ruddiford, my Lady," Richard asked, frowning in impatient bewilderment as he stood before the desk over which she was bending.

She started slightly, and looked up with staring eyes, for he had broken in on a sudden train of thought

which was carrying her far. "Go back to your dogs and your music, Dick," she said. "Wait patiently. Your brother will send a messenger to tell us how his suit for you has sped. He has been long on the road, I fancy; he should be here now."

Even as she spoke, there were sounds outside. A servant darted into the room: "A messenger from Sir William Roden."

Lady Marlowe looked up, startled; this was not exactly what she expected, but she was not ill pleased. "Send the man in," she said. "So, Dick,"—when they were alone for a moment—"Ruddiford is at your feet, it seems. Harry has done his work well."

The boy laughed consciously, at once good-humoured again. He pushed a white hand through his curls, moved back towards the fire and threw himself into a chair, so that the messenger, coming in, should face both himself and his mother. This the messenger did, greeting them both with profound bows. They saw at once that Sir William had not sent an ordinary servant to carry his mind to Lady Marlowe, but a person of confidence, a person in whose air there was even something of the gentleman; so much the more complimentary. Richard smiled and blushed in spite of himself, at this important moment, and then tried hard to look dignified. Lady Marlowe, upright in her chair, met the messenger with a full, keen gaze from dark eyes that were wont to see through men. She was very pale and her lips, slightly parted, showed strong white teeth. He would be a bold man who tried to deceive such a woman. Yet now, if ever, the Lady Isabel met her match, and she instantly felt it. The young man who entered might be a menial by position, though his plain riding-dress bore no sign of this, but

he was beautiful and clever beyond the range of ordinary men. The truth was that Sir William, more and more perplexed by the strange turn events had taken, had decided at last on sending his precious Antonio with the letter he had written to tell Lady Marlowe all, and to ask, on his side, for an explanation.

So now Tony found himself on his knees beside her Ladyship. After a moment's delay,—what kind of man was this?—she gave him her white hand to kiss. It seemed, certainly, that he had been brought up as a gentleman, and, one must confess, among all the handsome young men who had ever courted my Lady in her varied experience, he took easily the first place. Nor was she by any means above making him aware of her admiration. In Dick's presence, however, there was no lapse from her Ladyship's dignity.

As the young man stood up and waited for her to speak, she said very courteously, "Favour us with your name, Sir."

"Antonio Ferrari, your Ladyship's humble servant. I am Sir William Roden's secretary."

"An Italian—of noble birth, Sir?"

Antonio flushed with pleasure, but answered very meekly: "No, Madam; but I was brought to England by Master John Roden as his page, and it has been my privilege to wait upon Mistress Margaret."

"As her page?"

"Her page, and playfellow, till Sir William took me specially into his service."

"Where, I suppose, you will remain?"

"Surely, Madam, unless my young mistress, when she comes hither as Baroness Marlowe, should command me to follow her."

Antonio spoke with such quiet

correctness that Lady Marlowe, occupied for the moment with himself, noticed nothing strange in his words. But young Richard was in a different case. The manner and the looks of Antonio had quite a contrary effect on his mother and on him. He disliked him from the first, thought him a presumptuous ape, and swore to himself that his wife should be attended by no such playfellows. He marvelled at the gentleness of his mother's manner to a foreign secretary fellow of no birth,—who, by the way, talked egregious nonsense when he was not telling her his own unnecessary history.

"You lie, fellow," Dick said coolly. "Have a care, Madam. This man does not come from Sir William Roden, or he would know better what he is talking about."

Antonio gave him a quick glance, and went a little white, but did not speak.

"Why this discourtesy, Richard?" said Lady Marlowe.

"You did not hear him. He talked of Mistress Margaret Roden coming here as Baroness Marlowe. What did he mean?"

"Ay, what!" said she, and Antonio saw her eyes harden. "Have you any letter or token from Sir William, Master Secretary?"

Antonio instantly produced the letter he carried. "Madam, pardon me," he said, "but my master desired me to speak with you before handing you this letter, which is indeed the expression of his perplexity."

"What then perplexes him?" said her Ladyship, as with a sharp little knife she cut the cord of the letter. "Let us see,—but before I weary my eyes with this long epistle, explain your words, Sir. For you also seem to be perplexed, and ignorant of facts. My son there is not Baron Marlowe, and Swanlea is no house of his, that

he should bring his bride here,—except indeed by his brother's hospitality."

"Madam, I very humbly crave your pardon."

Antonio's tone was almost grovelling, but in his heart there was triumph. So! he had read the riddle right. There sat the Popinjay, cheated of his bride. How would they take the news, these two, who were not, he could see, over-burdened with scruples! A moment's fear touched him. Would my Lady punish the bearer of the news? Her unlikeness to Sir William's imaginary portrait was somewhat alarming, and for a moment he wished himself safe back at Ruddiford. However, the thing was begun and must be gone through with, as boldly as one might.

"I am miserable enough to have offended you, I do not know how," he said, bowing before her. "My mission is not concerned with your worshipful son, here present, but with my Lord Marlowe's suit to Mistress Margaret Roden, and with the strange manner in which his Lordship left Ruddiford for the north, without even awaiting Sir William's answer."

Isabel lifted her fine brows and gazed at him, consideringly. Richard was beginning to stammer out some angry exclamation, but she checked him with a wave of her hand.

"Young man," she said, "I counsel you to pray to St. Antony, your patron, to grant me patience. With what foolish inventions are you filling our ears? If you truly come from Sir William Roden to me, you must know that my Lord Marlowe visited Ruddiford with the purpose of asking Mistress Margaret's hand for his brother, whom you see there. He bore letters from me to Sir William. This letter is surely a reply to them, and I make no doubt at all that Sir William accepts my proposal, and Lord Marlowe's. You are ill-

instructed, Master Secretary, unless your ignorance be feigned. I cannot tell your object, but I advise you to beware."

Antonio, trembling, went down on one knee. "Madam, have pity, and be just," he said, with eyes that implored. "I can only tell you what happened; your anger is a mystery to me. Lord Marlowe arrived at Ruddiford on Christmas Eve. At once, in my hearing and that of others, he offered himself,—himself, I do solemnly assure you—in marriage to Mistress Margaret. There was no word of marriage with this gentleman," he turned his head towards Richard, who suddenly laughed aloud.

"Is she beautiful, this Mistress Margaret of yours?" he said.

"She is a fair young lady," Antonio answered, with lowered eyes.

"And Sir William? And my letters?" Lady Marlowe asked, with quick fierceness.

Antonio, still kneeling, with natural eloquence told his story. "The whole affair seemed to Sir William passing strange," he said. "He felt that he could do but one thing,—lay it before your Ladyship. Therefore, as no letter could fully explain it, he sent me."

His voice faltered a little. Lady Marlowe, leaning on her desk, shading her eyes with long white fingers loaded with rings, watched him so that the young fellow, bold, cunning, but with little experience, shivered to the marrow of his bones; yet it was not quite with fear, but rather with the fascination of a bird before a snake. He had been fairly sure that in all this strange business it would be wiser to find himself on Lady Marlowe's side. Now he seemed to know that this position might mean more than he had reckoned on.

"Mother, what shall we do?"

young Richard's voice broke in roughly. "Must I lose Ruddiford? Can I now marry this woman whom Harry has left behind?"

"Peace, Dick," said Lady Marlowe. Then she looked again at Antonio. "Go and rest," she said. "Come back to me in the evening, and you shall hear my will."

Then Richard Marlowe watched his mother as she read Sir William Roden's letter, smiling over it, but not pleasantly. There was something in her look which kept the young man silent till she had done.

"Yes, Dick," she said at last. "And they say that your brother is not mad!"

"Nor is he, Mother. I do not trust that foreign fellow. It may be all a string of lies."

"But with what object? No, he has told the truth,—or part of it. I would put him to the question, but the boy is too pretty," and she laughed.

"His face does not please me; 'tis black and villainous," said Richard. "But, Mother, I counted on being master of Ruddiford; you had promised it to me. Will Harry come back from the wars and marry this maiden, and take the castle and estates for himself? And all without a word to you and me?"

"I suppose," said Lady Marlowe, "after this Wakefield battle, the Queen and Harry will do as they please. But do you obey me, Dick, and you shall yet be master of this fair girl and of Ruddiford. And Ruddiford shall be for you, my Lord Edward, my White Rose King!" she muttered, when the boy, shaking his curls and shrugging his shoulders, had strolled off and left her. "This Italian has qualities that will serve; I must make a slave of him."

(To be continued).

GREEN TEA AND POLITICS IN MOROCCO.

He was a grave, personable Moor of middle age, and full of the dignity that would seem to be the birthright of his race. His official position gave him a certain knowledge of political developments without affecting his serene outlook upon life. Whether he sat outside the Kasbah¹ of his native town and administered the law according to his lights, or, summoned to the capital, rode so far as the royal palace there to take his part in a council of the Sultan's advisers, or whether, removed for a time from cares of office, he rested at his ease among his cushions as he was doing now, this Moorish gentleman's placid and unruffled features would lead the Western observer to suppose that he was a very simple person with no sort of interest in affairs. I had occasion to know him, however, for a statesman, after the Moorish fashion, a keen if resigned observer of the tragi-comedy of his country's politics, and a pious man withal who had visited Mecca in the month that is called Shawall, and had cast stones on the hill of Arafat as the custom is among true believers. Some years had passed since a letter, written by a high official in the intricate Arabic character, had opened the portals of his house to me and had let loose, for my benefit, thoughts not lightly to be expressed. We sat side by side on the divan in the *patio*, and we drank green tea flavoured with mint from tiny glasses that were floridly em-

bossed in gilt. Beyond the *patio* there was a glimpse of garden ablaze with colour, and we could hear slaves singing by the great Persian water-wheel and the cooing of doves from the shaded heart of trees that screened a granary.

"Since Mulai el Hasan died," said the Hadj quietly, "since Mulai el Hasan went to his pavilion in Paradise, in an orchard of never-failing fruit through which a river flows as is explained in the Most Perspicuous Book,² troubles have swept over this land, even as the locust comes up before the west wind has risen to blow him out to sea."

He mused awhile as though the music of the garden pleased him, as indeed it must have pleased any man not altogether soulless.

"Before the time of my Lord Hasan," he went on, "there had been troubles enough. I can remember the war with Spain, though I was but a boy. My father was among those who fell at Oud Ras on the way to Tanjah of the Nazarenos. But then your country would not permit these Spanish dogs to steal our land, and even lent the money to satisfy and keep them away. This was a kindly deed, and Mulai Mohammed, our Victorious Master, opened his heart to your Bashador³ and shared with him his innermost councils. And I can re-

¹ The Koran.

² The late Sir John Drummond Hay. Ministers of foreign countries are called Bashadors by the Moors, the word being probably their corrupt form of our *ambassador*. Native Ministers are called Viziers, the Prime Minister being the Grand Vizier.

¹ The official building and residence of the Kaid or Basha.

member that great Bashador of yours when he came to this city and was received in the square by the Aguidal Gardens. Our Master the Sultan came before him on a white horse,¹ to speak gracious words under the green umbrella that shades the ruling House.

"A strong man was the Sultan, and he listened carefully to all your Bashador said, still knowing in his heart that this country is not as the land of the Nazarenes, and could not be made like it in haste. His Viziers feared change, the Ulema² opposed it when they could, and nothing could be done rapidly after the fashion of the West.

"Then Lord Mohammed, King of the Age and Prince of True Believers, died, and my Lord el Hasan, who was then in the south, reigned in his stead. And the troubles that now cover the land began to grow and spread."

He sipped his tea with grave pleasure. Two female slaves were peering at the infidel through the branches of a lemon tree, but when their master dropped his voice the heads disappeared suddenly as though his words had kept them in place. In the depths of the garden the nightingale woke and trilled softly. We listened awhile to hear the notes "ring like a golden jewel down a golden stair."

"My Lord el Hasan," continued the Hadj, "was ever on horseback; with him the powder was always speaking. First Fez rejected him, and he carried fire and a sword to that rebellious city. Then Er-Rif refused to pay tribute

and he enforced it—Allah make his kingdom eternal! Then this ungrateful city rebelled against his rule, and the army came south and fed the spikes of the city gate with the heads of the Unfaithful. Before he had rested, Fez was insolent once again, and on the road north our Master, the Ever Victorious, was (so to say, as the irreligious see it) defeated by the Illegitimate Men³ who are from Ghaita, and his House⁴ was carried away. There were more campaigns in the north and in the south, and the Shareefian army ate up the land so that there was a famine more fatal than war. After that came more fighting, and again more fighting. My Lord sought soldiers from your people and from the French, and he went south to the Sus and smote the rebellious Kaids from Tarudant to Iligh. So it fell out that my Lord was never at peace with his servants, and the country went on as before, with fighting in the north and the south and the east and the west. The ships of the Infidel nations came again and again to the Bay of Tanjah to see if the Prince of the Faithful were indeed dead, as rumour so often stated. But he was strong, my Lord el Hasan, and not easy to kill. Then the French took the oases of Tuat, which belong to the country just so surely as does this our Marrakesh, and have ever been a place of resting for the camels like Tindouf in the Sus. But our Master recovered his lordship with his health, and the French went back from our land. After that my Lord el Hasan went to Tafilat over the Atlas, never sparing himself. And when he returned, weary and very sick, at the head of an army that lacked even food and

¹ When a Sultan appears in public on a white horse it is for a sign that he is pleased; a black horse on the other hand is ominous to them that understand.

² Literally Learned Ones, an irregular theological cabinet, the number of whose members is known to no man, but the weight of whose decisions is felt throughout Morocco.

³ A common term of reproach used in speaking of rebels.

⁴ Harem.

clothing, the Spaniards were at the gates of Er-Riff once more, and the tribes were out like a fire of thorns over the northern roads. But because he was worn out and would not rest, and also because the span allotted him by Destiny was fulfilled, my Lord Hasan died near Tadra ; and Ba Ahmad, his chief Vizier, hid his death from the soldiers until his son Abd-el-Aziz was proclaimed."

There was a pause here, as though my host were overwhelmed with reflections and found some difficulty in giving sequence to his narrative.

"Our present Lord was young," he continued at last, thoughtfully ; "he was a very young man, and so Ba Ahmad spoke for him, and acted for him, and threw into prison all who might have stood before his face. Also, as was natural, he piled up great stores of gold and took to his harem all the women he desired. He oppressed the poor and the rich so that all men cursed him,—privately. But for all that Abu Ahmad was a wise man and very strong. He saw the might of the French in the east and of the Bashadors who pollute Tanjah in the north ; he remembered the warships that came to the waters in the west, and he knew that the men of these ships want land, and land, and yet more land, until they have the earth even as they have the sea. Against all the wise men of the west who dwell in Tanjah the Vizier fought in the name of the Exalted of God, so that no one of them could settle on this land to take it for himself and break into the bowels of the earth, seeking for gold after the manner of the Nazarenes. To be sure, in Wazzan and far in the eastern country the French grew in strength and in influence, for they gave protection, robbing the Sultan of his subjects. But they took little land, they sent few to Court, and the country was

ours until the Vizier had fulfilled his destiny and died. Allah pardon him, for he was a man, and ruled this country, like his father before him, with a hand of very steel."

"But," I objected, "you have said while he lived no man's life or treasure was safe, that he extorted money from all, that he ground the faces of the rich and the poor, and that when he died the Marrahashis said 'A dog is dead.' How then can you find words to praise him?"

"The people call out," explained the Hadj calmly ; "they complain, but they obey. In the Maghreb it is for the people to be ruled as it is for the rulers to govern. Shall the hammers cease to strike because the anvil cries out? Truly the prisons of my Lord Abd-el-Aziz were full while Ba Ahmad ruled, but all who remained outside obeyed the law. No man can avoid his fate. Even my Lord el Hasan, a fighter all the days of his life, loved peace and hated war ; but his destiny was appointed with his birth, and he, the peaceful one, drove men yoked neck and neck to fight for him, even a whole tribe of the rebellious as these eyes have seen. But while Abu Ahmad ruled from Marrakesh the land had peace, the roads were safe as in the days of Mulai Ismail, — may God have pardoned him! The expeditions were but few : the land knew quiet seasons of sowing and reaping ; and it is better for a country like ours that many should suffer than that none should be at rest."

I remained silent, conscious that he and I could not hope to see life through the same medium. It was as though he looked at his garden through a red glass and I through a blue one. It may be that neither of us saw the real truth of the problem underlying what we are pleased to call the Moorish Question.

"When the days of the Grand Vizier were fulfilled," the Hadj continued gravely, "his enemies came into power. His brother the Chamberlain and his brother the War Minister died suddenly. No wise man sought too particularly to know the cause of their death. Christians came to the Court elevated by Allah and said to my Lord Abd-el-Aziz, 'Be as the Sultans of the West.' And they brought him their abominations, — the wheeled things that fall if left alone, but support a man who mounts them, as I suppose, in the name of Shaitan, the picture-boxes that multiply images of True Believers and are wisely forbidden by the Far-Seeing Book, carriages drawn by invisible djinns¹ who scream and struggle but must stay, and work, small spirits that dance and sing. The Christians knew that my Lord was but a young man, and so they brought these things, and my Lord gave them of his riches, and conversed with them familiarly as though they had been of the House of a Grand Shareef. But in the far east of the Maghreb the French closed the oases of Tuat and Tidikelt without rebuke, and burnt the villages and destroyed the true believers with guns containing green devils² and said, 'We do all this that we may venture safely abroad without fear of robbers.' Then my Lord sent the War Minister, the Kaid M'heddi el Menebhi, to London and he saw your Sultan face to face. And your Sultan's Viziers said to him: 'Tell the Sultan of Morocco to rule as we rule, to gather his taxes peaceably and without force, to open his ports, to feed his prisoners, to follow

the wisdom of the West. If he will do this, assuredly his kingdom shall never be moved.' Thereafter they took the Kaid and showed him their palaces, their pleasures, and the power of their devil-ships that move without sails over the face of the waters, and their unveiled women who pass without shame before the eyes of men. Now though the Kaid said nothing he remembered all these things, and when he returned and, by the aid of your own Bashador in Tanjah, prevailed over the enemies who had set snares in his path while he fared abroad, he stood before the face of my Lord and told him all he had seen. Thereupon my Lord Abd-el-Aziz sought to change that which had gone before, to make a new land as quickly as the stork makes a new nest, or the boar of the Atlas, whom the hunter has disturbed, makes a new lair. And the land grew confused; it was no more the Maghreb, but it assuredly was not as the land of the West.

"In the beginning of the season of change the French were angry. 'All men shall pay an equal tax throughout my land,' said the King of the Age, and the Bashador of the French said, 'Our protected subjects shall not yield even a handful of green corn to the gatherer.' And when the people saw that the tax-gatherers did not travel as they were wont to travel, armed and ready to kill, they hardened their hearts and said, 'We will pay no taxes at all, for these men cannot overcome us.' Then the French Bashador said to the Sultan: 'Thou seest that these people will not pay, but we will give all the money that is needed. Only sign these writings that set forth our claim to the money that is brought by Nazarenes to the sea-ports, and everything will be well.'

"So the Sultan set his seal upon all that was brought before him, and

¹ Djinns are evil spirits. The Hadj is referring to motor cars, of which the Sultan has a considerable collection. His first references are to bicycles and cameras, his last to mechanical toys.

² ? Melinite shells.

the French gold came to his treasury and more French traders came to his Court, so that my Lord gave them the money that had come to him from their country for more of the foolish and wicked things they brought. And then he left Marrakesh and went to Fez, and the Rogui¹ rose up and waged war against him."

The Hadj sighed deeply and paused while fresh tea was brought by a coal-black slave, whose colour was accentuated by the scarlet kerchief upon her head and the broad silver anklets about her feet. When she had retired and we were left alone once more, my host continued.

"You know what happened after. My Lord Abd-el-Aziz made no headway against the Rogui, who is surely assisted by devils or by the devils of France. North and south, east and west, the Moors flocked to him, for they said, 'The Sultan has become a Christian.' And to-day my Lord has no more money, and no strength to fight the Infidel, and the French come forward, and the land is troubled everywhere. But this is clearly the decree of Allah the All Wise, the All Pitying, the One, and if it is written that the days of the Filali Shareefs are numbered, even my Lord will not avoid his fate."

I said nothing, for I had seen the latter part of Morocco's history working itself out, and I knew that the improved relations between Great Britain and France had their foundations in the change of front that kept our Foreign Office from doing for Morocco what it has done for other States divided against themselves, and what it has promised Morocco, without words, very clearly. Then again it was obvious to me, though

I could not hope to explain it to my host, that the Moor, having served his time, had to go under before the wave of Western civilisation. Morocco has held out longer than any other kingdom of Africa, not by reason of its own strength, but because the rulers of Europe could not afford to see the Mediterranean balance of power seriously disturbed. Just as Mulai Ismail praised Allah publicly two centuries ago for giving him strength to drive out the Infidel, when the British voluntarily relinquished their hold upon Tangier, so successive Moorish Sultans have thought that they have held Morocco for the Moors by their own power. And yet, in very sober truth Morocco has been no more than one of the pawns in the diplomatic game these many years past.

We who know and like the country, finding in its patriarchal simplicity so much that contrasts favourably with the hopeless vulgarity of our own civilisation, must recognise the great gulf lying between a country's aspect in the eyes of the traveller and in the mind of the politician.

Before we parted the Hadj, pre-facing his remark with renewed assurance of his personal esteem, told me that the country's error had been its admission of strangers. Poor man, his large simple mind could not realise that no power his master held could have kept them out. He told me on another occasion that the great Viziers who had opposed the Sultan's reforms were largely influenced by fear lest Western ideas should alter the status of their womenkind. They had heard from all their envoys to Europe how great a measure of liberty is accorded to women, and were prepared to rebel against any reform that might lead to compulsory alteration of the system under which women live, too often

¹ The Rogui, known throughout Morocco as Bu Hamara (Father of the She Ass), is the Pretender who has been lately making war against the Sultan.

as mere slaves and playthings, in Morocco. Fears about the question of women were at the bottom of most of the opposition to reforms that came from the wealthy Moors. We parted with many expressions of goodwill and he remains for me the best informed and most reasonable Moor I have met. His summary of his country's recent history was by no means complete, but it had to suffer translation and, if he could revise it here, would doubtless have far more interest. But it seemed advisable to get the Moorish point of view and, having secured the curious elusive thing, to record it as nearly as might be.

Sidi Boubikir (my landlord in Marrakesh, a man of high standing, for many years British Political Agent in the Southern capital) seldom discussed politics. "I am in the south and the trouble is in the north," said he. "The Praise to Allah, but I am all for my Lord Abd-el-Aziz. In the reign of his grandfather I made money, when my Lord his father ruled (upon him the Peace!) I made money, and now to-day I make money. Shall I listen then to Pretenders and other evil men? The Sultan may have half my fortune."

I did not suggest what I knew to be true, that the Sultan would have been more than delighted to take him at his word. A very considerable knowledge of Moghrebbin Arabic, in combination with hypnotic skill, would have been required to draw from Boubikir his real opinions of the political outlook. Not for nothing has he held a responsible office in South Morocco. The Sphinx is not more inscrutable.

One night his son came to the Dar al Kaadir and brought me an invitation from Sidi Boubikir to dine with him on the following afternoon. Arrived before the gate of his palace at the time appointed, two o'clock,

we found the old diplomatist waiting to welcome me. He wore a fine linen gown of dazzling whiteness and carried a scarlet geranium in his hand. "You are welcome," he said gravely, and walked before us through a long corridor crying aloud as he went, "Make way, make way," for we were entering the house itself, and it is not seemly that a Moorish woman, whether she be wife or concubine, should look upon a stranger's face. Yet some few lights of the harem were not disposed to be extinguished altogether by considerations of etiquette, and passed hurriedly along, as though bent upon avoiding us and uncertain of our exact direction, while the female servants satisfied their curiosity openly until my host suddenly commented upon the questionable moral status of their mothers, and then they made haste to disappear, —only to return a moment later and peep round corners and doorways and giggle and scream, for all the world as if they had been Europeans of the same class.

Sidi Boubikir passed from room to room of his great establishment and showed some of its treasures. There were great piles of carpets, and vast quantities of furniture that must have looked out at one time in their history upon the crowds that throng the Tottenham Court Road. I saw chairs, sofas, bedsteads, clocks and sideboards. All must have been brought on camels through Dukala and Rahamna to Marrakesh, and were left to fill up the countless rooms without care or arrangement though their owner's house must hold more than fifty women without counting servants. Probably when they were not quarrelling, or dying their finger-nails, or painting their faces after a fashion that is far from pleasing to European eyes, the ladies of the harem passed their days lying on cushions,

playing the lute, or eating sweet-meats.

In one room on the ground-floor there was a great collection of mechanical toys. Sidi Boubikir explained that the French Commercial Attaché had brought a large number to the Sultan's Palace and that my Lord Abd-el-Aziz had rejected the ones before us. With the curious childish simplicity that is found so often among the Moors in high places, Boubikir insisted upon winding up the clockwork apparatus of nearly all the toys. Then one doll danced, another played a drum, and a third went through gymnastic exercises; the toy orchestra played the MARSEILLAISE, while from every nook and corner veiled figures stole out cautiously, for all the world as though this room in a Moorish house were a stage and they were the chorus entering mysteriously from unexpected places. The old man's merriment was very real and hearty, so genuine, in fact, that he did not notice how his womenfolk were intruding until the last note sounded. Then he turned round and the swathed figures disappeared suddenly as ghosts at cockcrow.

Though it was clear that Sidi Boubikir seldom saw half the rooms through which he hurried me, the passion for building that seizes all rich Moors held him fast. He was adding wing after wing to his vast premises, and would doubtless order more furniture from London to fill the new rooms. No Moor knows when it is time to call a halt and deem his house complete, and so the country is full of palaces begun by men who fell from power or died leaving the work unfinished. The late Grand Vizier Abu Ahmad left a palace nearly as big as the Dar Maghzen itself, and since he died the storks that built upon the flat roofs have been its only occupants. So it

is with the gardens whose many beauties he hoped to enjoy. I rode past them one morning and saw all manner of fruit-trees blossoming, heard birds singing in their branches, and saw young storks fishing in the little pools that the winter's rains had left. But there was not a single gardener there to tend the ground once so highly cultivated, and I was assured that the terror of the Vizier's name kept even the hungry beggars from the fruit in harvest-time.

The home and its appointments duly exhibited, Sidi Boubikir led the way to a divan in a well-cushioned room that opened on to the garden. He clapped his hands and a small regiment of female servants, black and for the most part uncomely, arrived to prepare dinner. One brought a ewer, another a basin, a third a towel, and water was poured out over our hands. Then a large porcelain bowl, encased in strong basket-work, was brought by a fourth servant, and a tray of flat loaves of fine wheat by a fifth, and we broke bread and said the Bismillah which stands for grace. The bowl was uncovered and revealed a savoury stew of chicken with sweet lemon and olives, a very pleasing sight to all who appreciate Eastern cooking. The use of knives being a crime against the Faith and the use of forks and spoons unknown, we plunged the fingers of the right hand into the bowl and sought what pleased us best, using the bread to deal with the sauce of the stew. It was really a delicious dish, and when later in the afternoon I asked my host for the recipe he said he would give it to me if I would fill the bowl with Bank of England notes. I had to explain that in my ignorance of the full resources of Moorish cookery I had not come out with sufficient money.

So soon as the charm of the first

bowl palled, it was taken away and others followed in quick succession, various meats and eggs being served with olives and spices and the delicate vegetables that come to Southern Morocco in early spring. It was a relief to come to the end of our duties, and, our hands washed once more, to digest the meal with the aid of green tea served with mint. Strong drink being forbidden to the true believer, water only was served with the dinner, and as it was brought direct from the Tensift river and was of a muddy, red colour, there was no temptation to touch it. Sidi Boubikir was in excellent spirits and told many stories of his earlier days, of his dealings with Bashadors, his quarrel with the great Kaid Ben Daoud, the seige of the city by Illegitimate Men, of his journey to Gibraltar, and of how he met one of the Rothschilds there and tried to do business with him. He spoke of his investments in Consols and the poor return they brought him, and of many other matters of equal moment.

It was not easy to realise that the man who spoke so brightly and lightly about trivial affairs had one of the keenest intellects in the country, that he had the secret history of its political intrigues at his fingers' ends, that he was the trusted agent of the British Government, and lived and

thrived surrounded by enemies. So far as was consistent with courtesy I tried to direct his reminiscences towards politics, but he kept to purely personal matters and included in them a story of his attempt to bribe a British Minister, to whom he went upon the occasion of the British Mission in Marrakesh, leading two mules laden with silver dollars.

"And when I came to him," said the old man, "I said, 'By Allah's Grace I am a rich man, so I have brought you some share of my wealth.' But he would not even count the bags. He called with a loud voice for his wife, and cried to her: 'See now what this son of a camel-driver would do to me. He would give me his miserable money.' And then in very great anger he drove me from his presence and bade me never come near him again bearing a gift. What shall be said of a man like that, to whom Allah had given the wisdom to become a Bashador and the foolishness to reject a present? Two mules, remember, and each one with as many bags of Spanish dollars as it could carry. Truly the ways of your Bashadors are past belief."

I agreed heartily with Sidi Boubikir; a day's discourse would not have made clear any other aspect of the case.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

THE BALLOON IN WARFARE.

THE war-balloon has had a chequered and somewhat strange career. Within ten years of the memorable occasion when the Brothers Montgolfier first launched their huge paper globe into space the balloon had been recognised as an important accessory of warfare. It was then the early years of the Revolutionary War, and the French Academy lent its aid in establishing, in strict secrecy, a school of aeronautics on behalf of the Republic. A corps of military students to the number of fifty was formed, and every day in fair weather service-like practice went forward with a captive balloon kept constantly inflated. The function of the balloon was to supply facilities not only for reconnaissance but also for signalling, and within a twelvemonth the new instrument was put to a practical and satisfactory test. On the eve of the battle of Fleurus in June, 1797, Colonel Coutelle with two colleagues made a reconnoitring ascent, rising to the height of several hundred feet and remaining aloft in safety while repeated and prolonged observations were carried out; and the decisive victory gained over the Austrians by General Jourdan on the following day was largely attributed to the important information which Colonel Coutelle had obtained from his aerial post of observation.

This was a good beginning for the balloon which had thus proved itself of signal assistance in strategic operations. It becomes, then, a matter of great surprise, admitting of no obvious solution, that Napoleon regarded the aeronautical school with

disfavour and presently abolished it altogether. As at least a partial explanation, however, there has been advanced the following story which is given on the authority of *Las Cases* in his *PRIVATE LIFE OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA*. It was the time of his coronation and Napoleon had allowed the ascent of a balloon to form a part of the festivities. This balloon, however, was dismissed without passengers, and being thus left merely to fate appeared to have behaved itself during the night in a manner which might well be deemed preternatural, for at dawn it was found to be on its direct way to Rome and already to be nearing that city. Nor was this all, for with steady course it passed on till it poised itself over St. Peter's and the Vatican at which point, as though its purpose had been fulfilled, it made a determined swoop to earth and finally flung itself into the lake Bracciano. Moreover, as if to make the portent the more palpable, it first rent itself on the ground and next, ere it plunged itself into the water, carefully deposited a portion of its crown on the tomb of Nero. It would appear that Napoleon, regarding this incident "as a sort of prodigy pointing to his own destiny," henceforward forbade the use of balloons in his army.

An important and interesting statement respecting the utility of the balloon is made by Colonel Coutelle in a report during the campaign of 1794.

I received the order to reconnoitre Mayance, and I posted myself between

our lines and the place within easy distance of its guns. The wind was strong, and to offer more resistance I rose alone, with a diminution in my favour of two hundred lbs. I was at more than two hundred and thirty yards from the ground, when three successive squalls beat me back again to earth with such force that many of the bars that strengthened the bottom of the car were broken. On each occasion the balloon rose with such force and rapidity that thirty-two men at each rope were dragged some distance; it is therefore clear that had the ropes been fixed to anchors they would have broken. The enemy did not fire. A general and some of the staff came out of the town waving white handkerchiefs, which I signalled to our headquarters, and our general went out to meet them. When they met, the Austrian general said: "Monsieur le General, Je vous demande en grace de faire descendre ce brave officier; le vent va le faire périr; il ne faut pas qu'il soit victime d'un accident étranger à la guerre: c'est moi qui ai fait tirer sur lui à Mauberge." The wind fell: I was able to ascend again; and on this occasion, without a glass, I could count the cannon on the ramparts and see the people walking in the streets.

An abortive attempt was made to revive the French aeronautical school during the African campaign of 1830, and it appears that the Austrians made use of balloons for reconnaissance before Venice in 1849. It is also worthy of mention that balloons were at least dreamed of during the Crimean War. Sir William Reid, the Governor of Malta, in a communication to the War Office in 1855, wrote: "As balloons were successfully used more than sixty years back by a French army, they may perhaps be made of some use in the Crimea just now. To raise an observer even two hundred or three hundred feet above a fortified position might enable assailants to form more correct ideas on inner intrenchments than when only viewing such a position from a height of equal altitude." It was not, however, till 1859, in the Italian

campaign of that year, that the balloon was again turned to much practical use in military service. We then find the Special Correspondent of *THE TIMES* writing thus of some reconnoitring endeavours which were under the management of the civilian aeronauts MM. Godard: "On the day before the battle of Solferino, June 23rd, 1859, even with the best glass nothing was seen at Solferino, which is ordinarily visible from the hills near Castiglione. In the afternoon, however, the Brothers Godard tried from the hill a balloon ascent on a larger scale than some days before from Castenedolo. And on the Austrian side, where this ascent was seen, it is supposed that their plans were discovered by the MM. Godard."

But only three years later the balloon was used in warfare on a very different scale and with far better results. This was in the American War, and one of the earliest accounts of its operations gathered from a report in *THE TIMES* of April 14th, 1862, not long after the war had commenced in earnest, points to very special and signal service rendered by the military aeronauts. The reconnaissance, according to this correspondent, established the fact that shells had been thrown at too great a range to be sufficiently effective against the Confederate batteries: "This defect in mortar-practice has since been remedied."

It is well at this point to glance at the balloon equipment hitherto adopted, and at the all important matter of the various methods of inflation which have been tried. The gas-balloon was not the only form made use of. The older or hot-air aerostat had also been put to the test, and a committee of Austrian engineers had declared that, though a Montgolfier balloon would need to be of very bulky proportions, having

a diameter of at least sixty feet, yet its freedom from troublesome encumbrances, and therefore its relative portability, its durability and safety, and above all the readiness with which it could be brought into action, were very strongly in its favour. Instead of requiring very cumbersome and dangerous apparatus for its inflation this operation could in general be carried out by merely collecting such brushwood as may be presumed to be at hand in all military operations, and when once the process is begun the complete inflation, in the absence of any troublesome amount of wind, would generally occupy not longer than some twenty minutes.

For the gas-balloon there are three separate modes of inflation. First, by coal-gas, in all ways the most convenient but seldom practicable in actual warfare; secondly by pure hydrogen gas, prepared by the usual vitriolic process, of the practical working of which we have now to speak; and thirdly by the same gas produced by passing steam through red-hot tubes. This indeed was the very earliest process introduced with apparent success in the French aeronautic school already spoken of, and in the most recent phase of warfare in South Africa the same gas, as is well known, was conveyed from England in steel cylinders, or from some other centre such as Cape Town where a hydrogen gas-making plant was specially established.

The method of preparing gas by the vitriolic process, or in other words by the action of dilute sulphuric acid on iron or zinc, has been that most usually adopted, and this, as we shall now show, was very thoroughly tested and approved of in the American Civil War. The plant, required to be always at hand and therefore to be transported wherever the balloon was wanted, may seem sufficiently bulky

and troublesome. As actual gas-generators there were needed two large and strongly built tanks of wood made acid-proof inside, and fitted with necessary valves and hose, while lime purifiers and coolers were also wanted. But it was found that the required acid was readily procurable, as also scrap iron, and thus no very serious practical difficulties were experienced in the field. The chief of these, undoubtedly, were wind and weather; but in a general way a squad of about thirty men could convey the inflated balloon, and for the rest four wagons, with four horses each, sufficed. It was claimed that the reconnaissances, which were effected daily when weather permitted, were of the greatest value, and that any change in the occupation of the country would be at once detected. Captain Beaumont, speaking, it will be remembered, of the military operations and manœuvres then in vogue, declared that earth-works could be seen even at the distance of eight miles, though their character could not be clearly detected. Wooded country was unfitted for balloon reconnaissance, and only in a plain could any considerable body of troops be made known. Then followed such a description as one would expect to find:

During the battle of Hanover Court House, which was the first engagement of importance before Richmond, I happened to be close to the balloon when the heavy firing began. The wind was rather high, but I was anxious to see, if possible, what was going on, and I went up with the father of the Aeronaut. The balloon was, however, short of gas, and as the wind was high we were obliged to come down. I then went up by myself, the diminished weight giving increased steadiness; but it was not considered safe to go more than five hundred feet on account of the very unsettled state of the weather. The balloon was very unsteady, so much so that it was

difficult to fix my sight on any particular object. At that distance I could see nothing of the fight.

Undoubtedly the most signal and successful service ever recorded of balloons in warfare was that rendered to the beleaguered side at the siege of Paris. In this case reconnaissance, though at first attempted, was attended with little result and soon abandoned; but during four months a regular despatch of letters from the city was carried on by an aerial post hurriedly but successfully improvised. Upwards of sixty balloons were manufactured within the walls and despatched with but very few casualties. Some two millions and a half of letters, amounting in weight to some ten tons, were conveyed through the four months, in addition to which at least an equal weight of other freight was taken up, exclusive of actual passengers of whom no less than two hundred were transported from the city.

The exceptional conditions of the case in these trials led to interesting and valuable experiments in the extemporising of emergency balloons.

Great expedition in manufacture was of primary importance, as was also the saving of such enormous expense as would be entailed by the use of silk, while it was only necessary that the fabric of the balloon should be able to withstand a single voyage. On this account a calico material was utilised, and speedily and sufficiently rendered gas-tight and serviceable by a crude dressing of linseed oil and driers. The sewing was so arranged that hundreds of hands could be employed at once, and the now disused railway-stations afforded adequate and convenient roofed space for factories. The need of capable men possessed of such training as would fit them for the emergencies and

hazards for the several voyages was supplied by the old sailors residing in the city.

A typical example of the difficulties encountered and the risks run, ere any voyage could be effectually carried out, is supplied by the memorable occasion when Gambetta accomplished his escape. To begin with, no sooner were preparations completed than unfavourable weather supervened and not only delayed the escape but caused damage to the balloon itself; and when at length the ascent was attempted and the aeronauts were fairly in the air they were subjected to a brisk cannonade with shot and shell. A little later when, as yet unscathed, they were sailing over the German posts they came under rifle-fire and Gambetta was grazed by a bullet. From this immediate danger they escaped by a prodigal discharge of ballast, but again had to run the gauntlet between vigorous volleys ere they found safe landing near Rouen.

Up to this time the balloon had found no place in the British army. It is true that in 1862 Mr. Coxwell, as a civilian, had been allowed to make certain experiments at Aldershot, but they proved barren of results, and though the events of the siege of Paris induced the Government in 1872 to appoint a commission of Royal Engineers to conduct aeronautical trials and to report upon them, these also led to no practical issue. It was not till some ten years later that the Government became fully alive to the importance of the balloon in warfare, when the manufacture and trial of special balloons were entrusted to a section of Royal Engineers at Woolwich. The method of making so-called pure hydrogen by passing steam over red-hot iron was fully tested, and for a time gained favour. The apparatus, weighing some three tons, was calculated to be

not beyond the carrying powers of three Service-waggon, while it was capable of generating enough gas to inflate two balloons in twenty-four hours, a single inflation holding good in favourable circumstances for a long period.

The official trials during this year extended to the Brighton Volunteer Review when from a balloon held captive at fifteen hundred feet it was stated that the observation was so excellent that "every man was clearly seen," a statement which should be read in the light of late operations on the South African veldt.

At last a grand opportunity came for trial in actual warfare. The Egyptian Campaign was in progress during 1882 and the peculiar difficulties attending reconnoitring were keenly felt and loudly commented on, yet for many months the War Department balloons remained in store in Woolwich Dockyard, and it was not till the spring of 1885 that the first practical trial of the balloon was made in actual service. This was at Suakin, and Lord Wolseley is reported to have expressed an opinion that, though in a windy country balloons are of little use, yet that had he been able to employ balloons in the earlier stages of the Soudan campaign the affair would not have lasted as many months as it did years. Before the outbreak of the Boer War military methods had undergone great and important changes. Magazine rifles and other deadly weapons of to-day required that troops should lie hidden so far as possible behind cover, while the use of smokeless powder often rendered it almost impossible to locate the position of the enemy's batteries. Thus reconnaissance became a difficult matter, and more particularly so in the case of balloons of the type hitherto in vogue which could scarcely operate within practicable range of

the adversary's fire. It is not surprising to learn that the balloon in the late campaign in South Africa proved to be at a great disadvantage, and with a few notable exceptions failed to accomplish all that was sanguinely hoped of it. No better or more impartial authority could be found than Major Baden-Powell, who was not only actively engaged through the whole of the campaign but is able to speak from many years' intimate acquaintance with practical aeronautics. In giving his opinion as to the value of the balloon this officer quotes from his own experience.

I remember [he writes] at the battle of Magersfontein my company was lying down in extended order towards the left of our line. We were perfectly safe from musketry-fire as we lay perhaps two miles from the Boer trenches, which were being shelled by some of our guns close by. The enemy's artillery was practically silent. Presently on looking round I descried our balloon away out behind us about two miles off. Then she steadily rose and made several trips to a good height; but what could be seen from that distance? When a large number of our troops were ranged up within eight hundred yards of the trenches, and many more at all points behind them, what useful information could be obtained by means of the balloon four miles off?

This same authority further insists on the necessity of an observing balloon making short ascents. The balloon, in his opinion, should be allowed to ascend rapidly to its full height, and with as little delay as possible be hauled down again.

It is here, then, that the question arises whether the increased facilities of the present day would not render the earlier form of the balloon not only more serviceable but in many ways more desirable. It needs no insisting on that the methods of inflating a military balloon with gas hitherto attempted, whether this be

conveyed under high pressure in great numbers of heavy and dangerous cylinders, or whether it be produced by troublesome and tedious process in the field, is attended with the most serious drawbacks and difficulties. Many Service-waggons are required and the attendance of a large staff of men. Moreover the fabric of the balloon itself, generally composed of several thicknesses of gold-beater's skin, is not only very costly but fragile, and when damaged cannot readily be repaired. On the other hand the hot-air balloon being constructed of inexpensive and strong material, — unbleached calico even serving for the purpose—and dispensing with the addition of a net or other covering, can be handled without risk of damage, and should a rent occur this can be at once set right by mere needle and thread. Its equipment is inconsiderable, and so portable that the whole plant could be rapidly conveyed by hand wherever a few men could push their way. It has been the inflation of this balloon, as hitherto practised, that has put it out of court so far as military operations are concerned. A large, long covered trench has first to be constructed by way of flue with a bricked aperture; not less than a cart-load of dried firewood is next needed to be consumed in a pit at the far end of the trench; and when all has been done and the balloon despatched aloft its buoyancy is rapidly lost and it returns to earth again in a very brief period. It is true that at the first introduction of this balloon, and on occasions subsequently, a stove burning wood or straw was taken up and the life of the balloon thus prolonged, but this was only effected at extreme risk to the aeronauts.

Recently, however, all former difficulties have been successfully overcome, and a very portable heater,

burning vaporised petroleum in perfect safety and under complete control, has now been utilised to inflate a balloon of no less than sixty-five thousand cubic feet capacity in an interval measured by minutes only and at a cost not exceeding a few shillings. It will at once be seen that the possibilities of this method are very great indeed. The complete vaporisation, under pressure, of about four gallons of petroleum per hour, so long as the heat is continuously maintained, supplies sufficient heat-units to keep the balloon fully inflated, and a few occasional strokes of a force-pump preserves the requisite pressure in the oil-tank; while a mere tap, regulating the flame, gives the aeronaut the power of controlling the ascent or descent of his machine.

Presumably the chief use of the balloon in warfare will, as heretofore, be while being held captive; but a new and all important development of this military engine here suggests itself.

Not only may a free balloon effect an escape from a beleaguered town, but, when made more portable and manageable, it may be utilised to convey tidings to other stations when other modes of communication are interrupted. Referring once again to Major Baden-Powell as a first authority we may quote from a letter written from the front in South Africa and published in *THE AERONAUTICAL JOURNAL*.

There is one more matter to call attention to and that is free ballooning in war. I believe it was never attempted during the campaign, but there were several occasions on which it might have proved of use. Thus, if a balloon had ascended during a favourable wind at Modder River it should have had but little difficulty in arriving within the precincts of Kimberley, and thus much valuable information obtained of the exact position of the Boers between those places, which information

could have been signalled back. I imagine, too, that the Ladyamith balloon could have been the means of obtaining most important details of the Boer positions north of the Tugela had a free ascent been made during a northerly wind.

Before these words were penned the writer had experimented with a free balloon designed to convey messages which might be signalled across the sky over long distances, so that should the despatched balloon be carried wide of its true goal its purpose could still be effected. The instrument adopted was essentially the collapsing drum as used in the Navy, but modified to suit the requirements of the case. A large skeleton frame capable of being quickly extended or collapsed by the operation of a cord, much as an umbrella is made to open or shut, was covered with a dark material which would show readily in unobscured sky in all ordinary conditions of illumination. The extended drum, which was visible at fully ten miles distance, would vanish practically out of sight when collapsed, and thus the ordinary Morse Code signals as constantly practised in the Service, indicated by long and short strokes of the drum, could be readily carried out and as readily interpreted. A further development of this method of aerial signalling available whenever ordinary heliographing is possible has now been made by substituting a large silvered glass globe which, by means of a suitable occulter, can be made to reflect long or short flashes of sunlight visible under favourable conditions over long distances.

In any discussion as to the utility of the military balloon under the altered conditions introduced by modern weapons of precision and long range a common misapprehension has to be removed. It is popularly, and

not unreasonably, supposed that a balloon which has been hit by mere rifle-shot is hopelessly maimed if not practically destroyed. In reality, however, if the envelope of the balloon were fairly riddled by bullets, near the mouth only, the leakage of gas would be inconsiderable, as may be readily understood from the fact that the large mouth of a balloon in flight is always of necessity kept fully open to allow for the expansion of gas during the ascent. It is only in the case of a balloon badly hit above the waist that the loss of gas would be serious, and even thus, were the rents small, the balloon would collapse in no dangerous haste. Pumps are considered to deliver the most deadly fire in the case of a balloon, but as at present used they are incapable of being elevated sufficiently to hit any object floating well aloft.

Another popular error, and one that relates to the possibilities of a balloon employed in warfare, is apt to possess the minds of those who have no practical experience in the science of aeronautics. It is supposed that a high flying balloon could be used, and with deadly effect, to discharge missiles upon an enemy beneath; and even so practical an aeronaut as the late John Wise of America, allowing such a plausible idea to warp his better reason, actually proposed to the United States Government, during the Mexican War, a scheme for the capture of Vera Cruz by balloon. His plan was drawn out in full detail: a monster balloon capable of raising thirty thousand pounds was somehow to be manœuvred over the fortress at a mile high in the sky, and when in position explosives were to be cast down in sufficient quantity to reduce the stronghold. This may read well enough on paper; the extreme difficulty, however, of directing

a balloon at that height so that missiles at the end of so long a drop might hit a given mark needs no pointing out, and when it is further considered that each discharge of combustibles would require for compensation an exactly regulated amount of gas to be liberated, it becomes obvious that such a method is altogether impracticable.

One most feasible and at the same time most serviceable development of the military balloon, whether captive or free, will be in the direction of photographing an enemy's position or fortification, or any ground which cannot be reconnoitred by other means. The rapidity with which a photograph can now be taken; the almost equal expedition with which it can be developed on the field, and still more the fidelity with which it may be made to portray objects brought within suitable range, give the camera the utmost value as an instrument for purposes of observation. But its greatest advantage in this connection is made manifest when we consider that if used in conjunction with a captive balloon it is not even necessary that the operator should be exposed to fire. An unmanned balloon, and this of the smallest proportions, suffices to lift the camera and its necessary fittings to any desired height, when it can be operated electrically from below. The requisite apparatus in its simplest form consists essentially of an electro-magnet fixed to the camera and controlling the trigger of an instantaneous shutter. To this electro-magnet is attached a twin insulated wire the other end of which remains on the earth, connected with a battery and push or button. The camera, which is mounted on a stand capable of canting it to any desired angle, is suspended by a short length of laid cord beneath the balloon before it is dismissed into the sky, and when the

balloon is poised aloft it will always be found that owing to the natural twist of the cord the stand and its camera are slowly and steadily rotating after the fashion of a bottle-jack. If now there has been affixed to the stand some indicator always showing the direction in which the camera is pointing, it will be perfectly easy to determine the exact moment at which any desired view is in the field, and the button being pressed the required photograph is instantly secured. A more elaborate apparatus would provide arrangement for causing the camera at this moment to automatically set itself for a fresh exposure, but recent experience has shown that this is scarcely desirable. With modern weapons of rapidity and precision it is seen that a balloon, if at all within near range of the enemy, should only be exposed to fire for the briefest possible interval, and it would therefore be preferable to haul down the balloon and camera after each exposure, and send them aloft afresh for further photographs, and, if possible, from an altered position.

Any discussion as to the capabilities of a balloon duly equipped and controlled by modern methods, to render special service in possible exigencies of war, would be incomplete without record of certain experiments carried out last summer on old lines traversed anew. At the time already referred to when balloons were being dismissed from Paris carrying despatches over the enemy's line and descending into safe country beyond, the converse feat was also more than once essayed but without success. That is, ineffectual attempts were made to despatch a balloon from some distant point which should pass over the enemy's line and drop within the beleaguered city carrying in intelligence from without. To all intents and purposes this identical experiment was

arranged and carried out by the writer in the manner now to be explained.

Obviously the problem remained the same whether (as in the case of Paris) the goal was fixed and the starting-point was chosen according to the direction of the wind, or whether the starting-point was fixed and the goal chosen to suit the wind. Thus for convenience it was arranged that an ascent should be made from the Crystal Palace and a certain area (a radius of five miles round Blackheath station being determined on) was for the nonce to be chosen to represent Paris. Into this area it was the task of the aeronaut to convey one or more passengers carrying despatches, and this was satisfactorily accomplished with the odds of a double chance in favour of the venture.

First when the desired spot was thought to be reached a bearer of despatches (this for safety's sake being a dummy) was dropped in a parachute, and shortly after the balloon itself was made to descend in ground more carefully chosen, when in point of fact it was found that both descents had been accomplished within a two mile limit from the prescribed goal.

This supplied but another demonstration of the fitness of a free balloon for purposes of war where its special utility has not hitherto been fairly tested. It is not only when captive that the balloon as an aerial scout can be turned to account, but there can be small doubt that it will be found capable of rendering service, invaluable and all its own, when suffered to make its free and proper flight across the open sky.

JOHN M. BACON.

KARMA.

(A Legend of Ghostly Japan.)

HERE by the reddening maple-trees I lie,
 And see the sun slow climbing down, and pray :
 "Sink, sun, into the wide mysterious West,
 That I may pass into my mystery,
 Die, die, bright day, for weary 'tis to wait."
 The years, the yearning years, not patiently,
 Oh love, not patiently, I lived alone !
 Ah, you that have sweet lips to kiss at morn,
 And every night lie still in clasping arms,
 Who speak in happy, common, household phrase,
 With children innocent about your knees,
 Whose loves are set on something tangible,
 I am apart,—for I have loved a Shade.

The falling night, the moors, and I alone,—
 The mountain black before me on the sky,
 That paled from gold to green like asphodels,
 Growing amid the myrtles of a marsh,
 And from the mountain flashed long flames of fire
 To guide the wandering souls upon their ways.¹
 For now it was the season and the night
 When, from the dimness that we know not of,
 The poor unrestful shades may come and go,
 Borne by the kind wind wheresoe'er they will.
 Like sighing of the strings upon a lute,
 When the sweet music's ended, so the sound
 They made in calling as they lightly passed,
 And vague their forms as shadows on the mist.

There was a lady in the night, whose face
 I cannot see, though I have prayed to all
 The gods in Heaven, this only prayer until
 I had no other sense in me but this,
 Desire to look upon thy face, my bride.
 Forever with me are indifferent eyes,
 The smiles of children I knew long ago,
 And strangers seen, unseeing, yesterday ;
 But never thou, oh first love and my last !

¹ Japanese of the Shinto religion believe that on a certain day of the year the spirits of the dead are allowed to return to earth.

She came to me, her feet two lotus-buds,
 And she was clothed as with the foam of seas.
 She spoke: "So thou hast come my lord, at last
 To comfort me." And I said, "I have come."
 Then knew I that I loved her, and had loved
 Since love was: time is not for such as we.
 There was a silence on the moor, and yet
 A harmony so exquisite, it seemed
 My heart was still to hear it. So we stood.
 Tall were the lilies in a ring about,
 And all night long we stood without a word,
 Not touching one another. At the dawn
 She sighed as if awaking, and I cried:
 "Who art thou, love? Tell me thy name." But she:
 "Love what have you and I to do with names?"
 And took her golden girdle, and unclasped,
 (A scaled dragon with translucent eyes),
 And wound it round about my arm nine times,
 And kissed each circle as she wound and said:
 "These are the years until we meet again:
 A little time, oh but a little time
 To me; but long for thee, poor mortal love!
 I go to mine own people on the plain,
 Seek not to find me there, but wait for me."
 She spoke, and speaking grew ethereal
 Like to a mist. I saw the standing lilies,
 Behind where she had been, and crying out,
 I fell upon the ground to hold her sleeve
 That trailed; but I had nothing in my hand
 Though it grew cold. And then I saw no more,
 But lay as one dead, still in the grey dawn.

Her golden token wound about my arm
 I fled the haunted moors and turned my face
 To the low plain; for I cried to myself,
 In the clear living air of early day,
 "She is gone down into the plain and I
 Will find her there." With winged feet I ran
 Down, down, until I saw the river flow,
 Bright in the red rays of the rising sun.
 And drifting on the stream were boats of flowers,
 The red dianthus and campanula,
 With hair bells and a rosy meadow-sweet
 That loves the East.¹ One took my hand and said:
 "Stay here awhile with us and bid God-speed
 To the returning souls." And I said: "Nay,—

¹ It is a custom in the country to send off boats of flowers at sunrise, after the night of souls.

Sweet passage may their's be into the vague,
And fadeless all their flowers—I cannot stay.”
So came I to the plain and sought her there,
And found her not, nor any human face,
But only graves—old, grey, forgotten graves.

Where is the sun? A little sun and dim
And far, so far away! How strange a mist
Dark, dark and cold! Why am I lying still?
Nine years—it is the season and the night,
And soon the time—then why do I lie here?
The world is whirling round so fast, and all
The mountains sail away, and my limbs fail:
I cannot keep my feet. I'll say to her,
When she shall come again upon the wind:
“Sweet love, forgive me that I faint and fail,
And, love, forgive me, I forgot thy face:
For pity, count it not unfaithfulness.”

G. J.

schemes for separating him from his wife. There was nothing to be done, however; the knot was too firmly tied.

In these circumstances what could a poor lady do, who had put all her eggs in one basket? The story of her final relenting, as told by George Sand, is almost too pretty to be true, and one suspects some "arrangement" on the part of the novelist. She relates how Maurice Dupin, on hearing that his mother was in Paris, jumped into a cab with his baby daughter, arrived at the house where Madame Dupin was staying, and persuaded the porter's wife to take the infant with her into Madame's room. The portress accordingly introduced the baby (a handsome dark-eyed little creature, strikingly like its father) as the child of a friend. Madame Dupin admired it and condescended to take it on her knee; suddenly the poor woman began to tremble violently. "You have deceived me," she cried, "I know who it is. It is like—it is like—" The baby, frightened by her agitation, began to cry and the portress, alarmed and apologetic, attempted to take it away; but Madame Dupin would not part with it, and when Maurice appeared, he found his mother, with the tears running down her face, chirruping to the little creature and trying to make it laugh.

From that time the mistress of Nohant, having taken the little Aurore to her heart, found it necessary to make an effort to tolerate the child's mother. Almost from the time of her birth Aurore Dupin was, as her father had been, a sort of battledore tossed to and fro between these women, a perpetual bone of contention for their jealous affection. When Maurice Dupin, riding home to Nohant one dark night, was killed by a fall from his horse, the opposition between them was calmed for a time

by their common grief, but it soon broke out again, with cruel results for the poor child who was the victim of their dissensions. On one side was Madame Dupin de Franceuil, a type of the eighteenth century aristocrat, with that physical inactivity and uselessness, fostered by the conventions of her training, that alertness of mind and facility of conversation of which such portraits as the Marquise de Villemer remind us. Hers was a keen intelligence saturated with the notions of the pre-Revolutionary period, deistical and anti-clerical, and yet so much a slave to the opinion of society, even on points where she despised it, that she had her little granddaughter prepared for her first communion while warning her at the same time not to be so superstitious as to believe what she was told, and sent her to be educated in a fashionable convent, while dreading above all things that she should be affected by the religious atmosphere of the place. These curious inconsistencies in the conduct of her grandmother affected, we may be sure, the sensitive observer who was growing up under her roof, and more especially as she had the opportunity of contrasting so marked a type of the old aristocracy with the woman of the people who was her mother.

This *modiste* with a smirched reputation was in some ways not unworthy to be the mother of a genius. It was not her beauty alone which had attracted Maurice Dupin; she had grace, spirit, and versatility, and these qualities had their effect even on Madame Dupin de Franceuil who distrusted and disliked her. She was marvellously clever with her fingers, active and practical like a true *Parisienne*, devout in her own queer fashion, affectionate, industrious. She brought up her daughter in a breezy impetuous fashion, alternating blows

and caresses, passionately tender, and again as violently unreasonable.

Such as she was, it was a sad day for Aurore when she went back to Paris to live, and the child was left at Nohant to be brought up as her grandmother's heiress. The system of repression on which Madame Dupin went was hard for the wild creature to bear. She was never kissed on impulse, but deliberately as a reward. She was constantly being reminded to hold herself properly, not to loll, not to run, to wear her gloves, and generally to remember that she was a young lady, and must behave as such. She behaved outwardly with a docility that deceived her guardians, but inwardly she was possessed by the idea of a great renunciation. Some day or other she would surrender her rank and estate and go to help her mother in the milliner's shop that "Madame Maurice" talked of opening, with malicious satisfaction in the mortification which she pictured Madame Dupin as feeling when she read her son's name over the shop door in gilt letters a foot long.

Thus outwardly submissive and inwardly rebellious, her life went on. She did lessons with the tutor attached to the household, a sort of French Dominie Sampson, who also acted as bailiff of the estate. Since no one taught her any religion, she invented a deity of her own, made him a little shrine in a corner of the garden, and sacrificed to him by catching birds and butterflies and setting them free in his honour. Her favourite books were translations of the *ILIAD* and *JERUSALEM DELIVERED*, which gave her the framework for the dream-world in which she lived. She could not remember the time when she did not make up romances to herself. When she was a baby of three or four in her mother's little flat at Paris, Victoire used to fence her in

with chairs to prevent her getting into mischief, and she amused herself in this kind of cage with inventing interminable stories. Sometimes she would sit for a long time together on a stool at her mother's feet, plunged in these imaginations; and at such times her face was so expressionless that those who watched her feared she would turn out an exceptionally stupid child. Through all her life, to the very end, this lack of outward brilliance and vivacity was noticeable in her, and it was due to her intensity of inward reverie and vision.

These dreamy moods alternated with periods of violent activity. Her grandmother discovered at last that confinement to the house really hurt her health and she was allowed to run wild with the little villagers of Nohant.

I loved solitude with passion. I loved the society of other children with equal passion. I had friends and companions everywhere. I knew in what field, or meadow, or on what road, I should find Fanchon, Pierrot, Aline, Rosette, and Sylvain. We camped in the ditches, in the trees, by the streams. We kept the flocks,—that is to say, we did nothing of the kind, and while the goats and sheep were feasting on the young wheat, we were wildly dancing, or eating our brown bread and cheese, wild pears and crab apples, blackberries from the hedge, and roots,—nothing came amiss to us.

In the winter evenings she often made one of the party who gathered round the great fireplace in the farmhouse kitchen to listen to the tales that the old women told over their spinning-wheels. Such was the apprenticeship of the child who was to write in after days *LA MARE AU DIABLE* and *LA PETITE FADETTE*.

She knew by heart that country described so deliciously in the opening chapters of *VALENTINE*, "a country of fresh and calm landscapes, of soft green meadows, of melancholy streams."

Her nature was so impressionable that the words of a folk song, with their hint of "old, unhappy, far-off things" could set her weeping. The fields and woods about Nohant had an attraction for this poetic soul, which even from the stir of Paris and the charm of Italy, from fame and love, society and adventure, called her back with an irresistible nostalgia to live and die among them.

In the midst of these calm and happy influences she was haunted by a sense of social injustice. She rebelled at the idea that her mother was working for her bread, while she herself was being brought up to a life of comparative luxury. All the generous instincts of the child's soul went out to the despised and ostracised mother. At last it came to the ears of Madame Dupin that the child nourished the idea of running away from her and going to Madame Maurice at Paris. It seemed to the grandmother that the influence which she so dreaded could only be combated in one way. She called Aurore to her and solemnly told her that her mother was unworthy to have the charge of her.

She might have told me also how my mother had redeemed the past, how since his death [her father's] she had lived humbly, sadly, quietly. I thought I knew this, but I was given to understand that if they told me all the past they spared me for the present, and that there was in the actual life of my mother some new secret which they would not tell me, and which ought to make me tremble for my own future if I insisted on living with her.

The cruelty and folly of such a revelation to a child of twelve does not need dwelling on. It spread a cloud of darkness and mystery about the sweetness and most generous of her affections; it filled her with a morbid distrust. For a time she was

as if stunned, and went about things mechanically, without life or interest. But by degrees the secret strength of her nature reasserted itself. "I discovered," she says, referring to that curious absence of resentment which was so marked a feature of her character, "that I loved both my mother and my grandmother as much as before." Nevertheless she had lost her childish ideal; that glimpse into a dim world of evil, that horror of a vague danger, spoiled all her dreams. The outward effect of this mental and spiritual shock was to make her wild and unmanageable, and the end of it all was that Madame Dupin decided to send her to the Couvent des Anglaises in Paris.

The Couvent des Anglaises was an old religious house, founded under Cromwell for the benefit of English Roman Catholics who were driven from England by the Puritan persecution. Even when Aurore Dupin went there as a pupil, all the nuns were English, Scotch, or Irish. They kept to their English ways, taking tea three times a day, we are told, among other things.

The cloisters and the church were paved with long slabs, under which reposed the venerated bones of English Catholics dead in exile and buried by special favour in this inviolable sanctuary. Everywhere on the walls and on the tombs were epitaphs and religious sentences written in English. In the parlour of the Superior were old portraits of English princes and prelates, with the lovely and frail Mary Stuart, who was accounted a saint by our irreproachable nuns. In short all was English, past and present; and when you had passed the *grille*, it seemed that you had crossed the Channel.

The life at a girls boarding-school has never (if we except VILLETTE) attracted a chronicler of genius; and we should, therefore, be all the more

thankful for those chapters of the *HISTOIRE DE MA VIE* in which Madame Sand, in her old age, retraced her experiences while under the care of the English nuns. They have all the delightful ease and vivid naturalness of her best novels.

The convent was a rambling old house, full of useless stairs and passages, and corridors that led to nothing, and behind it was a huge garden with great chestnut trees. The nuns were kind, well-bred sensible women for the most part, and the chief complaint she has to make of them is that they did not take sufficient part in the teaching themselves, but left too much of it to lay-teachers of an inferior grade. To the sensitive child who had been so long distracted between two jealous and exclusive affections, the convent seemed a haven of rest.

The pupils were unofficially divided by a classification of their own into *diables*, *sages*, and *bêtes*. Aurore naturally ranged herself among the *diables*. One of their favourite amusements was to explore the disused parts of the convent, climbing on the roofs and penetrating to the cellars, with the view of "delivering the victim" as they called it. There was a story, handed down from one generation of pupils to another, about some prisoner who was supposed to be concealed in a recess of the old buildings, and whether this legend inspired faith or not, it furnished an excuse for exciting and breakneck expeditions at unlawful hours. In the case of one of the madcaps, it did more; it fostered that love of secret chambers and subterranean passages, which found expression in episodes like Consuelo's experiences in the Castle of Rudolstadt. In describing the heroine's underground adventures in company with the ineffably dreary Count Albert, was she not living over

again the nocturnal escapades of the *Convent des Anglaises*?

Gradually the girl outgrew these tomboyish diversions, and the reflective, emotional side of her character took the upper hand. Born with a devotional temperament and a questioning rebellious intellect, she was doomed to be buffeted between these opposing tendencies as she had been from the beginning between her noble grandmother and her plebian mother. In the atmosphere of the convent religion asserted its claim. She began to be curious of the devotional life, to study the biographies of the saints. The crisis that followed is best described in her own words.

It [the church] was only lighted by the little sanctuary lamp, the white flame of which was reflected on the polished marble like a star in still water. Pale gleams from it played on the angles of gilded frames, on the wrought candlesticks of the altar, and on the gold surface of the tabernacle. The door was open on account of the heat, and so was a large window which looked on the cemetery. The perfume of jasmine and honeysuckle was wafted on a fresh breeze. The birds sang. I was conscious of a calm, a fascination, a brooding mystery of which I had never had the idea before.

One by one, the few persons scattered about the church retired slowly—I had forgotten everything—I do not know what passed within me. I breathed an atmosphere of indescribable sweetness, and I absorbed it more by the heart than by the senses. Suddenly, I know not what tremor invaded my whole being. My eyes were dazzled as with a white light in which I was enveloped. I thought I heard a voice murmur in my ear, *Tolle, lege*. I turned, thinking that Mary Alicia [one of the nuns] had spoken. I was alone.

I had no proud illusions. I did not believe in a miracle. I quite understood the sort of hallucination into which I had fallen. I was neither intoxicated nor terrified. I neither sought to increase it nor to withdraw myself from it. Only I felt that the Faith had laid hold of me, as I had wished, by the heart.

After the Lives of the Saints, Chateaubriand, and after Chateaubriand, Rousseau. The daughter of Victoire Delaborde, the granddaughter of the Voltairean Madame Dupin was not of the stuff of which saints are made. Yet her experiences had the effect of making her tender and respectful to every form of sincere religious belief.

At the age of sixteen her grandmother took her away from the convent, and began to think about establishing her in marriage. But the activities of the gallant old gentlewoman were nearly at an end. Soon after the return of Aurore to Nohant, Madame Dupin had a paralytic stroke. The day after the attack Aurore was told that in all probability her grandmother would be "childish" for the remainder of her life. The girl, who, when all was said and done, loved passionately the woman who had brought her up, rushed out into the garden to be alone with her grief, and the indifference of Nature struck her to the heart. Years afterwards, she remembered the "insolent" beauty and calm of that summer morning.

During Madame Dupin's lingering illness Aurore was left very much to herself. She read all the books she could lay her hands on with the zest of a newly awakened intellectual passion, she rode about the country unchaperoned, and scandalised the neighbourhood by her disregard of convention and gossip. The Superior of the English nuns had called her Sleeping Water, and through all her

life she astonished those who thought they knew her by the volcanic energy which was usually concealed beneath a quiet indifferent manner.

The death of her grandmother left her in possession of Nohant, with the recommendation that she should have recourse to the protection of her father's family. They did not, however, see fit to countenance her when she went to live with Madame Maurice Dupin. She soon found that her mother's faults of temper had grown upon her to such an extent as to make her almost an impossible companion. It is not surprising that she should have sought to escape from these unsatisfactory conditions of existence by a marriage which seemed to promise comparative independence and a quiet life.

As Madame Dudevant she lived for some years not unhappily. The care of her two children absorbed her, and for the time she was all mother. Then there awoke in her the spirit of her lawless ancestry,—the scorn of convention, the hatred of restraint, the craving for adventure, which she lends to all her heroines, even the most reasonable and respectable, to Consuelo and Caroline as well as to Lelia and Indiana. The rest of her life belongs to the history of the Romantic movement in French literature; but it all lies in germ in the games of the girl who played with the village children in the meadows of Nohant, or dreamed vague dreams of impossible self-devotion in the garden of the Convent des Anglaises.

HIS FIRST PANTHER.

I.

THE Assistant Collector and Magistrate of the First Class, aged twenty-four, tilted his crazy office-chair as far back as he knew to be compatible with safety, and dispassionately scrutinised the two hand-cuffed specimens of native humanity that stood before him. The evidence for the prosecution was complete. Caught red-handed stealing a goat from the village grazing-ground the two thieves could only offer a bare denial of the charge; and as the denial was not backed by a shred of probability, it only remained to award sentence.

The taller of the two criminals was whining in a dull monotone the usual platitudes indulged in by his class on such occasions, his shifty eye roaming round the office-tent as the monotone proceeded. "The police have thrown a net round me, an unfortunate and innocent man. These witnesses have all perjured themselves. We Ratias are hunters and trappers and jungle-folk, and why should I steal a goat?" Here his glance fell on the Court Flogger untying a bundle of canes outside. Fascinated by the sight, he paused abruptly.

But at the word *Ratia* the smaller thief, a beady-eyed, cheerful-looking little man protested in a shrill cracked voice: "This is no *Ratia* but an out-caste of some city. If he be a *Ratia*, let him show the *Ratia* mark. As for me, I am a *Ratia* indeed, and this son of shame is a liar also."

The Assistant Commissioner started from his reverie. This might be worth investigating, and further, he remem-

bered with pride a lesson learned far back in the last rains when as yet he was new to the country. Riding out of some scrub-jungle on to the cultivated lands he had come upon a gang of brown beady-eyed little men busy setting snares for a herd of antelope feeding hard by. They worked silently, driving in their long pegs by thumps and blows with the palms of their right hands. An hour later, the sight of a fine black-buck kicking in the toils had enormously raised these children of Esau in the Englishman's estimation. "Hard on the hands, your trade," he had observed to a patriarch of the tribe. Whereupon, being simple folk and knowing a friend when they saw one, they had all pressed round his skewbald Arab to show how every male of the tribe bore in the right palm the hall-mark of the *Ratia*, — a horny grey callosity about the size of a shilling.

He had the hand-cuffs opened and examined the four perspiring palms held out for inspection. Those of the taller prisoner were plump and smooth, the hands of a thief. Delay in this case was superfluous; "Thirty stripes," the sentence rang out and the man was taken away. But in the palm of the little prisoner there was the mark right enough. The Assistant Commissioner was distressed. Why, with the Central Indian Jungle teeming with edible roots and berries barely two miles away, and around him the black and yellow antelope roaming in herds through the fields of ripening grain, had this man stooped to steal an old

village goat? He put the question point-blank.

The answer was satisfactory. The police of the District, hot on the track of a dacoity, had raided the Ratias' camp a month ago, arrested the party and seized all nets and snares found on the spot together with two stalking-bullocks. The human portion of the spoil had been released, but the traps and nets and, above all, the priceless trained bullocks, were still in custody. He, the accused, was no *kisan* (cultivator) nor such a one as should work for hire; he hungered for meat, and so he stole the goat.

"Twenty stripes," said the Assistant Commissioner and shut the register of Summary Trials with a bang. "Having been whipped," he added, "you will be given your bullocks and gear this evening."

In a little while the beast-like howls of the first accused bore witness to the assembled villagers to the justice of the Sirkar. The Ratia took his twenty stripes in silence, wriggling prodigiously. On being released, he snorted, slipped a morsel of opium into his mouth and, from force of habit, bent himself to slide into the squatting posture natural to the Oriental. Half-way through the action he appeared to remember something and straightened himself with a jerk. Some one in the crowd (it was the owner of the goat) laughed; the Assistant Commissioner laughed also, and, true flattery, the laugh became general. "When your Highness goes to Durbar," asked a waggish constable of the victim, "will he be pleased to accept a chair?"

The little crowd melted away and the camp resumed its normal aspect of repose. It was the middle of the afternoon. Kingfishers, emerald (the smaller kind) and pied black and white (the larger), hovered in pairs above

the blue tank and dropped like plummets amid a shower of diamond spray. The crumbling fort of some by-gone aboriginal Rajah took up half the village side of the sheet of water, and the battlements were lined with grey monkeys basking and blinking in the warmth. Below the monkeys, out of broken casements and ruined cell-like chambers, burst a wealth of tropic grass and bush and flower. A rustle, and the crest and shining eyes of a peacock were thrust tentatively through a rift in the masonry; the whole bird followed and with him his four mates. They took up statue-like poses full in the eye of the declining sun and backed by a sculptured slab set above a doorway. Below them, again, the lotus-covered surface of the tank crept up to the yellow wall. Small chuckling grebe-like creatures bustled and dived among the vermilion flowers. A bluish-black bird, with preposterously long toes and a cocked-up tail, was racing over the unsteady rafts of leaf in pursuit of an invisible prey, and two bald-headed ibises with scarlet-rimmed eyes stood dreaming in the shallows. Over all hung the fluttering kestrels, patientest of all hunters of the air. Not the faintest zephyr was abroad. The jungle encircled tank and village and cultivated lands with a dense wall of vegetation, and from time to time the broad teak leaves fell, dry and clattering into eternal silence.

The Assistant Commissioner yawned and called for his shot-gun. There were a few acres of snipe-ground below the tank among the rice-fields, and to shoot his dinner had formed for the last month or two part of the daily routine of his life. His silent bearer brought him his weapon and in the other hand his master's heavy .500 Express. There was a significant gleam in his eye, as he awaited permission to speak.

The Assistant Commissioner looked, noted, and said one word, "Why?"

The words tumbled out of the man's mouth in his haste. "It is that rogue of a thief, the twenty-stripe fellow, he says he has sure news of a panther not a mile from here, and if the Sahib will sit up for it, in one hour from now he will obtain a shot. The man is a thief, but he is a jungle-dweller, and perhaps, — but let the Presence himself question him." Now the Sahib was perfectly aware that had not the tale seemed to his servant a genuine one the rifle would never have been taken from its case. "Produce the man," he said.

The thief stepped out from the flies of the tent and salaamed. He appeared but little the worse for his flogging, and in his uncouth dialect began, "Concerning my nets and bullock," only to be cut short by a snort of indignation from the majestic Musulman behind the Sahib's chair. "To the point, oh scum! Speak about the panther or thy head will be broken. Thy nets—pah!"

So he spoke of the panther. At dawn that day he had come upon the beast licking his bloody chops over the body of a dead heifer in a field hard by the jungle-line. He had scared it off its prey and at evening, when the fields were deserted, it would certainly return to the kill. No time was to be lost. Let the Sahib start, and let a kid also be taken along, for, if the kill had been dragged into the jungle, as was probably the case, the kid could be tethered in the field near a convenient tree and by its bleating lure the panther into the open where a clear shot was possible.

The plan was approved and at once the expedition started. Snipe rose in whisks at their feet as the party picked their way along the narrow rice embankments out towards the drier fields and the fire-line that divides

the Government Reserved Forest from the tilled village lands.

II.

The social nature of the domestic goat of India has gained for that animal an unenviable reputation as the best possible bait for the larger carnivora of the jungle. To employ the offspring of the sacred cow is in a Hindu country impracticable. Your young buffalo stands in moody silence under the tree to which he is bound, or, with an indifference exasperating to the watcher, in the *machan* lies down quietly to sleep; but the kid of the goats, separated from his fellows and deserted by those who have tethered him down, calls heaven and earth to witness the lonesomeness of his position, till for far and wide the round ear of many a beast of prey cocks as at the sound of a dinner-bell. Should the eye of the victim, however, fall upon the watcher in the tree above, the insistent bleatings cease; there is company, and he is not afraid. Hence the black and white kid was elaborately blindfolded before the Assistant Commissioner climbed up into the acacia tree, when, the bandage removed, the natives departed, talking loudly, accordingly to custom, in order to impress on any neighbouring panther the fact that they had really and truly quitted the scene. The goat tugged and strained at the cord in his effort to follow them; then he lifted up his voice in a shrill incessant stream of bleatings.

The watcher sat like a graven image and abandoned himself to a mental attitude of pure receptiveness. To right and left before him stretched the line of Government jungle, a wall of forest cut off sharply from the fields by the regulation forty foot burnt fire-line. Somewhere behind that screen was moving the beast he

had come to kill. Mysterious noises, rustlings, and scamperings over the carpet of dried leaves, told of the presence of the smaller folk of the jungle whose play-hour it was. As the sun sank lower so the voices of the jungle acquired new character in the unearthly stillness of the evening. Peafowl called like great cats from one forest giant to another, as they ascended with leaps and flappings to their immemorial roosts in the higher branches. A sambhur stag, a full mile away, sent a challenge to his rival across the river; the call, half bellow, half roar, was taken up vigorously, and the echoes of the river-bed played fantastic tricks with the sound. Near at hand a family of mongooses, hot on the trail, hunted along the fire-line, doubling in and out of the forest-screen like monster weasels. And the goat, in an agony of loneliness, tugged at the cord and shook the air with long quavering bleatings.

The sun was now so low that its rays seemed to strike the wall of jungle in horizontal shafts, lighting up dark alleys where the screen of verdure was thinnest, and flooding the cultivated lands with a warm amber-coloured glow. It was the hour of perfect peace, when, for a brief space, time becomes a word without meaning and seconds are interchangeable with years. Then there came a change.

A band of spotted deer (three hinds headed by a stag) broke at full gallop from the forest, and dashed recklessly across the fire-line and over the bare fields, heading for the farther belt of jungle. They passed within gun-shot of the Assistant Commissioner, the stag's antlers thrown back almost to his haunches, his liquid eye distended with terror. The noise of flying hoofs died away and was succeeded by a silence unbroken but for the reedy shrilling of a tree-cricket above the

watcher's head. The pea-fowl had ceased calling. Then a solitary monkey coughed and barked behind the screen of trees, jerking out his observations not, as it seemed, at random, but with an objective. The little goat no longer bleated. It stood staring at the fire-line, and now and again stamped with a nervous fore-foot. Slowly, very slowly, the Assistant Commissioner raised his head and his eyes followed the direction of the glassy gaze of the goat. The beast had come.

With head sunk below his massive shoulders he stood on the blackened fire-line, an old and heavy panther. The dying sun shone full on his broad chest and bowed fore-legs which at fifty paces distant seemed a pinkish white. So still was he that, save for the eyes, the sleek dappled body might have been of moulded bronze; but the eyes, malignant, intense, inscrutable, were fixed in an unblinking stare upon the goat. The goat, with the pluck of its kind, faced the beast in silence, stamping and challenging with pathetically useless little horns.

A fine perspiration burst from the palms of the watcher in the tree, until it seemed impossible to him to hold the rifle firmly. On a sudden, too, the weight of the barrel resting upon his thigh became intolerable. Cramp threatened his bent limbs, yet to move or shoot at this stage was out of the question. The very motion of breathing made the creaking of his leggings horribly audible to his quickened sense of hearing. Minutes passed like hours and still the beast stood, staring.

The sun dropped into the ocean of forest in the West. Then, stepping delicately with noiseless pads, the beast walked across the fire-line. The ground was thick with last year's teak-leaves, but the heavy

fore-paws were lifted and planted in perfect silence. Not for an instant did the yellow eyes relax their intense gaze. On reaching the edge of the field, the body sank upon its quarters, the fore-limbs were slowly extended, and, its chin upon its knuckles, the beast lay down deliberately and watched the goat.

A vague anxiety pervaded the mind of the watcher. The light was fading fast; the panther's back harmonised most astonishingly with the brown and grey of the wheat stubble in the field. Should he shoot now, at thirty yards, or wait for the final rush? Plainly the beast was in no hurry for his food, and might gloat on for another hour, when, however close the range, accurate aiming would be impossible; the chance must be taken now. The fore-finger felt for the trigger, the grip on stock and barrels tightened, the rifle had journeyed an infinitesimal fraction of the space between hip and shoulder, when the beast rose upon his feet. His progress towards the goat was now even more stealthy than before. The head was sunk lower from the shoulders, and the expression in the straining eyes, which faced the sunset, unspeakably sinister. Yard after yard was covered until a bare score of paces separated the destroyer and his prey. Then rising to his full height he ran very swiftly in upon the goat; but the rifle was up like a flash, and the sights covering the working shoulder-blade. In mid-charge the beast glanced up at the watcher; the eyes flashed defiance, the lip curled in hatred as, aware of danger, the beast swerved in his rush. Too late! The right barrel spoke. Roaring angrily, the panther rolled over and over, struck a hand's breadth too far back, through the lungs. Recovering himself, he made for the

jungle. A bullet from the left barrel finding him ere he reached the fire-line, failed to stop him. Limping, shrunk to half his size, the tail pressed against the tucked-up quarters, a very different creature from that which had emerged from the forest in the pride of savage strength one hour before, stumbled back into sanctuary, whence the crashing of dried leaves and twigs in the darkness told of his scared progress far into the jungle.

The Assistant Commissioner climbed down stiffly to find the jungle-man and a villager scrutinising certain gouts of blood upon the ground. "To-morrow," they said, "the Sahib will find him dead. See, this is blood from the lungs. This was no dog-filching leopard, but the heavy cattle-killer who has vexed us for a twelvemonth past."

Through the myriad noises of the Indian night the party tramped back to the tent.

III.

Personally, I, to whom the Assistant Commissioner confided his experiences in the matter of his first panther, am of opinion that the vigil in the acacia tree at sunset brought on a touch of fever enough to throw his usually steady nerves off their normal balance. He, on the contrary, asserts that on rising next morning he felt as physically fit as he had ever felt in all his life; but he admits passing a bad night, to have twice been awakened by a feeling of intolerable pressure upon his chest, and to have been persistently haunted by dreams of a wounded beast gasping out his life in the dark jungle. He saw it with a curious vividness of detail common to few dreams. On a yellow carpet of withered fronds, under a clump of tall canes in the depths of one of those bamboo groves that vary

with their plume-like foliage the monotony of a teak-forest, the dying panther half crouched, half sat. At every laboured breath blood welled from a gaping wound in the flank. The spotted fore-legs were planted wide apart and the curved claws, ivory white, were plunged convulsively into the matted floor of the jungle. Overhead, the arching stems met to form a leafy canopy that tempered without shutting out the sunlight. The thick clumps of giant bamboos were so compact in themselves and in such close contiguity as to produce the impression of a many-columned vault with groined roof. The deadly stillness furthered this impression. Of his own presence in the grove the dreamer was not aware until the beast, raising his eyes, looked him full in the face. Then suddenly awake and damp with perspiration, he leaped from his bed and called for the early morning coffee and fruit.

Outside the tent his orderly was guarding his master's gun and cartridge-bag in the shade of a huge mango tree. The man of the jungles stood at a respectful distance, leaning on a long be-tasselled spear borrowed for the occasion from the village watchman, and near him squatted four aboriginals, armed one and all with the deadly little axe from which the Gond of the forests is never parted from earliest childhood until death. Unrivalled in woodcraft, their part was to construct a rude litter in the jungle whereon to carry home the carcase of the quarry.

The Assistant Commissioner stepped out into the sunlight, throwing a handful of plantain-skins to the little goat who now, in honoured retirement from a dangerous calling, roamed at will about the camp, harassing with an omnivorous curiosity the soul of the somnolent Madrassi cook. His first

act was to look down the barrels of the rifle and load it, his second, to select and place in his left-hand pocket half a dozen spare cartridges. Then, without further delay, the expedition started in single file, for while the good manners of the orderly forbade him from walking anywhere but immediately at his master's heels, an immemorial instinct akin to that of skein-flying wild-fowl drives the jungle-born to walk each behind the other. Progress is more silent, a single axe clears the way for all, and light conversation is not encouraged on the jungle-paths.

On a cold-weather morning in the forests of Central India it is an exquisite pleasure to be alive. To inhale deep breaths of an air fragrant with a hundred subtle odours of earth and tree, and tempered to a delicious keenness, is like quaffing draughts of a still pure wine. Every bush, every tuft of grass is athrob with life. The ringing call of the grey partridge, happiest of Indian bird-notes, is heard from all sides. From thicket to thicket across perilously open patches of turf the timid quail run in a fearful joy, peering sidelong as they go for a glimpse of their arch-enemy the kite. The cooing of countless doves rises in a bewildering volume of sound, and with only a moderate amount of good luck one may come upon a peacock parading his splendours to his mates in some sunlit glade; such a sight is not soon forgotten. As for the morning in question, a heavy fall of dew sparkled on blade and twig. Once something stirred in a low thorn bush near the path, and three axes whizzing simultaneously from three sinewy arms crashed into the underwood. A dead hare was extracted in triumph and tongues were loosened over this wind-fall, even the taciturn Gonds breaking into speech. But the Assistant

Commissioner was in no mood for talking. An indescribable feeling of depression, mingled with impatience, distracted his powers of observation. The vision of the night rose and troubled him. By what conceivable right had he presumed to murder (for the coward shot had been fired from a position of perfect safety) one of the most beautiful of the Creator's predatory tribes? True, the beast was a proved cattle-lifter, but this was small justification for inflicting on him a death of lingering agony. The beast was wont to kill with swift scientific certainty, no botcher at earning his livelihood. And in one moment, for the only crime of carrying out a natural instinct, he had been reduced to a condition of pierced and crippled helplessness by a foe that dared not meet him on the level and in the open. It seemed a dastardly business, and one to be completed with all possible expedition. Was the beast yet living, or had a merciful death come upon him in the scented night or at grey morning-time? He breathed a silent prayer that the wound might have proved fatal long ago. Then, in startling vividness, there flashed on his inner eye the vision of the vaulted bamboo grove, and an anguish-stricken panther tearing with protruded claws the yellow carpet of matted cane-leaves. He turned suddenly to one of the Gond trudging in his rear: "Are there any bamboos in the Government jungle?" he asked.

The reply was that only one grove remained, rescued by the Sirkar when the forest had been declared reserved from wasteful destruction at the hands of neighbouring villagers. The canes, added the speaker, were very old and thicker than ordinary.

Upon this, the orderly, a vulture-featured Mussulman with thin henna-dyed beard, launched into reminiscences

of panthers and Sahibs whom he had known and hunted with in his own hot youth, — of Burton Sahib, who was wont to catch panthers in a huge mouse-trap, and, having turned them loose on the parade-ground, to ride them down with a hog-spear alone; of Thomson Sahib who crawled into a lime-kiln after a man-eater and there concluded the business at close quarters with a revolver-bullet between the eyes; and many other great *shikaris* had he, Karim Bux, served, but the greatest of all had been i-Smith Sahib who had over a hundred panthers to his name and, thrice mauled, showed a helpless forearm as evidence of an encounter that had nearly proved fatal.

But the Assistant Commissioner, more than ever lost in his own thoughts, scarcely listened to this narration of legendary exploits of by-gone heroes. Walking as one in a dream, he felt each step bearing him nearer to some undefined disaster, some danger which he strove in vain to grapple with in imagination. Yet, as he repeatedly assured himself, the position in which he found himself the chief actor was commonplace, even hackneyed. Scores of white men in India yearly went through the same performance. Granted that some life still remained in the beast, he would probably charge and be shot down at close range; of the two bullets, one would surely fly straight enough to stop a rush. Should the worst happen and both barrels miss, at his back would be the old orderly with the shot-gun loaded with slugs, and there was also the man with the crimson-tasselled spear. The situation could hardly hold other events in store for him; what danger there was was purely material, and he strove to discount it by calm anticipation. He was not afraid, but he was terribly afraid of being afraid. In spite of

all his efforts the sense of impending catastrophe growing upon him numbed his brain into an unreasoning apprehension of ill.

The party had now reached the scene of the last evening's vigil; where the wounded panther had entered the jungle a dull brown smear on the side of a teak-sapling marked his passage. Here the four Gonds were bidden to halt on the fire-line until summoned. Attended by the orderly and the Ratia, the Assistant Commissioner set about following up the trail. In this there was little difficulty, for blood-stains lay thick upon the withered leaves; but the three moved with caution. Open though the jungle was at its fringe, the red sandstone boulders cropped plentifully through the thin soil, providing ample cover for a wounded beast of prey. Gradually, as the undergrowth grew denser, the progress of the trackers slackened. At a momentary break in the trail the old orderly broke the silence in an agitated whisper. "Sahib," he murmured, "this is an evil place. Let the Presence be guided by my advice and send for buffaloes that they may beat the jungle hereabouts, for thus would i-Smith Sahib and Thomson Sahib drive out many a wounded panther from even such a jungle as this." The Ratia laughed. "There are scarce a score of buffaloes," he said, "in ten villages round, and to collect them would take us till evening. Why should we take all this trouble for a mangy panther when we have two guns and a spear?"

The Assistant Commissioner straightened his back and gazed keenly into the jungle to his front. Over the tops of the young teaks he saw a single shoot of bamboo drooping gracefully, with light green foliage a-shimmer in the sunlight. The spot was not twenty paces from where he stood.

Then for the first time in his life he began to be horribly afraid. He had read of fear in books and talked of it in jest, and as he recognised its symptoms in himself (the cold, rough skin and the strange weakness at the back of his knees) he was filled with passionate self-loathing. Under pretence of searching for the trail he bent double lest his cowardice might show itself in his face. He knew well where the beast would be found, trail or no trail. His feet, heavy as lead, took him with torturing slowness toward the bamboos. His brain was a surging sea of conflicting feelings. "Send for the buffaloes," clamoured his baser self with stunning persistency. "Remember that a man has not a ghost of a chance against a wounded panther in thick jungle. And what glory is there in being mauled? Send for the buffaloes." But from the more inward depths of consciousness rose other clearer voices, the protests of his training and education, and, more than all, of his pride of race. "If you shirk walking the beast up yourself," said these voices, "you stand self-condemned. You elected to play a dangerous game, with the odds at first enormously in your favour. Now that the game bids fair to go against you, you would back out of it like an undisciplined child, or seek to restore the former odds by unfair means. It is the risk that makes the game worth playing; without it, it is butchery. And will you, a white man in authority, armed with a double-barrelled rifle, turn from an encounter which the half-clad, undersized native at your back is ready, armed only with a spear, to face? You would have few to witness your disgrace but,—you could never shoot in these jungles again. You had the Ratia flogged yesterday; could you have taken the punishment in silence and harboured no resent-

ment against its author? Will you now show yourself the inferior of such a man? You cannot, you dare not! You must face the music!"

The old orderly was by now lagging considerably in the rear. Stooping and peering in the dark green shade, the Englishman followed closely by the Ratia advanced step by step into the bamboo grove. In the mind of the former an immense impatience began to obscure all powers of thought and reason. There was now no question of retreat; but, so that the end came quickly, he had almost ceased to care in whose favour the affair might terminate. There was blood on the ground at his feet,—fresh red blood—and a little further on there was quite a pool of the same horrible colour. The end must be very near now.

"Sahib, Sahib," pleaded a low voice at his elbow, "look to the right."

The Assistant Commissioner looked, and for an instant his heart stopped beating. Scarce three paces from his feet crouched and swayed a dying panther, gathering with a tremendous effort all his remaining forces for a final spring. Blood dropped from the half open mouth and quivering lower jaw, and the white teeth were smeared with crimson. In the beast's eyes there burned such an awful glare of hate and mortal agony that as the Englishman threw the rifle to his shoulder he turned his head away, faint and sick. As the report rang out, the beast in silence leaped full

at the man's chest. The latter, dashed with fearful violence to the ground, his rifle hurled far from his hand, lay still beneath him. Then one ran up swiftly from behind and thrust the beast off the body with a tasselled spear, pinning the feebly writhing creature to the earth until its struggles ceased.

"The Sahib," said the orderly after a close examination of the yet unconscious man, "must have struck his head against this root and thus he has lost his senses. He has also a shallow bite on his shoulder."

The little Gonds made two litters out of canes and creepers and carried home the slayer and the slain. For two days the Assistant Commissioner lay in a high fever; on the morning of the third he saw the world once more with discerning eyes. The flies of the tent were fastened back, for it was a hot morning. At the door sat his bearer, fast asleep, and a black and white kid roamed restlessly over the matting by the bed. Without, under the mango tree, two natives were engaged in rubbing a pegged-out panther skin, singing monotonously the while.

The bearer woke with a start and brought his master quinine. He salaamed profoundly. "Next time," he said, "the Presence will send for buffaloes."

"Ah," said the Assistant Commissioner faintly. But next time he did not!

C. P.

THE PICTURE POST-CARD.

THE superior person despises the picture post-card. He declares that he can see neither rhyme nor reason in collecting cards with not very perfect photographs of places where the collector has never been nor ever expects to go. The superior person has said this of various other whims. He declared much the same thing in respect to stamp-collecting. Like Judas on a famous occasion, he alleged that it was a waste of money, and like Judas in this also, he further declared that he could indicate a far better method in which the money could be spent. He has also attacked the collecting of beetles and butterflies, and when the pathetic time has arrived for the sale of such collections, possibly by auction, he has said that the ludicrously small prices which the treasures attract are exactly the estimate which he would put on them.

The fact is that the superior person entirely fails to see that it is not the collecting in itself which is the charm but the imaginative sense which lies behind the collection. For example, the collector of picture-cards, be he never so prosaic, can hardly look over a well-arranged collection without feeling something of the sentiment which inspired Dr. Johnson when he said that he regarded travelling as the mere regulator of the imagination. It was the imagination which provided the facts; travelling merely checks the mental array of facts with the realities. Consequently the collector of picture-cards, if the hobby be carried out with the intelligence which it deserves, is constantly, in the imagination, traversing the whole

world; and since we must admit with Napoleon that it is the imagination which governs the human race, we are compelled to pay one tribute to this humble pastime, and that tribute is that the follower of this little enterprise is dealing with a faculty, whether he know it or not, which is of immense importance to the world.

Bailey, in that curious poem, *FESTUS*, declares of the imagination that it deals with another and a better world. We can say much the same thing of the amusement which we are considering. The young man or the young woman who gathers picture post-cards is directing his or her imagination to another, though we cannot say a better, world. But in days when narrowness and insularity are a positive combination of dangers, when the routine of ordinary lives is growing more dull by reason of the advances of science, when bit by bit the possibilities of the exercise of discretion or judgment are removed from the lives of thousands and instead there is the daily attending to this little shuttle or that little entry in log-books and ledgers, we should not too readily condemn any fashion which acts in the direction of broadening interests and awaking enthusiasm for what may appear to some of us to be trifles but to them are the occasions of delight and of forgetfulness of irksome drudgeries.

In fact it would appear that it is not merely accidental that the picture post-card should triumph in what we call the artizan classes. It is of the fancy as it affects the wage-earners

and their dependents that we have to speak. Cases are known where women in very humble life have spent their pence in the collection of picture-cards which it would be difficult to call either beautiful or attractive. The colouring might frighten us; the difference between the picture and the place it pretends to portray might arouse in us a sense of protest. But what other means is there for that vast class which we call the Million to acquire collections of art products? What means is there, other than the dream-travelling which is engendered by the picture post-card, for those whose bounds of travelling are the summer watering-place and the Bank Holiday picnic, to know that far from England there are places of rare beauty and of very living interest? There is an education in travelling,—we have the authority of Lord Chesterfield for the statement,—but for those who cannot travel, to whom even the excellent arrangements of the Polytechnic are a luxury beyond their reach, the picture post-card would seem to supply a need for which philanthropists and social reformers have long sought.

There is herein a lesson for those who, with the best of intentions have founded picture galleries and museums for the people. It would appear to be proved by the taste in picture-cards that the individual prefers his own little picture gallery. Be it never so humble there is nothing like having a thing for one's own. Goethe would be horrified, of course, for he declared that the gratification of the imagination without the exercise of taste according to some canons of art was the most fearful thing which could be imagined. Let us admit the fact; but then we come face to face with another question. Is it better that men and women should be interested in what they regard as things of

beauty, that they should gather and preserve and treasure them, or that they should aspire to critical canons of taste which, even if they adopt them, they cannot understand?

It is further remarkable that this movement has developed of its own accord. There is a village in Lancashire where owing to the enterprise of a small shop-keeper there are available all manner of picture-cards. We are informed by the very intelligent man who presides over the establishment that he considered that it was worth his while to visit London in order that he might obtain the best cards which were in the market. He came home armed with thousands of cards, pictures of continental cities, pictures of scenes so far away as Japan, reproductions of some of the world's greatest pictures, and portraits of some of the world's greatest men. He had sold out his stock in a fortnight, and he declares that there is not a house in the district where there is not something in the way of a collection. The villagers exchange their collections with each other for the purpose of examination, and the fact that this or that person has come across a particular treasure flies through the district much as the news of the discovery of a huge nugget of gold flies through the Klondykes. It is something in the way of a corrective in a materialistic day. The humble collectors have not even the quasi-materialism of the stamp-collector, since there is not the slightest prospect that their little collection will ultimately be of priceless worth. But the simple and not unfriendly rivalry has its interest, and the drudgery of the day and the grey sameness of life are forgotten. There is neither Government nor Municipal encouragement for the pastime. None seems to offer prizes. There are no committees to encourage it, nor are rates

levied on the people for their education in this matter. In spite of all that has been done to foster other delights, the delight in art, science, literature, the fact remains that without any extraneous aid the delight in the collection of picture post-cards has grown to such dimensions that its extent would hardly be believed by those who have not had the opportunity to see it at first hand.

The caviller points out that the first aim of the picture post-card is overlooked. It was devised to transmit to our friends from us who are busy travelling, and too busy for the duty of letter-writing, a picture of the place where we are. The very idea of purchasing these cards in a small shop in a village fills him with horror. What is the use of going to Venice and sending a legitimate picture-card thence, when a shop, which deals by right with sweetmeats and tobacco, is able to sell for a penny as good a card of St. Mark's as any we could find in the city of the lagoons? But, by way of answer, let us point out that it was the original idea of the card which has opened the eyes of the world to the sense of beauty in pictures, and it is not at all antagonistic to the original idea, rather is it the contrary, if the people in their thousands, having no friends in their social circle who are likely to travel, choose to supply the need at the small and insignificant emporium to which we have referred. Indeed there are three stages in the process. First there is the stage where the person who travels buys cards for his own delectation in after years. Then there is the second class, the happy recipients of cards from friends who are seeing the distant places with eyes near akin to their own. The humbler people with whom we are dealing are not able to travel, neither

are they able to receive the designs from friends who travel. The next best thing is to purchase them for themselves, for we may be sure that every lover of the picture post-card would far prefer the receipt of a card, genuinely through the post from an intimate, than to purchase it. It is under the force of grim necessity that they adopt the latter course.

It is no less remarkable that there should spring up a community of interest between those who have adopted the harmless amusement of making a collection of such treasures on more or less scientific lines. It is said that a journal is to be begun to link together the whole community. This is the normal procedure in English life to-day, and whenever half a dozen Englishmen think in common they are pretty sure to establish an organ for the articulation of their demands, their needs, their aspirations. No doubt the collector of picture-cards, like the owners of bicycles and motor cars, will find before very long that he has grievances, and the organ in question will enable him to give expression to those grievances and to lead others to realise how acute those grievances really are, though indeed they never felt them before. It is the prerogative of a Free Press. But be it said that even so the result of this combining of what are in essence individual pastimes will be to raise the standard, for it is certain that nothing has raised the standard of amateur photography, for example, more than the excellent journals which set out to assist the amateur and to teach him to what heights he can aspire. The same will happen to the collector of picture-cards. Away in his little village he has no opportunity of hearing of the purchases which might be made. He knows nothing of the wonderful cards which are to be found in some portion of the

world of which he has never heard, or of which the keeper of his local shop is unaware. But by means of the interchange of thought which would be possible in a journal such as we have described he will be safeguarded from undue self-elation. The mountains to be scaled will hold him from pride when he reaches the top of the local hillock.

But there is more to be said on this point. We have just been looking at an admirable collection kept by a collier, of all men. This collection has charms of its own. The cards are placed in the album in such a way as to leave room for extracts from the newspapers to be pasted in, or for written comments to be inserted. He has a collection of some hundreds of Paris views alone, and under each picture there is a careful little note, describing the scene so far as he could obtain a description from the books in the local library, and giving brief references to historical and other facts which might bear on the interest of the picture. Every event of the French Revolution which he could locate is indicated in red ink, and there is a grim suitability in the choice of the colour which, no doubt, was not altogether unconscious. This man admits that prior to taking up this hobby he knew nothing of history, but he adds, with pardonable pride, that "he has learned a lot." We can well believe it; we can well believe, too, that his passion for carrying out this excellent idea will grow according as he adds to his collection, and when we point out that very probably he will not rest eventually until he actually goes to Paris to see the places for himself, and that when he does go he will take the "seeing eye and the heart which understands," we are paying the profoundest compliment to a

hobby which many are disposed to dismiss with a sigh as a mere waste of time and money. Added to this the one fact that the man in question has used a local library, and used it with interest and delight, whereas hitherto he regarded it as a place for the schoolmaster and one or two book-worms, we are claiming still one more point, and an important point, in its favour.

The most remarkable fact of all is that the prophets who declared that the fancy was utterly ephemeral seem one and all to be wrong. True the same was said of stamp-collecting, and this amusement is probably more in favour than ever it was. But none could have prophesied, a few years back that the rage for picture post-cards would grow to such a pitch that some of the best artists are content to design them, some of the best printing firms are eager to excel in the production of them, and in villages far away from any particular loveliness of Nature there are those who are delighting in scenes which their eyes will never behold, witnessing them through the medium of the picture post-card. We are informed on excellent authority that the sales of these simple artistic devices in the Lancashire industrial districts alone is to be numbered by hundreds of thousands, a factor in social life the importance of which should not be minimised. Not least important is the further fact that the art of picture-printing is receiving an impetus which will do more to develop it than any influence which has so far been exercised upon it. The collector is by his nature an aspirant for the very best that can be produced, and when the rivalry takes the form of producing that which will impress those collectors who are day by day improving in the quality of their taste, we can well see that

there are yet fields for enterprise which offer opportunities far beyond any of which we could have dreamed only a few years ago.

One might well wonder whether something could not be done to co-ordinate this wide-spread attachment to the little novelty. Would something in the direction of an exhibition of picture post-cards, as collected by genuine amateurs, avail anything in encouraging an improved taste? There are flower-shows, where prizes are given for the best products, and there are photographic exhibitions where the cultivation of the art of photography is similarly encouraged. Might not a public function of the type be introduced with good effect in respect to the collection, assortment, and arrangement (not to speak of the adding of elucidatory notes) of the picture post-card? Much has of late years been done to encourage the Masses to employ their leisure time in seemly and fruitful ways. Mr. Carnegie has encouraged the libraries, and though his action has again and again been criticised, the fact remains that he has put into the possession of countless thousands the literature of the ages. Might not something be done to assist this new fancy, to lead it into channels where it might be more desirably encouraged? Or, and this would be of far more promise, local committees might take up some such work, and acknowledge thereby

the industry, the enthusiasm, the initial love of art, all of which are manifested by the devotion of the true collector. One thing is certain, and that is that in our day we cannot afford to overlook any opportunity for cultivating the imagination of the people. Macaulay said of one man's imagination that it had the wings of an ostrich; it could run but not soar. Dare we suggest that if any effort on the part of the well-wishers of the people were to enable their imaginations to soar and not merely to run along the surface of the earth, the benefits to a world where the tendencies and temptations towards that which is sordid and earthly are almost overpowering would be incalculable? We cannot afford to despise the leisure of the people. It is that which removes the brooding which makes discontent, the introspection which gives birth to sullenness, the lack of ambition which breeds apathy to all the whisperings of the "things which are more excellent." We cannot work revolutions, nor have we a magician's wand by which we can transfuse life, which is beest by the cares of the irksome day, into the rich and full life of the sturdy intellect and the insightful mind and the gracious heart. But we can do the little things which make in directions the final purpose of which we cannot and dare not attempt to foresee.

THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

I HAVE travelled now over all the great continental railway systems that are already completed, the trans-European (which is too much a matter of course to be interesting), the trans-American, and the trans-Asian, and I fully expect, if my doctor is reasonably successful in prolonging life, to add a trans-African journey to my experiences. When it is once built, the line from Cape to Cairo will easily rank first in its romantic interest, its daring achievement in piercing that baffling dark continent which even these days of exploration have not robbed of its mystery, perhaps even in its engineering feats, though the palm for them rests at present with America, with its precipitous descent on the Pacific side of the Rocky Mountains; but for sheer stupendous length, neither of them will be able to vie with the Siberian railway, and I acknowledge reluctantly that so far, in spite of those short miles of switchback to the American shore of the Pacific, the prize for railway enterprise lies, not with the English but with the Tartar race.

I travelled out to the East by the ordinary water-route, enjoying the adventure of a cyclone on my way, and after a pleasant journey through Japan, found myself at Shan-hai-kwan and from thence prepared to return to Western civilisation by rail. Eclipsed by its gigantic neighbour, the railway line that runs through Shan-hai-kwan to Niuchwang, built by British capital and under British supervision, has hardly met with the attention it deserves. It is a splendid

line, better laid even than the trans-Siberian which almost baffles fault-finding, finely bridging river after river which here form the chief obstacles, with their severe yearly floods. I left Shan-hai-kwan on a Saturday in the very early morning, and a twelve hours' run brought me to the terminus opposite Niuchwang. The Tah-ling-hur I crossed about noon by a temporary bridge, a bridge that has to be taken to pieces and removed every twelve months before the on-coming of the rains, which soon swell the river into a raging sea overturning all but the strongest structures; but a permanent bridge was well advanced towards completion and by now must have taken the place of its wooden predecessor. It was almost dusk when I left the train and embarked on the ferry boat which was to carry me across the Leao to the treaty-port of Niuchwang. It was a fine stream of immense span from bank to bank, flowing with a strong, eager current and breaking here and there into tiny waves which caught the last, rose-coloured reflections from the rapidly darkening sky. A grey, shadowy sea lay on one side of me; on the other, a great fleet of junks slipped silently away up the river, grotesque in outline, but in that dim light wearing an air of unreality, of mystery, and I know not what of the glamour of the Orient took me for an instant by the throat. Life was serious enough, however, to those junks crowding up the river together and not daring to part company even in the interests of competitive commerce; for the upper reaches of the Leao swarm with

pirates, and the only hope of safety for these peaceful merchant-men (for the Chinese trader is by no means bellicose) lies in travelling in such numbers as to render attack formidable by sheer weight of resistance.

I left my boat at the Niuchwang quay and went on to Russia-town which is the terminus of the Manchurian railway, and there I took the train on Sunday at half-past six in the morning. I was the only Englishman on the journey, and shared my coupé with a German, a pleasant, intelligent man who, fortunately for me, spoke English. We were travelling second-class, as no one on the Siberian railway travels first except those who have their tickets paid for them by somebody else; and as the second is just as good as the first, and carries with it the same privileges, the only difference between the two that I could find was that the second-class carriages were fitted up to take four passengers instead of two. The German and I approached the Chief of the train, an official who acts as general overseer and is a sort of Czar of a little rolling kingdom, and offered him twenty roubles to keep the carriage to ourselves; but he demanded one full fare, and so we decided to trust to luck, which seemed easily on our side as there were several empty coupés. But at Kharbin, where the passengers from Vladivostock joined the train, his outraged majesty presented us with a travelling companion. He was a Frenchman, an Alsatian, who to our joy refused point-blank to occupy a carriage with two others while there were other compartments, and tenantless, on the train. The argument soon grew warlike, but it ended in the Alsatian carrying his point and bundling his traps out of our sight. But he had made an enemy of the Chief who came back complaining bitterly (and to us of all people!) of

the insults he had been subjected to by "that brute of an Englishman," for along the Siberian railway any man who makes a fuss and gives trouble, however much within his rights, must of necessity be English. This assumption that the British must be at the bottom of every fracas was a revelation to me, and I was struck again and again on my journey with the hatred and suspicion with which the Russians view our every action. Not that I personally was ever treated with discourtesy; as an individual I met with the same attention as my fellow-passengers, but the instinct of alienation from the English as a people sprang to light on many an occasion, and often quite needlessly. I remember a German who was visiting us one day calling the attention of the Chief to the embarrassment caused by the officials understanding no language except Russian, although this railway might almost be looked upon as an international concern, and as such, an interpreter at least might have been expected to be aboard. Our despot turned upon him at once. "Ah, you're English!" he cried, crimsoning. "Well now, suppose I were travelling from London to Edinburgh, would I find anybody to translate for me? Wouldn't I have to speak your language? So it is here. When you are in Russia, you must come on Russian legs, and speak the Russian tongue, or else you can stop away." So it is that there are no interpreters on Russian railways, that the staff speak no language but Russian, except the chiefs of the trains themselves who add a passable knowledge of French to their duties, and it was in that language that we conversed.

The travelling by the Siberian Express is extremely good; indeed it compares favourably with American travelling which is generally supposed

to be the acme of comfort. No great speed is attained, twenty miles an hour being the average, but even so the smoothness of the line is surprising, and on that journey of fifteen days' duration the only jolting I suffered was between Queenborough and London. I travelled in a corridor train, fitted up with electric light, with bedding of passable quality which was occasionally changed, and with good washing arrangements, though it is necessary to bring one's private soap and towel on board. Plenty of luggage, in fact a heavy porter's load, is allowed in the carriage, though tin cases of any description must be relegated to a van, but as I travelled light I was able to have all my belongings with me. A dining-car was also attached to the train; the fare was plentiful and of its kind good, but as that kind was Russian, everything swam in grease, and a squeamish person might have got off rather uncomfortably. Every day was served a Russian soup (the name must be pronounced in exactly the same way as an ordinary man sneezes) of boiled bones, with plenty of cabbage in it and a great slab of meat at the bottom. This dish was satisfying, to say the least of it, and was quite a meal in itself. I always made shift with the roast beef, beef-steak, or *entrecôtes*, one of which dishes was served every day, though the meat must have been cut from the ribs, not of an ox but, of an old horse, to judge by the toughness. The waiting in the dining-car is the worst thing on the Russian trains. The waiters speak nothing but their own language and have no idea of punctuality. I thought myself lucky if my meal was served half-an-hour after I had ordered it, and then it only arrived if I had solicited my man's favour with a rouble. A rouble in fact was the one emollient that made

the wheels of our life go round at all, and it had to be repeated in judicious doses.

Our train being the special express, it kept very well up to time throughout the journey, but ordinary trains are most unpunctual, and are shunted off to sidings without compunction and on the least provocation. Russians, from what I have seen of them and especially the Russian peasantry, have no idea of time, and in this respect are thoroughly Oriental in their habit of mind. When they travel, they take all their household belongings with them and entrench themselves in their compartment for a long stay. Their food they may supplement from the buffets along the line, but the greater part they carry with them, and if asked when they expect to reach their destination, they only answer with an uncomprehending stare. Ask a Russian what o'clock it is, and he will look at you in surprise. "What sort of fellow is this?" he seems to be thinking. "Of what earthly good can it be to him what time it is?" Or he will suspect vaguely that in some way unknown to him your question has some dark political meaning, so that no matter which of these two trains of ideas starts in his head, he will answer after a pause that he does not know. But I have left my train at Kharbin all this time and must rejoin it.

Kharbin is as much a mushroom town as any in America and is entirely built of wood, which after all is an improvement on the biscuit-tins of Kimberley. There are no made roads but separating one line of houses from another lies sometimes a slough of despond and sometimes the dry bed of a mountain torrent, and to pass through, or over, either sort of highway is an experience never to be forgotten. Kharbin must be a town of some thirty

thousand inhabitants and twenty-five thousand soldiers. Soldiers indeed are ubiquitous, patrolling the railway line from end to end, and massed in barracks near the towns, and the most perfect order is preserved every where within reach of the steam-engine. The passengers from Vladivostock came to swell our numbers here, and among them were two British ladies who had been most courageously making an extended tour in the East on nothing but their own language and a smattering of French spoken with a broad Irish accent; but for them I should have been the only representative of our country among a cosmopolitan crew. All along our route through Manchuria it was impossible not to be struck by the apparent prosperity of the Chinese. There were little villages dotted thickly about in every direction, with tilled fields around each, and the populous nature of the country was emphasised afterwards in my mind by the uninhabited wilds of Siberia. To all appearance the Chinese thrive as contentedly under the rule of the Foreign Devils as under their own Heavenly dynasty; but they are certainly among the most difficult people to understand, their point of view being so entirely different from ours that it becomes invisible, and I doubt if they are or can ever be quite intelligible to a Western mind. I remember one incident at Singapore during the Boxer rising that brought me into closer fellow sympathy with them than before, and made me think they possessed a fair share of grim humour, though the reputed experts on their character deny them that human quality. A warship (an Italian warship I think it was) had called in at the port for coal, and her bunkers were filled by Chinese coolies, working overtime that she might sail again

at the first possible moment for the scene of the trouble. As the cruiser steamed out of the harbour, John Pigtail ranged up into line to speed her on her way to Tientsin, and slowly, without the shadow of a smile, each man drew his hand significantly across his throat.

Beyond Kharbin we ran into the steppe country, that most solemn scenery on the earth with its clean, uninterrupted sweep of horizon from pole to pole. Passing through these level stretches, the landscape broke up into fine hills with rounded tops, called the Khingans, which, after the precipitous heights of India, it is difficult to designate as mountains. They reach a very passable elevation, however, and the varied outline of green and often wooded hills, and of deep valleys through which a wide stream inevitably ran, was rarely pleasing to the eye after the awe-inspiring distances of the steppe. There was never a tunnel to pass through on this gigantic railway from Port Arthur to the Urals, but the train climbed up the even-sloping hill in wide zigzags while I, and most of the passengers for that matter, glad of an excuse to vary the monotony of the journey and to escape from the jar of the reversing stations, avoided the long detour by cutting across the points of the zigzag and clambering straight up the mountain side, to join our carriages again at the summit. On reaching Manchuria station we passed into nominal Russian territory and found ourselves at once hopelessly confused as to the time. Up till then we had used ordinary Central Manchurian time, but now St. Petersburg time became the law; and so it happened that though we reached Manchuria at seven in the morning of one day, we left it at a quarter to three of the night before.

It is almost with a shock that one passes from Manchuria to Siberia, so great is the difference of outlook. While in the former there is a close population, in the latter there is an utter dearth of human inhabitants. The towns lie about a thousand miles apart and between them is hardly a vestige of occupation. From time to time is a roadside station, where the engine takes in water, and where a couple of railway men live in unenvied loneliness, with perhaps two or three peasant families scattered down the line on one side or the other, who boarded the train with offers of cheese, cream, and wild strawberries; but except for these, solitude reigned as undefiled as when the world began. Save for the tiny patches of cultivation here and there near the railway, the hand of man had never touched these vast stretches of country, and hour upon hour we passed through lovely scenery, forests of firs and silver birches, low hills and shallow valleys, rivulets, and flowers,—flowers everywhere, flowers farther than the straining eye could reach, flowers up to the waste frozen marshes of the North. For miles and miles the flowers rioted in rich confusion of colour; almost all the Himalayan varieties were here represented, and as we stopped from time to time to take in water I would step out of the carriage and pick great bunches, there to my hand, of peonies pink and white, of purple irises and clematis, of yellow china lilies and wild white roses, of double ranunculi in every shade of tint. My German companion and I passed half our day at the window; but even this paradise of colour grew confusing after a time, and we were glad to turn our eyes from the bewildering panorama and rest them with the quieter pleasures of a book and, still better, of chess.

Our games of chess were the signal for all the passengers to assemble in our carriage as spectators, and it was on the first day of this informal levee that, the sun being unpleasantly hot even for Siberia, we were glad to get rid of our coats and play in our shirt-sleeves. But our undress shocked some good lady, who complained to the Chief of the train, and presently he arrived to say, with much beating about the bush, that of course it was all right,—but he had heard,—in fact we were not dressed according to Russian ideas,—and, to put it shortly, we must either put on our coats or shut the door of our carriage. One of our audience, a German, was very indignant at what he called an assault on the liberties of man. “Why,” he expostulated, “this is the fashion in their country. They appear in that costume when they play tennis before the Queen of England herself, and what is good enough for Queen Alexandra is good enough for a railway official.” Our Sultan shrugged his shoulders and at once put the German down as my fellow-countryman. He said he did not know what fashions the English Queen allowed or not, and he did not care. He only knew that while we were in Russia we must be Russian in fashion, and in Russia it was indecent for a man to appear in his shirt-sleeves, and so to put on our coats we were obliged. I dressed in knickerbockers after that, and though several people looked askance at my stockings, nothing was said openly against my attire; and as I felt it was good for their souls to gain some wider ideas on the subject of clothes I remained staunch to this costume.

We reached Myssovaia on Lake Baikal in a thick sea-fog, which prevented us seeing much of our surroundings, and chilled us through to the bone in spite of our heaviest

overcoats. Our train ran alongside the jetty, and bidding farewell to our god on wheels we went on board the *ANGARA*, a fine boat with the snout bows necessary for breaking through the heavy ice which forms over this inland sea in the winter, and crossing over in her to Baikal Station, we took a fresh train and came on to Irkutak where a halt was called, and we all swarmed out of our prison, welcoming any diversion. On the platform I spied a peasant woman carrying a baby and a huge bouquet of the flowers we had lately been passing, and the two Irish ladies at once coveted so much sweetness. How to supply their wishes, however, was another matter. I tried French with no result; I held out some silver on the palm of my hand and pointed to the flowers with the other, but the woman turned coldly away. At last a thought struck me. Snatching up some fruit from a stall close by, for which I flung down its probable value in kopecks, I thrust it into the child's hand, and at this at last the mother smiled and scanned me with interest. Instantly I lifted the bouquet from her hand and smiled at her in turn; and quickly now she seized my meaning and pressed back upon me both flowers and fruit with many bright nods and eager gestures, until it was with difficulty that I prevented the child from being robbed of its spoils.

Irkutak, like most of the large towns along the line, is well laid out and lighted, with many handsome stone buildings. Its next neighbour, a thousand miles further on, is a shipping centre with great wharves and plenty of river traffic during the summer months, by way of the Arctic Ocean from the White Sea. But exports from Siberia must be a negligible quantity. The peasants raise no more than enough for their

own personal wants, and any army in the Far East must be fed entirely by rail from Europe. It was in this connection that I observed the remarkable dearth of rolling-stock on this strategic Russian line. Everything seemed sacrificed to passenger and troop service; and if in war the Russian army on the Pacific seaboard is to depend for the necessities of life and strife upon the Siberian railway alone, there must ensue a very serious state of things, compared to which the difficulties of our transport in the Boer war will be as nothing. There is one commodity in which Siberia is wealthy, and that is horse-flesh. All over those wonderful steppes herds of ponies browse, stout hardy little beasts, an invaluable asset in time of war. From time to time we came upon fair quantities of stolid cattle, but the ponies were everywhere, now nibbling demurely at the grass, now with a mad flourish of hoofs galloping off to a little distance, there to turn and watch us through their wind-blown manes. Nor can I pass from Siberia's equine riches without mentioning her equally ubiquitous mosquitoes. I have not been in the Klondyke, but I am confident that the venomous mid-Asian variety of mosquito must be hard to beat. The wayside residents never seemed to stray abroad without enveloping their face and hands in thick green veils, and if by mischance one of these agile pests gained entrance to our carriage, a period of restlessness and activity supervened until our tormentor had paid for its boldness with its life.

Day by day we travelled steadily westward. Troop trains passed us continually on their way to Manchuria; six a day was the average that swung by, while about once a day a convict train, sometimes by itself, sometimes attached to the rear

of an ordinary passenger train, hurried inexorably past. These convicts seemed to be confined in the usual third-class carriages, but the windows were heavily barred, and at every stopping place the Cossack guard formed up on both sides of the train, with drawn swords in their hands, even the women's and children's compartments being hedged about by that barrier of naked steel. As we ran into Penza, we found the whole town *en fête*, bidding farewell to the 123rd regiment which was entraining for the Far East. The eager crowds and hearty shouts put me irresistibly in mind of the days when we had sent out our soldiers to South Africa with just such confident affection and pride. Here, in the heart of another vast Empire, men of alien blood, who had hardly heard of the Transvaal, were giving way to the self-same emotions and expressing them in the self-same way, and for a moment I shut my eyes and imagined myself in England. My German companion, taking me in tow, crossed the metals and spoke to the soldiers as they hung out of the windows in excited batches. "Where are you going?" he asked, and presently one who understood French struggled to the fore and, with an indescribable grin upon his face, replied grimly, "We are going to evacuate Manchuria!"

On this side of the Urals the scenery was again greatly changed from that of Siberia. The waste steppes gave place to vistas of corn land, though the villages were still few and far between. Nor are the peasants as a rule directly interested in the corn-crop, which is chiefly to the benefit of the landed proprietors who leave the cultivation in the hands of agents, and these frequently import their labour at harvest-time and use machinery to the widest extent possible. Instead of cream and straw-

berries, as in Siberia, the peasants here bring wax figures of convicts in chains to the trains to dispose of, and quantities of lace, for lacemaking in these parts attains the rank of an industry. Great works, principally iron works, have sprung up in these towns under M. Witte's encouraging hand, and samples of the manufactures are exhibited on stalls at all the stations where the principal trains pause for breath. But of trustworthy news there is an utter dearth. Russian posts are sent, not by express but, by slow train, for who, except a mad Englishman, needs to read the news or to know the time? At Tchelabinsk I had the curiosity to buy a halfpenny London paper of a week old for the equivalent of two-pence, and found all the information, both of the Near and of the Far East, carefully smudged out.

I was now nearing my journey's end, but I had yet one amusing experience before me ere I left Russia and its fashions. The passport I had received at Niuchwang I had never had occasion to have viséd, as I had been careful not to sleep a single night away from the train, with the purpose of avoiding any encounter, however trivial, with the formidable Russian police. But now that I was at the frontier I found that, by this very circumstance, I had never obtained permission to leave the country. The gendarme at Alexandrovo, who was looking at my passport, evidently thought me a suspicious character, and as he had no words of any language with which I was familiar, and I had no words of Russian, we could not arrive at a diplomatic settlement. At last he gave me to understand by signs that I was free to go about the town for a little, while he looked into the matter, and when I ventured to return after a short walk, he met me with a cleared brow and these words

in English, dropped slowly like stones into a deep well—"You—may—go." I asked for my passport, but here our understanding ended, and he waved me to the train where I was at last reluctantly obliged to take my seat. Then, just as the hour for starting struck, a small corps of police boarded the train, distributed to each his passport, with permission to depart, and as the engine got into motion, they

swung themselves off the footboard and we were free. Whatever may be said of some phases of Russian rule, the thoroughness of their police service can never be called in question. They keep their eye on a man so long as he is within the confines of their Empire; and when he wishes to leave, they see to it that he really does leave, and does not get left behind by any mistake.

I. DOBBIE.

A MEMORY.

A COTTAGE on a sea-crag stood—
It was a poet's home;
Behind it,—moorland solitude,
Beneath,—the Atlantic foam.

'Twas here he saw the marble hill
In sunset's purple dyed,
Here watched the far-descended rill
Fall to the plunging tide;

Marked the wave-wandering snowy wing
Sweep in its pride of power,
And gladdened, as the birds of Spring
Piped round his bloom-girt bower.

Time's happy lights, its troubled shade
In his rich pages throng;
Vision and dream and mystery made
The splendour of the song.

He vanished, but his parting bore
A finer mood to men,
More music to the murmuring shore,
More verdure to the glen,—

Vanished, in fellowship to range
With the great bards of old,
Who feed earth's temple-fires, and change
The grey of life to gold.

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

THE TRADITION OF ORATORY.

It is one of the conventions of the age to say that parliamentary oratory is a lost art. "What a drivelling House of Commons!" Who has not heard the exclamation, or something tantamount to it, as the grumbler flings down the morning paper in disdain after glancing at the report of the proceedings in Parliament. "The age of oratory is gone. There's not an orator in the present House of Commons. The great men of the past are succeeded, as Edmund Burke would say, by 'sophisters, economists and calculators.'" So he goes on, growing positively rhetorical, "Oh, for the majestic eloquence of Pitt, the profound reasoning of Burke, the passion and fire of Fox, the brilliant imagery of Sheridan. How impressive, how thrilling, parliamentary debates must have been in the days of those masters of eloquence!"

The fame of Chatham and Pitt, Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, as orators rests mainly upon contemporary opinion. The note of panegyric is indeed highly strung in these eulogiums. "Chatham's eloquence," said Henry Grattan, "resembled sometimes the thunder and sometimes the music of the spheres." We read also that "as a parliamentary orator Pitt had no superior." Burke called Fox, "the most brilliant and accomplished debater that the world ever saw." Of Burke himself we are told that he "soared on the majestic wing of a gorgeous eloquence to every clime where there was a wrong to be redressed." Another piece of contemporary testimony is that, as an orator, Sheridan impressed the House

of Commons more deeply than almost any predecessor. It would seem, indeed, as if each of these orators was superior to all the others, which reminds one of the saying attributed to an Irishman,—"Every man is as good as another, and twenty times better." The contemporaries of these statesmen, whose opinions have come down to us, seem to have lost their senses (or at least, the sense of proportion) in appraising the nature and the effects of the oratory of the period. Contemporary opinion has little weight, if any, in literature and art. The books and pictures of the past are judged by each age independently, according to its own special standards of taste and criticism. But contemporary opinion of the parliamentary oratory of the end of the eighteenth century has been accepted as conclusive, and has been repeated from generation to generation, as a sort of pontifical judgment, without being put to the test of an examination of the speeches themselves.

Macaulay is responsible for much of the fame which the parliamentary orators of the end of the eighteenth century now enjoy. As a literary artist he dealt more in glowing periods than in cold and commonplace facts, and in order to construct a striking and vivid picture improved upon even the exaggerations of tradition. How lavish he is with his colours, how prodigal of his inimitable phrases, on the subject of the voice of Chatham! "His voice, even when it sank to a whisper was heard to the remotest benches, and when he strained it to its full extent the

sound rose like the swell of an organ of a great Cathedral, shook the House with its peal and was heard through the lobbies and down staircases to the Court of Requests and the precincts of Westminster Hall." How the imagination is fired, how the mind is impressed, with the might and majesty of the very look of the orator! "His play of countenance was wonderful," writes Macaulay; "he frequently disconcerted a hostile orator by a single glance of indignation and scorn." Contemporary accounts of the arrogance, impetuosity, and fierceness of the elder Pitt, are, indeed, incredible. Charles Butler in his *REMINISCENCES* tells some amazing stories, on contemporary authority, of the manner in which that orator overawed his opponents. Chief Justice Moreton once said in the House of Commons, "King, Lords, and Commons, or"—looking at the elder Pitt—"as that right honourable member would term them, Commons, Lords, and King." Pitt called the judge to order, and desired that his words be taken down, which was accordingly done by the clerk. "Bring them to me," said Pitt in his loftiest tone. By this time Moreton, we are told, was frightened out of his senses. "Sir," he stammered out, addressing the Speaker, "I am sorry to have given any offence to the right hon. member or to the House. I meant nothing. King, Lords, and Commons—Lords, King, and Commons—Commons, Lords, and King: *tria juncta in uno*. I meant nothing; indeed I meant nothing!" he piteously pleaded. The awe-inspiring and terrible Pitt arose. "I don't wish to push the matter further," said he with unexpected magnanimity. "The moment a man acknowledges his error, he ceases to be guilty. I have a great regard for the honourable member;

and as an instance of that regard I give him this advice:—whenever he *means* nothing I recommend him to *say* nothing."

Butler also relates that on another occasion Pitt, after finishing a great speech, walked out of the House at his usual slow pace. The House remained still and silent until Pitt opened the door leading to the lobby. Then a member got up and began: "I rise to reply to the honourable member . . ." Pitt turned back at once, and fixed his terrible eye on his opponent, who instantly sat down trembling and dumb. Then placing himself in his seat Pitt exclaimed, "Now let me hear what the honourable member has to say to me!" But the honourable member, intimidated no doubt by Pitt's "glance of indignation and scorn," was tongue-tied. Butler asked the person from whom he obtained this anecdote,—an eye-witness of the scene—if the House did not laugh at the ridiculous figure cut by the poor silence-stricken member. The reply was,—“No, Sir, we were all too amazed to laugh.” This is fiction, surely, though good fiction; yet Brougham tells a better story still in his *STATESMEN OF THE TIME OF GEORGE III.* It is related, he says, that once in the House of Commons the elder Pitt began a speech with the words "Sugar, Mr. Speaker," and then, seeing a smile pervade the assembly, he paused, glared fiercely around, and with a loud voice rising in its notes and swelling into vehement anger, repeated the word *sugar* three times. "Having thus quelled the House," says Brougham, "and dispelled every appearance of levity or laughter he turned round and scornfully asked:—'Who will laugh at sugar now?'" It is, of course, impossible to believe that so grotesque an incident ever happened. The elder Pitt, by all accounts, was a

bit of a bully, and a consummate actor, up to all the tricks of oratory, but he had a sense of dignity and a sense of humour; and it is unlikely that he ever played the shrewish and foolish part ascribed to him in this anecdote. But even if he had shouted "Sugar! Sugar! Sugar!" in petulant tones and swept the House with a scowl, is it not more likely that members, whose risible faculties were so easily tickled that they laughed at his opening words, "Sugar, Mr. Speaker"—when there was little cause for merriment,—would have rolled about the benches under stress of their uncontrollable mirth? That undoubtedly is what would have happened in the present House of Commons; and human nature cannot have been so entirely different in the Parliament of George the Third.

They were great orators, undoubtedly, Chatham and Pitt, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan; but when their speeches are put to the test of reading it is singular how incomprehensible is the secret of their greatness and beauty and charm. Of course, in criticising the oratory of the past, we have only the printed word to go upon; and, also, of course, oratory is much more than the printed word. Only a part and perhaps a small part of the charm of oratory can be transmitted through the agency of print. It is well known, moreover, that parliamentary reporting in the eighteenth century was both meagre and inaccurate; and in fact it was not till 1803 that the systematic publication of the debates, still popularly known as Hansard's, was recognised by Parliament. It must be remembered, also, that printed reports, however accurate, are mutilated of the voices, the looks, and the gestures of the speakers, and of other aids, subtle and evanescent, to the influence of the speeches. The elements which appeal to the ear and

eye rather than to the mind are entirely absent. The reporter cannot put the personality of the orator into his record of the speech. The greatest speaker who has ever swayed a senate, or turned the tide of a debate, cannot be the same in print as he is in the full flood of his eloquence. Yet surely the reporter should have been able to preserve some of the magical qualities and powers of the orator, surely some of his "divine afflatus" should be conveyed in his words even in print? Turn to the speeches of Chatham and Pitt, of Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, and where are the great thoughts, the profound arguments, the burning words, where the blasting invective, the withering sarcasm? Where are the lighter ornaments and graces of style, the sparkling wit, the elegant phrase, the pleasant raillery? To be sure there are passages which only the true orator could have uttered. But the impression left on the mind by the traditions of the period with respect to these "greatest orators of the English tongue," as they are generally regarded, is that they were perpetually at the boiling point of eloquence, and that they never spoke in the House of Commons without indulging in lofty and sustained outbursts of oratory. Yet as a matter of fact these five orators (judging them, be it remembered, by the printed page) would seem to have been more frequently commonplace than inspired. It is amazing that speeches so cold and spiritless could have produced the tremendous effects of which we read in contemporary records. I have gone through countless tedious pages in the hunt for the burning lava stream of Chatham's indignation, for the stately and sonorous language of Pitt, for the oriental imagination, the boundless vocabulary, the plastic, ductile style of Burke, for the passionate, impetuous and irresistible eloquence of Fox,

for the wit and raillery of Sheridan, but have found in this mass of words, words, words, little of the real ore of oratory to reward my labours. Seen through the glamour of tradition, these men appear to our eyes as mighty oratorical giants. But what did Burke say of his contemporaries in the House of Commons as one night he glanced, weary-eyed, around the benches? "We live," said he, "in an age of dwarfs." Burke's outlook on things may have been unusually gloomy and desponding that night; yet it is hard to find proof that he was altogether mistaken.

Burke, himself, according to contemporary opinion, was a most tedious speaker—the dinner-bell of the House of Commons, as some wit christened him. He had no graces of manner; his gestures were awkward; his severe countenance rarely relaxed into a smile; his voice was harsh when calm, and hoarse when excited. There have been orators who concealed their physical defects of appearance or manner by the energy and passion they imparted to their delivery, but Burke, if we are to believe his contemporaries, was always stolid and wearisome. It is possible, however, that the disparagement of Burke may have been weakened, like the glorification of Chatham, Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan, by over emphasis and exaggeration. Rush, the American Minister, in his *RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF LONDON* relates that he once asked Erskine what he thought of Burke's delivery. "It was execrable," replied that masterly forensic orator. "I was in the House of Commons when he made his great speech on American Conciliation—the greatest he ever made. I wanted to go out with the rest, but was near him and afraid to get up, so I squeezed myself down and curled under the benches like

a dog until I got to the door without his seeing me, rejoicing over my escape." It is a pity to spoil a good story, but as a matter of fact the speech was delivered in 1775, and Erskine did not enter the House of Commons until 1783. That Burke's style of speaking was dull and ineffective is, no doubt, true; and for that reason, probably, the inarticulate country squires in the House, who had not wit enough to see the powerful philosophic mind displayed even in these dreary speeches, regarded him as a dull dog. One night in 1784 (according to a story which, as it may be exaggerated like the others, I quote for what it is worth) Burke rose to speak with a bundle of papers in his hands. "I hope," said a country member despairingly, "the hon. gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers and bore us with a long speech into the bargain." Burke was so irritated that he walked out of the House. "Never before," said George Selwyn who tells the story, "did I see the fable realised—a lion put to flight by the braying of an ass!"

Yet Burke was paid a singular compliment on the immediate effect of one of his speeches. Reading a debate on the war in America on February 6th, 1778, which was initiated by Burke (the galleries having been cleared of strangers for the occasion), I came across the following remarkable statement:—"Governor Johnstone said he was glad strangers were excluded during the debate, as if they had been admitted the speech of the hon. gentleman would have excited them to tear the Minister to pieces as they went out of the House." The motion moved by Burke condemned the employment of Indians against the insurgents in America. For three hours

and a half Burke dwelt in lurid phrases on the horrors which were likely to ensue from the employment in civilised warfare of savages who scalped and tortured their victims. But the encomium of Governor Johnstone was perhaps somewhat discounted by the characteristically airy retort of the Prime Minister, Lord North. "I also am glad that no strangers were admitted to-day," said he. "And why? Lest they should be worked up into indignation and horror against gentlemen on the other side of the House for declaring sentiments so contrary to those which the honour and dignity of the country demand."

The greatest of Burke's speeches is generally considered to have been the one on Conciliation with America. The report of the speech supplied by Burke himself runs to as many as thirty-two pages. It contains over thirty thousand words, and would fill fifteen columns of *THE TIMES*. It, therefore, could not have been delivered under less than five hours. It is curious, by the way, how long-winded all these great orators were. The elder Pitt was the first to indulge in long speeches in the House of Commons. After he had delivered one of these famous orations he was hailed by crowds outside the House with enthusiastic cries of—"Three hours and a half! Three hours and a half!" "Just as if a man can talk sense for three hours and a half," remarked the cynical Chesterfield who happened to pass by. Surely no orator could have held the attention of his audience for five hours—not even Bacon of whom as a Parliamentary orator Jonson said—"The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end." Oh, rare Ben Jonson, what a flattering tongue thou must have had!

Rush states that Erskine concluded his story about crawling under the benches of the House of Commons to escape from the tedious and tiresome Burke, urging the Government to make peace with the American Colonies, by saying, "Next day I went to the Isle of Wight. When the speech followed me there I read it over and over again. I could hardly think of anything else. I carried it about me and thumbed it until it got like wadding for my gun." The speech, whether it was ill spoken or well spoken, has become incorporated in our literature. In truth Burke spoke, not for the House of Commons of his day, but for all time. If he could not approach Chatham or Pitt or Fox or Sheridan in stirring the emotions of his audience, how greatly he transcends them all,—when perused in the study,—in force and thought and intensity and reasoning—in all the qualities conveyed by the word intellect! Still even Burke cannot be read without a certain sense of disenchantment. "He clothed wisdom and philosophy," I read in an essay on Burke, "in the gorgeous language of our oriental imagination." There are the philosophy and wisdom, certainly; but the language is often tame and commonplace. There is no distinction in many of the sentences. But the chief fault of all his speeches is that they are too long, too diffuse, too elaborate, and are unrelieved by a sparkle of real humour or a tear of true pathos.

Burke's speeches are read as a part of English literature. Who, outside students of political history, reads Pitt's speeches in the four volumes, published in 1806, or in the more seductive pages of *HANSARD*? Pitt was a great statesman. Of that most people are convinced. But his fame as a great orator rests more

upon a few brilliant sentences from the pen of Macaulay than upon his own speeches. "He could pour forth," says Macaulay, "a long succession of round and stately periods without premeditation, without ever pausing for a word, without ever repeating a word, in a voice of silver clearness, and with a pronunciation so articulate that not a letter was slurred over." Then this great master of language proceeds by opposition, by comparison, to exalt Pitt above his contemporaries.

He had less amplitude of mind and less richness of imagination than Burke, less ingenuity than Windham, less wit than Sheridan, less perfect mastery of dialectical fence, and less of that highest sort of eloquence which consists of reason and passion fused together, than Fox. Yet the almost unanimous judgment of those who were in the habit of listening to that remarkable race of men placed Pitt, as a speaker, above Burke, above Windham, above Sheridan, and not below Fox. His declamation was copious, polished and splendid. In power of sarcasm he was probably not surpassed by any speaker ancient or modern, and of this formidable weapon he made merciless use.

Surely it is impossible for anyone who has not read Pitt's speeches to resist the convincing force of this splendid estimate of Pitt as an orator. So are reputations in oratory made. Macaulay (who, though he had never heard Pitt speak, had talked with many men who had) writes of his "voice of silver clearness." Samuel Rogers (who had often heard him, but who, it must be remembered, never said a good word of a man if he could find a bad one) said that "Pitt's voice sounded as though he had worsted in his mouth." On which side does the truth lie? May we not therefore feel a little sceptical as to the supreme qualities of Pitt's other oratorical accomplishments? I will quote one specimen

of Pitt's eloquence, and I will take it from perhaps the most elaborate and important speech which even he ever delivered in the House of Commons, that on the refusal to negotiate with France, on February 3rd, 1800. Napoleon on his inauguration as First Consul of France, December 25th, 1799, wrote personally to George the Third proposing negotiations to bring to an end the long strife between England and France. The overture was rejected by His Majesty's Government, and upon Pitt, as Prime Minister, fell the task of vindicating this policy. I give the peroration of the speech which is, I think, a good sample of Pitt at his best, illustrating his command of language and its lucidity; but which is most remarkable in that it consists of one sentence. After dwelling upon the ever increasing population, commerce and wealth of England, he proceeded:

If we compare this view of our situation with everything we can observe of the state and condition of our enemy—if we can trace him labouring under such difficulty in finding men to recruit his army, or money to pay it—if we know that in the course of the last year the most rigorous efforts of military conscription were scarcely sufficient to replace in the French armies, at the end of the campaign, the numbers which they had lost in the course of it—if we have seen that that force, then in possession of advantages which it has since lost, was unable to contend with the efforts of the combined armies—if we know that, even while supported by the plunder of all the countries which they had over-run those armies were reduced, by the confession of their commanders, to the extremity of distress and destitute not only of the principal articles of military supply, but almost of the necessaries of life—if we see them now driven back within their own frontiers, and confined within a country whose own resources have long since been proclaimed by their successive Governments to be unequal either to paying or maintaining them—if

we observe that since the last revolution not one substantial or effectual measure has been adopted to remedy the intolerable disorder of their finances, and to supply the deficiency of their credit and resources—if we see through large and populous districts of France, either open war levied against the present usurpation, or evident marks of disunion or distraction, which the first occasion may call forth into a flame—if I say, Sir, this comparison be just I feel myself authorised to conclude from it, not that we are entitled to consider ourselves certain of ultimate success, not that we are to suppose ourselves exempted from the unforeseen vicissitudes of war; but considering the value of the object for which we are contending, the means for supporting the contest, and the probable course of human events, we should be inexorable, if at this moment we were to relinquish the struggle on any grounds short of entire and complete security, that from perseverance in our efforts under such circumstances we have the fairest reason to expect the full attainment of our object, but that at all events, even if we are disappointed in our more sanguine hopes, we are more likely to gain than to lose by the continuation of the contest; that every month to which it is continued, even if it should not in its effects lead to the final destruction of the Jacobin system, must tend so far to weaken and exhaust it, as to give us at least a greater comparative security in any termination of the war; that, on all these grounds, this is not the moment at which it is consistent with our interest or our duty to listen to any proposals of negotiation with the present ruler of France; but that we are not, therefore, pledged to any unalterable determination as to our future conduct; that in this we must be regulated by the course of events; and that it will be the duty of his Majesty's Ministers from time to time to adapt their measures to any variation of circumstances, to consider how far the effects of the military operations of the allies or of the internal disposition of France correspond with our present expectations; and, on a view of the whole, to compare the difficulties of risks which may arise in the prosecution of the contest with the prospect of ultimate success, or of the degree of advantage to be derived from its farther continuance, and to be governed by the result of all these con-

siderations in the opinion and advice which they may offer to their Sovereign.

What a sentence! It recalls what Grattan said of Fox—"Every sentence came rolling like a wave of the Atlantic three thousand miles long." Richard Porson also said that, while Pitt carefully considered his sentences before he uttered them, Fox threw himself into the middle of them and left it to God Almighty to get him out again. On the contrary, Fox's sentences, in his reported speeches, are brief and pithy.

"He darted fire into his audience," says Sir James Mackintosh of Fox, in the customary strain of hyperbole. "Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and convictions." Such is the contemporary estimate of Fox; he was a master of the soul-stirring eloquence of passion. There is a story told of Charles Shaw Lefevre, who was Speaker of the House of Commons in the middle of the nineteenth century, that when a small boy he was taken to the House, and after listening for a while to the shrill voice of the excited Fox, cried out, "What is that fat gentleman in such a passion about?" As I go through the cold pages of his speeches I marvel that Fox could have been,—as some of his contemporaries represent him—so fiery and so vehement about nothing. He is reported to have said that if a speech read well it was "a damned bad speech." A ridiculous judgment, surely; but measured by that standard all Fox's oratorical efforts must have been splendid successes. They read badly. Here is no stormy eloquence. Here is plenty of common sense in plain, unadorned language. The lighter passages are the best. Macaulay and Mackintosh in their estimates of the eloquence of Fox dwell solely on his passion; but Pitt

and Canning describe him as the wittiest speaker of his time. Some notion of his quality as a wit,—such as it is—may be obtained from an extract from his speech in the House of Commons, on May 24th, 1803, against the renewal of the war with France. Referring in a vein of badinage to the interchange of abuse by the newspapers of France and England he said :

This species of warfare, if not the most glorious, is undoubtedly the safest. In the first of poems by the first of poets it was recommended to two combatants just preparing to engage in battle; and the poet, who is no less a man than Homer, puts his advice into the mouth of the Goddess of Wisdom herself. "Put up your swords," she says, "and then abuse each other as long as you please." Such was the advice which I gave in this House to both countries long ago. Would to God it had been followed! for contemptible as abuse may be it most certainly is a lesser calamity than war. Such a species of war is one in which neither party is likely to experience any failure of ammunition. This seems to have been regularly imported, and in sufficient quantities from both countries. The Chief Consul complains that during a certain period every packet-boat that passed from Dover to Calais brought over a cargo of libels. Now this may appear a curious manner of freighting vessels, but it is singular enough that the glorious poet which I have already quoted should have imagined the very same thing, for in another part of the *Iliad*, upon a similar occasion he says—"As to abuse, you may have a ship-load of it, if you please." We may conclude, therefore, that the exportation of libels from one country to another is a very ancient practice, and that Homer spoke literally and not figuratively, unless we can suppose him to have had the gift of prescience as to the contents of the packet-boats which crossed during last summer from Dover to Calais.

The extravagant eulogies with respect to Chatham, Pitt, Burke and Fox which I have quoted, pale their ineffectual fires before the outbursts

of ecstatic laudations of Sheridan by his contemporaries. His most celebrated speech was delivered in the House of Commons, on February 7th, 1787, in support of the impeachment of Warren Hastings on the ground of his cruel ill-usage of the Begum princesses of Oude. Only a meagre and spiritless report of this five and a half hours' speech exists; but according to the universal opinion of the period, it was the most dazzling and powerful feat of oratory in modern times. The most famous of the parliamentarians of the day vied with each other in praising it. Burke declared, "It was the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument and wit united, of which there is any record or tradition." Said Fox, "All that I ever heard, all that I ever read, when compared with it, dwindles into nothing and vanishes like vapour before the sun." Pitt maintained that, "It surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate and control the human mind." This fact is unquestionable, that the House deemed it necessary to adjourn after the speech, in order to give the assembly time "to collect its reason" and recover from the dazzling oratorical spell which had been cast upon it. "In the state of mind in which the hon. gentleman's speech has left me," said Sir William Dolden, moving the adjournment, "it is impossible for me to give a determinate opinion." "Nothing, indeed, but information almost equal to a miracle, should determine me to vote for the charge," said Mr. Stanhope, in seconding the motion; "but I have just felt the influence of such a miracle, and I cannot but ardently desire to avoid an immediate decision." But an even more extraordinary story of the marvellous effect of the speech remains

to be told. Logan, who wrote what is described as a masterly defence of Hastings, was present in the House. After Sheridan had spoken for an hour he said to a friend, "All this is declamatory assertion without proof." Another hour passed and he muttered, "This is a most wonderful oration." At the close of the third hour he confessed, "Mr. Hastings has acted very unjustifiably." At the end of the fourth he exclaimed, "Mr. Hastings is a most atrocious criminal." At last, before the speech was concluded he vehemently protested, "Of all monsters of iniquity the most enormous is Warren Hastings." A delightful anecdote, but—is it credible?

Sheridan, who, it was well known, prepared all his speeches most carefully, was frequently urged to furnish a report of this most amazing oration; but though offered £1,000 for it, he declined. "Nor, in doing thus, did he act perhaps unwisely for his fame," comments Moore, coldly enough, in his *MEMOIRS OF SHERIDAN*; while he declares elsewhere that he had read a shorthand writer's report of the speech and found it "trashy bombast." I can well believe it. The claptrap, the florid rhetoric, of much of Sheridan's oratory is amazing. No one could indulge more sublimely in the ridiculous than he.

I do not contend that Chatham, and Pitt, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan were not orators. Speeches are intended to influence the immediate audience to whom they are addressed; and they are to be judged by their success or failure in achieving that end. These men attained to great eminence in Parliament, and it must be assumed that in reaching it they were aided principally by their mastery of the spoken word, by the influence they exercised as orators over the Assembly. But I do say that their qualities have

been exaggerated. They were great orators, no doubt, but it is impossible that they could have been the mighty titanic beings—demigods, almost, such is the sublimity and majesty of their oratorical powers—which are presented to us in the anecdotes told of them by their contemporaries. Yet these myths have been accepted as true by generation after generation with the result that as effects of a similarly stupendous character are not obtained by latter-day orators it is supposed that Parliamentary eloquence has declined. Lord Salisbury speaking in the House of Lords, March 28th, 1889, on the death of John Bright said: "He was the greatest master of English oratory that this generation—I may, perhaps, say, several generations back—have produced. I have met men who have heard Pitt and Fox, and in whose judgment their eloquence at its best was inferior to the finest efforts of John Bright." I never heard Bright speak in the House of Commons but I have read his speeches; and to me they seem to be more aglow with the fire of the orator than the speeches of the great five. The charm of Bright is not, surely, that he comes nearer to our own time, or that he dealt with topics of yesterday and to-day,—topics of living interest. What greater issues could inspire an orator than those which came within the purview of the others? The war of American independence; the impeachment of Warren Hastings; the French Revolution; the struggle with Napoleon; the union with Ireland; the abolition of the slave trade; the emancipation of the Roman Catholics. Time can never rob these topics of their interest. What scope was there in the eternal truths or the eternal errors of these mighty causes for the display of the art of the orator!

A reputation for oratory in Parliament is not earned so easily to-day as it was then. A hundred years ago members were more content to sit and listen in the House of Commons than to stand up and talk themselves. Indeed, why should they have troubled themselves about taking part in the debates? Most of them lacked the gift of the ready tongue. The incentive of ambition to induce them to try to acquire it was wanting. Statesmanship was not an open profession. Exalted birth rather than native ability being then the passport to political advancement, leadership of the first rank and high ministerial office were restricted in both parties to the scions of a few aristocratic families. Nor was the spur of necessity applied to members to keep themselves prominently before the eyes of the constituencies with a view to retaining their seats, for to the mass of the electors the proceedings in Parliament were then enshrouded in almost impenetrable mystery. The speaking was, therefore, confined to the leaders of the two parties, and to a few members of strong character and independent thought on the back benches. As to the great inarticulate majority of the representatives, to vote straight on party lines was their simple conception of their Parliamentary duty.

Look at HANSARD. The record of the proceedings of Parliament in 1802 did not extend beyond one volume. In 1852 it filled four volumes. The ordinary session of 1902 (apart from the autumn sittings) produced as many as eleven volumes. This steady increase in the proportions of the sessional record of Parliament is, of course, due in some measure to the growth of the business of the nation, domestic and imperial. But it is due mainly to

the fact that speaking, instead of being left to the comparatively few as formerly, has become general. This remarkable change in the state of things has been produced by two momentous developments in our Parliamentary system—the establishment of the reporters' gallery, and the throwing open of leadership and office to ability. Parliament transacts its business now under a glass shade, as it were, in the full view of the nation; and even members, disposed by temperament and inclination to adopt the example of their predecessors and sit silent and vote, are compelled, with the watchful and censorious eyes of the constituencies upon them, to take an active part in the proceedings; while the desire for fame and position prompt the young, the energetic, the ambitious, to seize upon the flimsiest excuses for making speeches.

Undoubtedly, the impression generally conveyed by the torrent of the spoken word in Parliament which surges unceasingly session after session is that the quality of oratory has declined. But the impression is really deceptive. Members who practise the art of debate in Parliament indifferently have, for the reasons I have stated, multiplied. There is consequently a good deal of monotonous and wearisome talk; but take any great debate in our own time, any important debate within the past few years,—on the South African war, for instance, or on the Education Bill—and I venture to assert that it will not suffer in comparison with any of the classic debates of a century ago. The fallacy that parliamentary oratory is a lost art may be traced also to the mistaken belief that a hundred years ago every debate in the House of Commons was mighty in its transports and its thrills. The House of Commons a century

ago as to-day was often dull; and to-day as a century ago it has its hours of rapture. These are the hours when questions which appeal to the passions are being debated. But most of the subjects which occupy the attention of Parliament are of a business character, very important in their way but calling for plain, unadorned exposition, rather than for the burning words of the orator. Not even Chatham and Pitt, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan would, even if they could, invest such subjects with the glamour of eloquence. In truth it is not that oratory is dead, but that the form and style of the art have in recent times completely changed. The old instrument is out of tune. The "lofty style of oratory," as the forced conceits, the artificial similes, the fantastic imagery, the pompous phraseology and the tawdry rhetorical tricks of the eighteenth century have been called, would be entirely alien and spurious to the altered taste of the present generation. Any one who attempted to indulge in the old traditional oratory in the House of Commons to-day would be received with uproarious laughter and overwhelmed with derision. For one thing, the simple note of sincerity which to-day appeals directly to an audience was wanting in the banal and windy rhetoric of the grand style. Its artificial flowers of speech have been replaced in our time by common sense and argument. There is to be sure a good deal of insincerity even in Parliament to-day. Under the party system our representatives, as a rule, dare not give expression to the pure unadulterated thought that is in them; they must needs make a compromise between their honest convictions and their loyalty to party or their desire to retain their seats. Still there is more simplicity, more

directness, more sympathy, and a greater grip on the reality of things in speeches to-day than in speeches a century ago.

Sir Robert Peel in his eulogy of Richard Cobden on the passing of the measures for the repeal of the corn laws, referred to the eloquence of the leader of the anti-corn law movement as "eloquence the more to be admired because it was unaffected and unadorned." That is the standard by which parliamentary oratory is now judged, and according to that standard there are in the House of Commons to-day as many masters of the magic of utterance as it possessed at any period of its history. But, nevertheless, the curious fact remains that oratory is still associated, in the popular mind, with a lofty, inflated, grandiose style of speaking, though, as everybody who has studied the subject knows, the great classical orators, Chatham, Pitt, Burke and Fox (excluding Sheridan perhaps), and in later times, Canning, Peel, Cobden, Bright and Gladstone, were never insipid and artificial, always making a sincere, direct, and, withal, simple appeal to their audience. It is only by accepting gaudy and tinsel speech as the real art of oratory that it can truly be said that to-day there is not a single orator of high rank in either House of Parliament. In truth, parliamentary speech-making never stood higher than it stands to-day for earnest thinking, for logical reasoning, for honest conviction, for seriousness of purpose; and these, after all, are the qualities of genuine oratory.

The highest triumphs of oratory have been produced in all countries and at all periods during times of public excitement, turmoil, and revolution. For a powerful speech a great subject or a great occasion is absolutely essential. When the oppor-

tunity arises the orator will not be wanting. All the mighty political questions of the last century,—the contest with Napoleon, Roman Catholic emancipation, parliamentary reform, the repeal of the corn laws, the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the Irish land laws, Home Rule, the South African war — questions which excited passion as well as reason, often transformed stammering, feeble speakers into inspired masters of language. Genuine eloquence is impossible without great convictions ; and it is ridiculous to expect thrilling flights of eloquence—the stirring appeals which warm the heart, while convincing the judgment—so long

as the public questions of the hour are comparatively petty and trivial, dealing with things evanescent, exciting only doubt, hesitation or indifference in men's minds. But if this country is ever again disturbed by a mighty political issue which arouses the abiding, elemental forces of human nature, or passes through a perilous ordeal on the happy issue of which her very existence depends, orators as passionate, as persuasive, and as convincing as the greatest of whom tradition speaks, will be heard again thundering, appealing, and denouncing in our Houses of Parliament.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

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THE QUEEN'S MAN.

A ROMANCE OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

CHAPTER VII.

MASTER ANTONIO rode in the cavalcade with a rich jewel round his neck, the gift of my Lady Marlowe. She had gained and bound him to her service with all the arts she knew; and her power was a kind of witchcraft, independent of age and of beauty. The influence was mutual, for with honest and simple natures she could do nothing, except by sheer physical terror. Thus her stepson Harry was absolutely independent of her, not even realising the carefully hidden evil in her character. Richard was a child, often a rebellious one. Young Edward of March, a Renaissance prince, found nothing strange, but much that was attractive in the glimpses of herself she chose to show him. Very gladly would Isabel Marlowe, though old enough to be his mother, have taken the place afterwards held by Elizabeth Woodville in Edward's life. It would seem that Lancastrian widows and the heir of York had a natural affinity.

It suited my Lady's plans to keep Antonio waiting upon her at Swanlea till the early days of February, sending a man of her own to let Sir William Roden know that she would shortly visit him. It seemed to her, she said, that this complicated affair must be arranged in person. In the meanwhile, she expected every day a

messenger from Lord Marlowe, who was supposed to be working his way south with Queen Margaret's victorious army; but Harry was silent. Then came the news that Edward of York had won a battle at Mortimer's Cross, and that the Queen, in spite of this, was in full march on London. Lady Marlowe delayed no longer. Ruddiford, the key to its own quarter of the Midlands, became a more and more desirable outpost. If she and her party were unlucky enough to meet the Queen's force, or stragglers from it,—why, there was Harry, the Queen's man, to vouch for his mother and brother. And he owed them too much explanation, too much atonement, not to acknowledge their claim to the utmost. If, on the other hand, the Yorkist army should cross her path, my Lady Marlowe would feel that the time was come to cast off all disguise. Edward should know that she was on her way, with her son in her train, to capture a strong place for him.

Her Ladyship travelled in her own carriage, a long covered waggon, with panels and wheels curiously painted and gilt, the interior being luxurious with cushions and tapestries. Four strong horses dragged this structure through the miry ways. Though the jolting was frightful, Isabel preferred it to the swinging movement of a horse-litter, which followed with her

waiting-women. Master Richard divided his time between lying full length in the carriage, trifling with his little dogs and his lute, and riding, gaily tricked out with jewelled arms and velvet garments, in advance of the escort and the train of pack-horses which carried the baggage.

Several times the great carriage broke down in specially bad parts of the road, and the party was surrounded by groups of strange nomads, the moving population of England,—charlatans and cheap-jacks, minstrels and jugglers, men and women who danced on their hands to the music of the vielle, begging friars and pilgrims, stopping to stare and gossip on their way. Sometimes a performing bear gave Dick half-an-hour's delight; sometimes, if they were delayed by a brook that had overflowed, or by some unusually steep and stony hill, more evil faces of vagabonds, outlaws, bandits, poachers, would peer darkly from the nearest wood, and only the little troop of men-at-arms who rode round my Lady and her household following saved her from being attacked and robbed.

There were also the Fellowships to be feared, for the gentlemen of England were a law to themselves in those days, and many, like Jasper Tilney of King's Hall, joined themselves and their men to a few like-minded friends and set out to pick quarrels with travellers on the highway, generally ending in robbery, if not murder. A galloping troop of such as these more than once crossed the roads followed by Lady Marlowe's party; but her armed escort was too strong, even for these foolhardy gentlemen.

At a point about half-way in the route two miserable men, unarmed except with hedge-stakes, ragged, starving, and bleeding from undressed wounds, crawled out of a ditch with

howls of joy at sight of the Marlowe colours. They were two of the small band that Lord Marlowe had taken with him when he rode to Ruddiford and the north. Under my Lady's stern demand,—why and where had they left his Lordship?—they told the same story as Antonio; how Lord Marlowe had left Ruddiford alone on Christmas morning, sending word to his men to follow him,—how they had followed and followed over the bleak moors, missing the road, plunging into snow-drifts, blinded by storms, till, never overtaking their master, they turned back seeking him towards Ruddiford, and were fallen on by a troop of masked bandits in a narrow place and cut to pieces, most of them killed in defending the treasure they carried, their horses taken, four or five carried off prisoners, three left wounded by the roadside, of whom these two had crawled so far on the way back to Swanlea, the other having died in a ditch.

Antonio listened to the story with an immovable face—how did it concern him?—and answered innocently my Lady's question what bold villains in the Ruddiford country could have done this? He might very shrewdly guess: no new proof of Jasper Tilney's desperate way of living astonished him; but he saw no use in naming that fearless young marauder to my Lady, especially as the fate of Lord Marlowe himself occupied her mind far more than that of his slaughtered men.

"We must have the country scoured for him," she said, and her dark eyes gleamed with the mysterious, uneasy look that Antonio did not yet quite understand. "Some evil has happened to him; he could not go far on foot and alone."

Did she care for Lord Marlowe's safety, or was it her first wish to

know that he was out of her way? The Italian was not sure. He would have guessed the second for truth, and now the first possibility startled him. It behoved a man to walk carefully in the sight of those dark eyes. Caresses and flattery and the gift of jewels might mean but a passing fancy, the under-side of a character which would crush a plaything on the instant, if any greater interest demanded it.

"Hurry on to the utmost," Lady Marlowe commanded, and her cavalcade, the two wretched fugitives mounted on a pack-horse, creaked and struggled forward along the miry lanes.

At last they were within half-a-dozen miles of the end of the journey, and Antonio, by her Ladyship's orders, galloped on to warn Sir William of their arrival. With him were Black Andrew and the two other men who had escorted him to Swansea, and who loved him none the better for the favour he had met with there, and the delay which seemed its consequence.

The February afternoon was mild and clear, but it was not far from sunset, and the carriage and litters and train of baggage, travelling slowly, would hardly reach Ruddiford till twilight was falling. The sight of horsemen in the distance, flashing out of the woods, across the flat meadows, disappearing again among the undergrowth, behind the great yews and thorns and hollies that were the advance-guard of the forest, suggested very plainly that this was a country not too safe to ride in, either by night or day. The tired horses were pressed on, but the main body crawled at a long distance behind Antonio and his men. He, too, saw those fitting figures in the distance, and rode the faster, though for himself he did not fear them.

The road, running for some way by the river, was commanded by the hill on which King's Hall and the old church stood, the fir-trees round the churchyard serving for a landmark to the flat country. Here the road turned from the river, which circled the hill on one side, and climbing with a gradual twist, reached the desolate flat ground where Harry Marlowe had been unbound from the horse and dragged by Jasper Tilney to King's Hall. From here the house and church were not visible, hidden by the lie of the ground and a few clumps of trees; but lower down the hill the high gables of the old house rose very stately and, looking over the long roof of the church, kept a fierce watch down the southern valley and over the winding course of the river that crept below.

Down the hill from King's Hall, helter-skelter, stones flying, came Jasper Tilney on Brown Bob and met Antonio face to face. The men, riding forward, drew bridle a little further on.

"'Tis thou, Tony," Jasper cried; "I knew thy black face and slovenly seat a mile off. No hurry,—I have but to whistle, you know, and that fine carriage will be rolled into the ditch. Tell the truth,—is my Lady Marlowe in it?"

Antonio's white teeth showed for an instant between his scarlet lips. "What's that to you, Master Tilney?" he answered. "Do you want to shut up the hen as well as the chick?" "Is the hen searching for the chick?" retorted Jasper, with something between a growl and a laugh. "What brings her into these parts? We don't want her,—a Yorkist and a wicked witch, they say."

"Sir William has appointed her Mistress Margaret's guardian, and on that business she comes. She is no Yorkist and no witch, but a noble

lady, with whom you must not interfere."

"Do I take orders from you, foreigner?" said Jasper, staring at him fiercely, and fingering the whistle at his neck. "Hark, have you betrayed me to this woman, or does she believe her precious stepson has gone north? Be careful, Tony; you will not deceive me; so long as Alice is at Ruddiford I can trust her to be on my side."

"'Tis well if you can trust any one," Antonio said, with a shrug. "Ride on with me, or the carriage will overtake us. Think how could I betray you, without betraying myself? My Lady believed that my Lord had travelled north to join the Queen, leaving his marriage half made, like the madman they call him. She might never have been wiser, had not you pounced down on his men wandering in the snow on the moors. Why did you not leave them to perish naturally, or what mattered it if they came back to Ruddiford, a drove of asses as they were, having missed their master? You must needs ride after them, catch them, rob them, kill them, capture them, leaving two alive and free to start for home and meet their mistress. They are riding with her now. So get you back to King's Hall for a foolish gentleman, before they ride up and know you again. That might well start suspicion. My Lady is a clever woman, and has a strong escort. Also, you will do well not to put yourself deeper in the wrong with Sir William."

Jasper swore violently. "Ay," he said, "I have four of those fellows in my prison. But on my life, Tony, 'twas not my doing, and I was angry at it. Leonard and a few more of them went after the Marlowe men when I was busy with his Lordship. He had talked of money, and they liked the notion, being all of us as

poor as rats in an empty barn. They didn't get much, when it came to be shared. You are right for once; 'twas foolish, and I told them so. I nearly broke off the Fellowship and swore to live like a pious hermit; but then they said if they stood by me I must stand by them, and with Marlowe on my hands I could scarce do without them."

"Ah! How long do you mean to keep him?"

"Till he swears to give up that marriage. Then I'll send him off on my best horse to join the Queen."

"And will he keep such an oath? Will he not ride straight to Ruddiford, or Swanlea, or wherever Mistress Margaret may be?"

Jasper laughed contemptuously. "You low-born son of a black foreign beggar," he said, "what do you know of gentlemen?"

It might have been the red sunset that made Antonio's face glow and his eyes burn. "As you will, Master Tilney," he murmured. "Men or women, high-born or low, methinks love levels them."

They were now at the top of the hill. Jasper suddenly turned his horse, and without a word of farewell plunged off across the fields towards King's Hall. The foremost of my Lady's cavalcade, just beginning wearily to climb, saw a black horseman against the evening sky, galloping hard away from them.

Antonio too put spurs to his horse, and dashed on to overtake his companions, smiling a little to himself as he rode. Jasper Tilney was not aware of his new rival, or of Lady Marlowe's firm intention to marry Margaret to her own young son. If he had known, it was likely enough that neither Richard nor his mother would have reached the journey's end in safety. True, Antonio himself, looking into the future, had no inten-

tion of advancing that marriage; but a certain hard daring in his nature inclined him to let events roll on as they pleased, confident in his own power to stop or turn them. Even the strange new experience of my Lady's favour, carrying with it a kind of fascination he had never yet known, did not touch any depths in him. Life lay beyond all that, with prizes such as Isabel Marlowe had not to give. It was only for the present that he was her slave; and the woman herself, attracted by his beauty and foreign charm, neither knew, nor would have cared had she known, the real strength and remoteness of the cat-like, gentle creature that it pleased her to caress. For the present, however, Antonio was at my Lady's feet; the new mistress had taken the place of the old master, though no one intended Sir William Roden to find out that.

In the highest gable of King's Hall there was a narrow window, unglazed and barred. It gave little light to the long garret room, low, with heavy rafters almost touching a man's head, where Lord Marlowe had for some six weeks been imprisoned. He had air enough; the bitter frosty wind of the Midlands blew down the river, and howled in the chimneys of King's Hall, and played what pranks it liked with that topmost storey. When the weather became damp and soft with February, rills of water ran down the black walls. Now and then the sun shone warmly in, and then the prisoner spent much of his time clinging to the bars of the window, enjoying the warmth and looking down on the distant flats and the road that crossed them, the road along which he had ridden so prosperously on Christmas Eve in the snow.

Much Harry wondered, as he stared at the dismal prospect, what

had happened at Ruddiford after his disappearance. What did Sir William think of it? What were his own men doing? What could the Queen think, as the weeks went by, and her faithful servant did not rejoin her? He had heard nothing of Wakefield, and supposed her to be still collecting forces in the north. He had felled timber, and sold cattle, and done all he could to raise a sum to help the cause he believed in. Those money-bags of his, were they still lying in the west tower of Ruddiford Castle? No one had told him that they, with four of the good fellows who guarded them, were under the same roof with himself. He might have been wiser if his window had overlooked the north instead of the south road, for then by straining he could have seen the court and gateway of the house. As it was, his first view was of the rugged tiles of the church roof, long and low, and then, past the fir-trees, of the lonely track winding away into white or brown, but always foggy distance.

There was nothing to be learnt from an old bent man, who night and morning brought him more food than he cared to eat, but who seemed deaf to any questions he might ask. Jasper Tilney's almost daily visits were not more satisfactory. His manner was fierce and forbidding. He would stride in suddenly, banging the heavy door: he would cast his wild blue eyes round the room; and strangely enough, some slight extra comfort was often the result of these careless glances. But certainly in look or bearing there was no kindness, scarcely any courtesy. Something furtive in the glance that flashed over Harry suggested to him that the man was ashamed of what he had done, but in words Jasper gave no sign of this. He saw the fine features sharpening, the colour

of the face changing from healthy brown to sickly yellow, while purple circles widened round the clear eyes, the hands growing thin and white, the dark hair matted and long. His question was always the same. Holding up the cross handle of his dagger, he would say, "Have you changed your mind, my Lord!"; and when Harry replied, "Nay, Sir, it knows not change," he would leave him, generally without a word more, sometimes frowning sulkily, sometimes with an angry laugh as he slid the great bolts again.

And so at last came that February day when Harry, pale and dishevelled at his high window, saw a distant train passing in the evening light, disappearing behind the thorns and hollies that grew along the ditches by the road, coming forth again into the reach of his eagerly watching eyes. They had the keenness of the old world, and Harry forgot all bodily discomfort in the gaze; for he saw his own colours, his own men, the gorgeous length of his stepmother's clumsy carriage, and young Dick, gay as ever, caracoling on horseback near by. Antonio, whom he had never noticed, was beyond his recognition; but he saw the three men in Roden livery who followed that dark figure at a gallop in advance of the party, disappearing from his sight as they breasted the hill; and he saw the two fugitives from his own band, hanging like broken men on the broad backs of the pack-horses, and wondered what my Lady was doing with two poor sick fellows in her train.

He tore off the white silk shirt he was wearing, and waved it wildly from the bars; but it seemed to him that no one looked up, and in a few minutes the whole cavalcade passed out of sight behind the parapet of the church and was hidden by the projection of the hill.

Then Harry Marlowe's constant patience deserted him. He saw it all, and the view was not reassuring. Sir William Roden, bewildered by his disappearance — and what wonder! — had sent an express messenger to Lady Marlowe. She was angry, — there was little doubt of that; his strange action in substituting himself for Dick would seem to her unaccountable, the burning of her letters an act of treason. These indeed were matters which no one but himself could atone for or explain. Even Harry, accustomed to take his own way like a prince without consulting any man, knew that by his own code he had gone far. And after six weeks' absence, six weeks of voluntary prison for the sake of Meg's sweet eyes, her entrancing charm seemed no longer an entire justification. Love and Beauty! they think they rule the world, but on its battlefield they may meet stronger powers, such as Honour and Duty.

These cold reflections troubled Harry's soul not a little. As the twilight fell, after tramping up and down his garret like the madman they called him, he flung himself down and buried his face in his arms on the rough oak table. One question now, — would Meg be true to him? For his seeming desertion would justify Sir William in any anger against him, and certainly in consenting to her marriage with young Dick. And few but Harry himself could baulk my Lady in any plan she had set her heart upon. He might have cursed the day he came to Ruddiford, throwing himself, as it proved, into the clutches of a young ruffian from whom he saw no means of escape, if it had not been for the thought of Meg. Sweet Meg, — her lips on his, her soft hair against his cheek, all her young slender beauty resting in his arms, the fire of those lovely eyes

of hers, which spoke so much that she knew not how to say,—the minutes with her were worth a man's while, even if paid for by months of idleness and suffering.

After all, this present state of things could not last for ever; it was past reason to imagine that. Many must know that he was here, in the hands of young Tilney and his Fellowship. The struggle in the street must have been seen. That Sir William Roden and Mistress Margaret knew where he was, he did not believe for a moment; but now, surely, the news would drift by some means to my Lady, and she would undoubtedly see him set free, the head of the house, even if he had offended her.

Harry's mind was not one to which mistrust came naturally. It was part of his pride to put a careless confidence in all with whom he had to do. And yet a strange uneasiness was eating at his heart as he sat there, telling himself that if only Meg were true to him,—and force alone, he swore, could separate their lives from each other—then there was nothing to be feared from earth or heaven.

The bolts were drawn with a sudden grinding, the great rusty key screeched in the lock, the enormous hinges groaned. Jasper Tilney stalked into the room, and Harry lifted his head, with a grave and haughty look meeting the bold stare of his jailer. Jasper came up to the table, leaned on it with both hands, and for a moment their eyes met like clashing swords, without speech. Even then Harry Marlowe was detached enough from his own misery to admire the young fellow's splendid bearing.

"Young—and in love with Meg! I might have done the same myself,"—the thought crossed his brain.

"Ask what you will," said Jasper;

then, seeing his prisoner smile, he coloured angrily.

"I am not used to asking," Harry said. "I will tell you something, and I will advise. Will you listen?"

Jasper nodded, then tossed back the red locks that tumbled over his brow.

"The Lady Marlowe, my mother, with a troop of my people, passed along the road there half-an-hour since. I signalled from the window. Could I have wrenched your bars aside, I might have leaped to the church roof, and so climbed down and followed her."

"And broken your Lordship's bones. Though I hate you, I should be sorry," said Jasper, and smiled, but not sweetly. "Your signal,—did they answer it?"

"I saw no reply," Harry said; "but I warn you, Master Tilney, it will by some means be discovered where I am. My own men are doubtless still at Ruddiford, waiting in confusion of mind my Lady's orders. There will be a search, and bold as you and your Fellowship may be, King's Hall will not escape. The Queen, too,—remember that she waits in the north for the little help I may bring, and you are at least supposed to be for Lancaster. You laugh, Sir?"

"I laugh at your ignorance, my Lord, at your rashness, too, for what is to hinder me from changing your lodging? I have dungeons under the river, as well as cells in the clouds, and if you divert yourself with signalling from our nest here, why,—or there is a shorter way, my Lord, if we find ourselves in danger through keeping you. But as to your ignorance, do not believe Queen Margaret is waiting for you. Much has happened since Christmas morning. Without your help, they have fixed Duke Richard's head over the gate of

York town. The snow and the rain and the wind have made a black object of it by this time."

Lord Marlowe sprang to his feet, his own affairs forgotten. "The Duke of York dead?"

"Ay, and the Queen is marching on London."

"And I not there! By heaven, Sir, you should have told me this before," — and without noticing Jasper's mocking laugh, he hurried out a dozen eager questions.

For a few minutes these two men of the Red Rose, the half-hearted and the true, talked of Wakefield, of Mortimer's Cross, of the nobles on either side, of Queen Margaret's dashing march and its chances. At last Harry stopped, drew a long breath, walked up to Jasper Tilney and seized him by the arm. As the young fellow, starting violently, tried to shake him off and snatched at his own sword, Harry's grip tightened and he cried impatiently: "Shame, Sir, shame! You a servant of King Henry, and draw on an unarmed man, your prisoner? Nay, come, you cannot keep me here. Give me arms and a horse, and let me ride after the Queen. Send word to my men to join me, and —"

Jasper stared at him fiercely under level brows. "Remember, my Lord, you are your own prisoner, not mine. Promise you know what, and you are free."

With these words he seemed to hurl Harry Marlowe back into the slough from which the news of the Queen had lifted him. Renounce Meg! That was the condition of being free to ride abroad and fight loyally. Then it seemed he must rot in prison. He measured Jasper with his eye, then flung himself back into the chair from which he had risen.

"I have no new answer for that," he said. "But—" he thought deeply

for a minute or two, while Jasper watched him. "But as you have the best of me, I will offer you this. No such promise can I make and live; but set me free from this hole of yours, let me ride to Ruddiford, speak on urgent affairs with my mother, take my men and follow the Queen. Hark to me, Master Tilney, In return for this courtesy of yours. I will not seek to have you punished, and furthermore, I will take my oath not to speak with Mistress Roden till my return from the wars." He lowered his voice, speaking reverently, as of some saint. "In her grandfather's charge," he said, "or in that of my mother, she will remain. If you choose to put yourself forward again among her suitors, you are free to do so. You will be answered as she and her guardians may will it. And my mother shall hear from me that I have made you this promise."

While he spoke, Jasper never removed his blue angry eyes from his face. That a prisoner, with every mark of suffering and hardship upon him, could look so majestically and speak so proudly, was not without its effect on a nature which had its better side. But even with the recognition of Lord Marlowe's great nobleness flamed up a fury of envious rage, and when Harry paused, the young man burst into scornful laughter.

"'Fore God, my Lord Marlowe, your insolence is beyond limit," he said. "You talk of saving me from punishment. Who will punish me, think you, or my bold Fellowship? And you suppose we have done nothing more than shut up your Lordship for six weeks in a garret, while your men sit round the fire at Ruddiford and spend your money in the ale-houses? Ask the crows on the north moors what we have done with your men, and our sweethearts how we have scattered your money. And by

all the Powers of heaven and hell, shall I thank you humbly for leave to woo my wife? No! die where you are, and we'll throw your carcass into the Ruddy, and Mistress Meg shall see it from the window whence she saw you first, floating down stream."

So saying, young Tilney flung himself out of the room. The door clanged, the bolts screeched into their places, and Lord Marlowe was left alone with his thoughts, while the darkness of night descended.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIR WILLIAM RODEN received Lady Marlowe with much ceremony and distinction. Antonio, her forerunner, did not find the castle unprepared. Dame Kate, who acted as house-keeper and by right of age and experience ruled over the maids, had unlocked cupboards where household treasures had been packed away since the deaths of John Roden and his young wife. During the short time they lived at Ruddiford a kind of luxury had reigned which was quite foreign to Sir William's more simple and old-world nature,—embroidered hangings, silken cushions stuffed with lavender, silver plate, vessels of glass powdered or spotted with gold; and for my Lady's chamber silk curtains and counterpanes, feather-beds, down pillows, blankets in plenty and sheets of fine linen. Casks of foreign wine were broached; strong ale flowed like water for all who came; the larder was stocked with meat and poultry from the farms and fish from the Ruddy. The servants, lazy with long idleness, ran hither and thither; any one who shirked work now might fear a clout over the head from Dame Kate's distaff, or a shoe thrown after him to hurry him on his way.

And so this second company with the Marlowe colours came winding

over the bridge that February evening, but no fair girl's figure leaned from the castle window to watch and welcome the entry of Isabel and her son. A great shyness and dread had seized on Margaret, and she kept herself, so long as possible, shut up in her own rooms. There was no doubt in her mind that Harry must, by letter or message, wherever he might be, have explained matters to his step-mother; of that there could be no doubt at all, with one terrible condition, if he still lived. For she could not resist the suspicion of foul play which had preyed upon her since his sudden and strange disappearance. That he had changed his mind and forgotten her was impossible. When little Simon Toste, who visited her by Sir William's orders and prescribed drugs and potions, (himself without an ounce of faith in them), dared to hint at this explanation, Meg fell upon him and hustled him out of the room, calling him in plain words liar and slanderer. He went away discomfited, but came back the next morning, for he loved the girl, and three honest hearts, his own, his brother Timothy's, and Sir Thomas the Vicar's, were well-nigh broken by the sight of her misery.

Yes, Meg told herself, my Lady knew all, as well from Harry as from her grandfather's letters. She would not therefore dream of pursuing the old plans, of setting forward the marriage with her own son. Foolish gossips might talk, but surely my Lady was noble and kind, else how would Harry's father have married her? So Meg sternly assured herself; yet the misgivings that troubled her were at their height when a blast of trumpets announced my Lady's arrival. Oh, if she and her son would but have stayed away in the south, and left a poor maid to bear life as she could till Lord Marlowe's return!

The first sight of the dreaded guests was not alarming. Sir William, for his part, was enchanted with my Lady. Splendidly handsome and dignified in her black velvet robes, her grave stateliness was now and then relieved by the bright flash of a smile. Richard, in gay colours, the picture of youth and gaiety, was a delightful object at which all the castle people stared open-mouthed. The very sight of him was a relief to Meg. He kissed her hand and looked up in her face with a laugh, as much as to say, "Fear nothing from me, sweet sister." My Lady received Meg's reverence without much expression of any kind, looking upon her gravely, and with the slightest lifting of the brows. "Is this the face that drove away poor Harry's few wits?" might have been the thought in her Ladyship's mind; and indeed Meg's young loveliness had suffered from the mental agony of those six weeks.

The talk at supper was entirely between Sir William Roden and Lady Marlowe, the rest of the company keeping silence, except with their eyes. Antonio's never left Margaret, except for an occasional glance at Isabel, who never once looked towards him. Dick's roving glances found a pleasant object in the sunny looks and fair curls of Alice Tilney, who was not afraid to pay him back in the same coin. Meg's lowered eyelids were lifted for no man.

After supper Antonio helped his old master back to his own room, and with low bows left him and Lady Marlowe together, their chairs on either side of the great chimney.

"Be not far off, Tony, in case I want thee — but no eavesdropping, rascal," said Sir William.

Antonio laughed and went, not so quickly but that he heard the old man say to my Lady: "A clever dog that, a legacy from my son John,

who brought him, a little lad, from Italy, picked him up in the street, a beggar foundling. He is of vast use to me. I hope he hath in no way displeased your Ladyship."

"Far from it, Sir William," was the grave reply. "I have found him very capable and well-mannered."

Antonio ran down the stairs smiling, but for all that his teeth were set on edge. There was now a burst of talk below in the hall, where some of the men-at-arms had trooped in and were tossing off ale in silver goblets. The women were gone. Young Dick Marlowe stood whistling, looking on at the scene.

"Here, Italian," he said, as he would have called a dog. "Who was that pretty lady on Mistress Roden's left hand? Not a waiting-maid, sure? She looked well born. Come, you know,—white neck and pink cheeks of Nature's painting—no plastering there,—blue eyes that can laugh back at a man and understand without the need of words—eh? Who is she?"

"That lady, Sir," Antonio answered, "is Mistress Alice Tilney, Mistress Roden's companion and friend."

"Ha! On my life, she's the prettiest maid of the two. Well born, then?"

"There is no older name in the Midlands than Tilney of King's Hall."

"I thought as much."

Dick turned abruptly away, and Antonio, after a moment's hesitation, slipped up the stairs again and turned along a gallery which led to one of the lower towers, and through this, by two doors and a passage in the thickness of the wall, out into a garden on the southern ramparts of the castle. On this garden, bright in summer with red roses, when the view of the river and meadow and distant forest was green and gay, the windows of Mistress Margaret's own rooms looked down; but they did not over-

look it all, one part being screened from sight by the jutting buttresses of the tower.

Here, on this first night of his return, Antonio had a tryst with Alice Tilney; and though the evening was dark and chilly and full of creeping mist from the water, he knew she would keep it faithfully.

She was there indeed before him, and this time she had no reason to complain of his coldness; the sudden flame of passionate excitement with which he seized and kissed her was something new.

"Ah, Tonio, but I thought you were never coming back!" sighed the girl. "What kept you so long away?"

"I had to wait as long as it pleased her Ladyship. Do you know, my Alice,—” he drew her down, holding her fast, on a stone seat under the great walls—"do you know that you are the loveliest woman here,—lovelier than Meg herself?"

"Do you know, Signor, that you are the greatest flatterer?"

Antonio laughed. "It was not I that said it. Though I love you well, little Alice, I do not care to tell you lies."

The girl, at first blushing with pleasure, began to pout and to push him away. "Who said it then?"

"Master Richard Marlowe, the Popinjay. I thought him a fool for his pains; but 'tis his way to blurt out anything he should keep to himself."

Alice's ready smile had returned; she was not displeased by Dick's admiration. "Well," she said, "if I am the prettiest woman,—'tis not true, I know, but you should not be the one to tell me so—ah, gently, rude wretch!" as her lover's caresses became a little too eager. "Let me speak. If I am the prettiest woman, Master Marlowe is the handsomest man. I

never liked a fair man before, but his figure, his dress, his smile, those talking eyes of his—ah, Antonio!"

"Enough of his praises. Let me hear more, and I'll kiss you to death, and stick my dagger into him."

"No, no, you must keep him alive for Meg, if she is to have him. If only it were I,—I should easily choose between him and that crazy lord with his long brown visage. But, Tonio, she is breaking her heart for him. Sometimes I can hardly refrain from telling her—"

"Peace!—that you dare not do."

"No; I should be slain twice over. But is that what my Lady means to do with Meg, to marry her to this worshipful Popinjay? What will my poor Jasper do?"

"Ay, and it is what she meant all along. Listen, and I'll tell you. It was as I guessed; my Lord had a fancy to take the prize for himself, instead of giving it to his brother. But now it seems Master Dick will win the race after all,—at least, my Lady means it, and mind you, Alice, my Lady is a greater queen than ever Queen Margaret was or will be."

"Her face frightens me," the girl said. "But go on, Tonio; tell me about Swanlea and all you did there."

He laughed queerly. "Another time, child; now listen, and obey me. If it pleases Dick Marlowe to praise your sweet face, or even to make love to you, do not answer him roughly. Draw him on, play with him, use all your pretty tricks; I give you full leave and licence. Well, why do you not answer? 'Tis no unkindness to Meg, and I will take care of myself, I promise you."

His instinct, even in the dark, told him that Alice was both puzzled and offended. She was by nature an honest girl, and if, for her misfortune, she had found him irresistible, it was not her way to waste favours on every

man who admired her. Her brother's Fellowship knew that.

"I do not understand you," she said slowly. "At least, if I do," for he laughed, "I must have some reason for it. Why do you wish me to play with this boy's fancy, you, who say you love me? Are these the ways you have picked up among the great, for they are not those of Ruddiford or King's Hall. One love is enough for us here, Tonio."

"Foolish girl," he said, more kindly. "Well, 'tis true, I ask you to behave as any great lady might, to further her own or her family's ends. You will not harm yourself; are you afraid of harming the innocent boy, Dick Marlowe?"

Again Alice paused a moment before she answered: "He has a sweet countenance, and for worlds I would not hurt him. Make me understand you, Tonio; what ends of yours shall I further by doing this?"

Antonio was angry, for the question was not easy to answer, and it was the first time that Alice, his willing slave, had not accepted his commands without question. But his clever brain did not fail him. "'Tis not for my sake," he said, "but for Jasper's. Maybe you do not know of his last exploit?"

"Few things that Jasper does are hidden from me," Alice said and sighed. "How can I serve him by any commerce with a Marlowe? He would be ready to kill both you and me if he knew all that we know. And if this young man offered me his love, without any talk of marriage, which would be impossible—"

"I do not know why," Antonio muttered, so low that she hardly caught the words. "Sweetheart," he said aloud, "you take all this too seriously. At least, you can see that any passing fancy which draws away a hopeful suitor of Mistress Meg's must

advantage Jasper. But truly 'twas not that I meant, for Jasper has offended Sir William, and Meg herself likes him not. I meant that a friend among the Marlowes would be useful to him, when he comes to give an account of their chief he has imprisoned, their men he has hunted and slain, their money and goods he has taken. What of Lord Marlowe's troop, Alice? Two of them, starving and wounded, joined us on our journey here."

"It was not Jasper's doing," the girl cried. "It was that wicked Leonard, who is his evil angel. And as to the taking my Lord himself—is it you, *you*, who dare blame Jasper for that?"

Antonio laughed. "Jasper is a fool, with his blundering Fellowship. He will make the country too hot to hold him. My Lady Marlowe is not a woman to be played with, and so we shall one and all find. Take my counsel, make a friend of Dick the Popinjay. And now, time's flying,—kiss me, pretty sweet, and tell me how the days dragged with you while I was away. Tell me of poor Meg, too. By St. Antony and his devils, do you know that she has spoilt her beauty with pining for Mad Marlowe?"

While her Ladyship's new favourite was thus amusing himself and entertaining Alice Tilney, she and Sir William Roden were talking by the fireside, with perfect openness on one side and the appearance of it on the other. Isabel had a talent for suiting her talk and manners to her company. It seemed to Sir William that she was the very woman he had pictured to himself his old friend's wife must be, and he thought more scorn than ever of the warnings the Ruddiford busybodies had given him, and plumed himself on his wisdom and penetration in trusting to my Lady.

They talked politics a little, not going far, but far enough to settle Sir William's mind on that score. He was sure,—more from what she did not say than from what she said—that to call my Lady a Yorkist was to insult her. It appeared to him that she respected the traditions of her family, and this was enough for him. He told his story of Agincourt, and she smiled and asked questions about King Harry the Fifth and her husband in his young days. She knew Sir William's family history; she admired Ruddiford Castle, she praised the fine order of his house, the richness of his appointments. To herself she had wondered how it would be possible to pass even a few days in this savage hole far from modern civilisation, where the Middle Ages still reigned in all their barbarism; but she saw that the place was strong and could well be held for Edward, and she was sincere in thinking that her young Richard would find here no mean heritage.

Thus passed the first quarter of an hour of that interview. Sir William was at his best, happy and mild; his thin old hand stroked his white beard peacefully; his blue eyes, calm, confident, friendly, reposed on the still beautiful woman who sat upright in the chair opposite to him, her clear-cut face young and distinguished in the flattering light of the fire. Sir William himself had half forgotten, as he rambled on of old times and of his various possessions, the serious business that had brought my Lady to Ruddiford. She found it necessary, at last, to begin herself the subject of Lord Marlowe's strange conduct and disappearance.

"The old man is in his dotage," she said to herself. "Like his kind, he can only remember far-away things—Agincourt and such—battles fought before the world began. Antonio

told me less than the truth of the old fool and his folly." Aloud, she made formal apology to Sir William for what Lord Marlowe had done, and explained to him her real wishes, and her amazement at finding in how strange a manner the embassy had failed.

"Ah, your Ladyship's ambassador lost his head," the old man said, smiling. "Your son Richard,—a handsome lad he is, truly—should have come himself to woo my Margaret. She is young, but Lord Marlowe was not the first man to be conquered by her lovely face. There's Jasper Tilney, a wild fellow whose estate borders mine, but I sent him packing, and the faster that Meg did not like him; she hath her fancies, this grandchild of mine."

"In my view," said Lady Marlowe a little drily, "young men and maidens should have no say of their own in matters of marriage. These things must be arranged by the family, for the advantage of all."

"Surely, surely,—your Ladyship is right—my Meg is a spoilt wench, poor little maid. 'Twas altogether a misfortunate thing, that affair of Lord Marlowe. She set her obstinate heart upon him. I would, my Lady, you had seen it all. There sat my Lord—here stood Meg by my chair—"

Isabel waved her hand, smiling, but a little impatiently. "Sir William," she said, "the excellent Antonio, your secretary, did his best to set the thing before me."

"Ah, did he indeed? And he told you how at last it was his own doing—how my Lord, as Tony guessed, was torn between a sudden love for Meg and loyalty to his mission, and how Tony put the words into his mouth, as he was asking her hand for his brother, *Yourself, my Lord!*"

A curious look came into the

Baroness's face ; it was half a smile, curling the lips away from the teeth, but the eyes narrowed unpleasantly. "He did not tell me," she murmured. "Master Antonio did that, and why !"

"Out of pure mischief," the Knight said, nodding wisely. "A small frolic with a great result, which vexed Tony as much as any of us. But after all, to my thinking, the thing was done without any word from Tony. 'Twas love, my Lady, sudden and desperate. I was wroth with my poor Meg, and spoke sharply to her, but when I found that her fine lover had changed his mind as quickly as he made it, and gone north without a word, I was sorry for the maid and scolded her no more. For it seemed to me that, saving your presence, certain gossips were right who had whispered to me—but your Ladyship is distracted !"

For Isabel was staring at the fire, and instead of listening to his talk, was muttering to herself with the same unpleasant smile. "So,—'twas part of the truth after all,—and the question might have served,—not too late to punish by and by,—a dangerous path to cross is mine, pretty boy !"

Sir William's last words recalled her instantly, and with frank face and clear eyes she turned to him. "All this is past," she said. "Two things I have to say to you. First—it was your wish,—I understood that you had written it in your will—that I should have charge of Margaret, educate her suitably in my own house, protect her from unfitting suitors, marry her well. Your own life being uncertain,—though I trust you may see a venerable age—you wished to have a mind at ease as to your granddaughter. I am right, Sir William !"

"All that was indeed my wish," the old man said.

"Then I pray you to understand that this foolish business shall be to us,—to you and me—as if it had never been. I will accept the charge of Margaret, and I will marry her, as soon as may be, to the husband I chose for her on receiving your first letter, my son Richard Marlowe. As to my stepson, no woman has yet come between him and his Queen. He is a strange man, full of quips and turns of fancy, no mate for a fair young girl, such as your Margaret."

"So indeed I think," Sir William said. "But Margaret, my Lady—"

"Leave her to me." Isabel smiled her brightest.

"You will not carry her away now ! Nay, nay, I cannot—"

"A moment's patience," she said. "I had a second thing to say. I am plagued with a doubt whether Lord Marlowe ever reached the Queen. Not a word have I had from him since he left Swansea. I find that his men, having left Ruddiford by his orders to follow him north, never found him, but wandered on the moors, were attacked by outlaws,—as I suppose—robbed, killed, scattered. Two of them, by happy chance, met me on my way. Now, Sir William, by your leave, I will stay a while at Ruddiford. We will marry Richard and Margaret, and we will search every hole and corner in this wild country of yours to find my Lord Marlowe. For, though I may be displeased with him, I cannot allow my husband's son, the head of our house, to disappear like an unknown man."

"Surely not," Sir William cried, his pale old cheeks turning red. "This that you tell me is strange, and very terrible. Why, Meg feared as much. Who can have done this ! There are wild fellows abroad. But no—he is bad enough, but he would not dare—where are these two men !" He

started from his chair and shouted—
“Tony, Tony, rascal, where art thou?”
while her Ladyship sat still and smiled.

CHAPTER IX.

It appeared that the finding of Harry, or at least the gaining some news of him, filled Lady Marlowe's thoughts much more than the immediate marriage of her own son. Her eagerness and anxiety mystified Antonio not a little, for he found it hard to give her Ladyship credit for loving her eccentric and troublesome stepson. Yet, if she cared not at all what became of him, why should she have turned Ruddiford upside down in the attempt to trace his path on that fateful Christmas Day?

Sir William Roden, at least, found her behaviour all that he would have expected from the loyal wife of an elder Harry Marlowe. He was at her service in every way. Parties of his own men and hers were sent out to patrol the north road for many miles. All that they found was the place where the bodies of Lord Marlowe's slain men had been buried by the country people. They searched the scattered farms, the wretched hovels by the way-side; they questioned the villagers with threats of punishment, here and there beating men till they remembered seeing a solitary traveller on foot struggling across the moor in the snow. To the question “Whither went he?” they pointed vaguely northward, ever northward, and it was a fair chance that the impatient men-at-arms, after a weary ride that way, would come storming back over the fells and for all reward beat the poor hinds again. After that their memories failed them, and enquiries were met with obstinate silence and ignorance, more honest than the men were ready to believe. They searched the open

moor, now purple and brown, boggy and wet with all the life of coming spring. Several of them were nearly lost in these bogs, which had swallowed men and horses before now. After searching the caves and rocky shelters, the scattered fir-groves, the acres of heather and gorse and ling, they returned at last to the castle, saying that without a doubt, unless he had gone away so fast as to outstrip his men entirely, which seemed impossible, some of those deep bogs held Lord Marlowe in their black depths, where only the Judgment Day would find him.

His own two men, who joined in the search, thought rather that he had been overtaken and killed by the same band of outlaws who had attacked them. They themselves followed the road in fear and trembling, expecting to meet those old enemies again, whose very existence was a mystery. Jasper Tilney's Fellowship kept their secrets well; the fray had been seen by no man; and there seemed no exact evidence to connect them with this last crime, committed while Ruddiford sat still on Christmas Day, lazily carousing. If Sir William and his people had any suspicion of them, nothing confirmed it; in all the castle only Alice and Antonio knew. Some of the Ruddiford men, despising these fellows from the south, said among themselves that there existed no large known band of robbers so near the north of the town, and suspected that Lord Marlowe's troop, left without a leader, had quarrelled and fought among themselves for the treasure they were known to be carrying; that the strongest had won, and the two cowards now at Ruddiford had run away. This was strongly the opinion of Black Andrew, Sir William's boldest follower, whose visit to Swanlea had filled him with scorn of the

luxury and greediness and unmanly tricks of her Ladyship's household. He went so far as to suggest that Lord Marlowe had been overtaken and murdered by his own men. If Black Andrew had had his way, the two poor wretches who escaped would have cooled their heels in the dungeon by way of refreshing their memories. Luckily for them their mistress did not suspect them. She had them kindly treated and well fed. Perhaps she foresaw a time when an extra couple of strong followers might be useful to her.

During the fruitless search for Harry, the person most interested of all kept herself silent in the background. She heard of all that passed but seemed to notice little. Margaret had grown older by ten years at least in those six weeks of deepening mystery and terror; and this not so much in looks,—for to eyes with understanding there was but a new charm added to the beautiful child's face—but in mind and in bearing. The girl was very stately, and her native pride had deepened into a cold reserve with every one about her. Sir William felt it least, for she was seldom alone with him now, and Lady Marlowe's presence distracted and occupied him. As regarded her, there was no fault to be found with Meg; she did all that was necessary, with Alice and her young maids, in the way of dutiful attendance on her Ladyship. Sir William's conscience plagued him a little now and then, and occasionally Meg met a glance that was wistful; but in these days Isabel's opposite influence was always there, convincing him that her arrangements were the only ones right and necessary.

Meg confided in no one. Old Dame Kate, occupied morning, noon, and night with cares of housekeeping, had now no time to watch her nur-

ling. The bent old body could scarce bear the burden of fatigue; if she sat down, in a moment she was nodding and tumbling off her chair; the lively spirit was blocked by beef and mutton, drowned in canary and strong ale. Lent was coming on, too, and the supply of fish for such a household was a new anxiety to be faced by Dame Kate. As to the imminence of a wedding feast, no one dared to speak plainly of such a thing in her ears. She would not look forward; the twelve hours that were passing were quite enough for her.

Some barrier,—Alice knew what it was better than Meg—stood between the companions, the two young girls, once such loving friends together. The chill had begun when Jasper Tilney made his formal offer of marriage, so flatly refused; and now, for a few months past, certain signs of a secret intimacy between Alice and Secretary Antonio had offended Mistress Margaret, she hardly knew why. Saying nothing, she had withdrawn herself a little more from Alice who, not untrue to her in heart, dared not now venture a word of sympathy.

In Ruddiford generally, among all the better sort of people, Margaret would have found faithful service enough. The Christmas love-adventure, much discussed by the gossips, met with different opinions in the town; there were those who condemned Lord Marlowe as mad or bad or both, and called Mistress Meg a naughty wench who deserved a whipping; there were others who delighted in the romance of it, admiring the boldness of the knight, the devotion of the lady. Between these parties stood the three worthies who had done their best to check that infatuation by which Sir William had thrown his grandchild and

Ruddiford into the hands of the Marlowes.

In these days Sir Thomas Pye the Vicar, and the two Masters Toste, were often to be seen pacing up the street to the north gate of the castle, where no question was ever made about admitting them. He and they had long forgotten Sir William's hasty violence, which had driven them forth in the autumn so opprobriously. They had taken their old respected place again, though experience had made them cautious about giving their true opinion of the whole Marlowe family, especially now that the Baroness and her train might almost be said to hold the castle. They were careful of intruding on her and Sir William,—the lawyer and the apothecary, at least; for the reverend Vicar, as chaplain, took freely his right of going and coming as he pleased, and young Richard had his fill of laughing at the tall, solemn man who turned a pale visage upon him so threateningly.

The three worthies were never tired of reminding themselves, not to mention the bystanders, that they were the legally appointed executors of Sir William's will, and possibly, probably, the only surviving ones. They made the most, to themselves and others, of the right this office gave them to keep a guardian eye on Mistress Margaret. It was all very well that the personal charge of her, in that same will, had been given to Isabel Lady Marlowe. They had not forgotten that her Ladyship was also requested to take counsel with them as to the disposing of Margaret. And for fear that anything should now be done without their knowledge, they haunted the castle persistently. If the old master cared not to receive them, they were sure of a smile when they crossed the threshold of

Meg's own rooms. She knew they loved her. She said no more to them than to any other, but she even forgave Simon Toste his hard words of Harry, though not till the little Doctor's heart had been saddened by her marked coldness to him and courteous attention to his brother and the Vicar.

One of Lady Marlowe's fashions, which gave much discontent to the Ruddiford household, was that of walking about unannounced and unattended, so that no one was sure of escaping her observation. At certain times she was ceremonious enough, and any failure of duty in waiting upon her was sure to meet with sharp reproof; but there were hours when she roamed here and there, finding her way through the ancient passages of the castle, climbing the towers, pacing the ramparts, opening doors without warning, her light, swift steps and the rustle of her gown hardly heard before she was there in presence with bright cold eyes considering any group on which she intruded. And her self-confidence so completely justified her curiosity, that it was not her Ladyship's self, but the men and women who suffered under these visits, who seemed out of place.

Thus, one day, she mounted alone to the tower where Margaret's rooms were, lifted the latch and entered the largest room, where Meg and her maidens had their embroidery frames, and were now working a rich altar-cloth for the church at Ruddiford. Flowers in the garden of Paradise, golden angels with peacock wings swinging censers before the throned Lamb with fleece all curls of silver,—all these were growing and glowing in the room, into which the low February sun shone through narrow windows softly. Four young girls, Meg's waiting-maids, were working

at the frames, and Meg herself was standing in a deep window where the light was strongest, her face gravely bent over two skeins of silk that she was matching together.

This was all very well and as a lady's room should be. But on a high-backed settle between the fireplace and the window, there sat three men in black, a tall man in the middle, a short man on each side of him; the three worthy executors, paying a visit to Mistress Meg and watching the progress of the embroidery. Lady Marlowe was not precisely surprised to see them there, for she had heard men's voices before she opened the door.

All in the room stood up and saluted her as she entered, while Meg came forward and gravely handed her to a chair. Her Ladyship looked round smiling, but with a somewhat quizzical expression.

"Your suite, pretty mistress?" she said softly and playfully.

Meg flushed a little. The four rustic girls in their white caps and aprons, the three quaint men, one more ugly and glum than another, only the good Vicar with any knowledge of the world, and he looking on Lady Marlowe as first cousin to the Devil,—the situation was curious, to say the least of it.

Meg waved her hand towards the three. "Nay, my friends and guests, Madam," she said. "At least you know our honoured Vicar, Sir Thomas Pye."

"Ah, doubtless! You, Sir, with these good men, share with me and, I hope, with my son, Sir William's most intimate confidence."

The three faces cleared. At any rate, her Ladyship was not insolent; on the contrary, her manner and words were gracious. Then outspoke Sir Thomas, advancing, while his humbler colleagues remained in the

shadow of the settle. "I hope, my Lady, that we may all be equally worthy of my good patron's trust."

Her Ladyship took the aspiration well. "Sir," she said, "I make no manner of doubt of it."

For a moment the Vicar considered her doubtfully. Then he turned his eyes on Margaret, who stood by Lady Marlowe very silently with eyes cast down; but he could not read at all what was in her mind. Since she learned that Harry had been lost sight of, and that his mother had never heard, from himself, of the wonderful event of Christmas Eve, Meg had been more silent than ever. It was impossible for any one to touch on that subject with her; no one knew what thoughts, what resolves, might be in her mind now. It seemed as if her grandfather shrank from talking with her, and Lady Marlowe had not yet made for herself an opportunity of speaking face to face with her. Not till now, indeed, had she shown signs of interest in any of Meg's doings.

The sight of the woman in Meg's own room was very unwelcome to Sir Thomas Pye. He considered how he could help the dear maiden by making the time pass pleasantly. With a stride towards the table he stooped over the nearest frame, twisted his head on his long thin neck with an attempt at a smile, and pointed with a skinny finger to the nearest angel's glowing wings. "Your Ladyship should notice this fine piece of work," he said.

Lady Marlowe glanced carelessly that way. "I care not much for needlework," she said coldly. "In times of peace, 'tis fit for fools whose brains lodge in their fingers. In time of war, such as we now have, 'tis to be despised altogether. Women should learn to gird on men's swords, to bind their wounds, to make pillows

for their sick heads and herb drinks for fevered throats. Who knows how soon the war may roll this way? There may be fighting in the little streets of Ruddiford; of what use then, Sir Vicar, will be all your silken embroideries?"

The priest drew himself to his full height. The four girls whose labour was thus condemned looked up with disappointed eyes. Margaret found herself suddenly compelled to turn, to look Lady Marlowe in the face. Something in her ringing tones had brought with extraordinary vividness the thought of Harry. Truly, yes, if he lay wounded here, those rich silks and glorious pictures might soon be rolled up for him to lie upon.

"This work that your Ladyship despises," said Sir Thomas, "is not for the service of man. It is for the high altar in our old church that Mistress Margaret and her maidens are—"

"Sir Vicar, I am not a heathen," Lady Marlowe interrupted with her strange smile. "But needlework has little to do with religion, it seems to me, and I repeat to you, in times like these, my thoughts are too full of serious matters to notice it at all. 'Tis good of its kind, I can see." She stretched out her hand suddenly, and the long fingers caught Margaret's. "I would speak with you alone, child," she said, in that clear voice which men obeyed like a trumpet-call.

The girls fled first at a glance from Margaret. The three worthies made their bows, sped on their way by her smile that seemed to ask their pardon, Lady Marlowe not condescending to notice their going at all. They hurried down the tower stairs and across the court as if the Devil was driving them, with some lack of dignity, and it was not till they were safe in the street that Timothy Toste spoke first, trembling. "I fear," he

said, "I fear to leave Mistress Meg with that woman. Mark my words, she is a wicked woman."

The Vicar crossed himself. "The woman despises the seemly worship of God," he said. "I have heard of such; they tell me that in France and Italy there are many such. May the Holy Trinity bless the child! May the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Margaret, Virgin and Martyr, guard and keep watch over her!"

"Have no fear, brother Timothy and Sir Thomas, they surely will," said little Simon, cheerfully. "And wickedness will not have its way with our sweet Lady Meg; she can be as bold and fiery as her worshipful grandfather. She will drive out the Devil as she drove out me, one day when I vexed her. I can tell you, friends, 'twas a word and a blow."

The other two laughed, in spite of their anxiety.

When Lady Marlowe was left alone with Margaret, she pointed to a stool beside her and told the girl to sit there. Turning to face her, she laid her two hands on her shoulders, and murmuring, "Look at me, child," gazed long into the lovely, clouded eyes that were half unwillingly lifted to hers. As she looked, the smile about her mouth grew a little broader, but there was a line in her forehead, a slight raising of the brows, which quite took away any sweetness there might have been in the smile. Meg's thoughts were confused under this strange inspection. What did Lady Marlowe mean, what did she want with her? No one had dared yet say a word to Meg of the Popinjay's pretensions, and from the boy's own looks she did not fear him. The thought of him did not even cross her mind at this moment; it was Harry, Harry, for whom her tired eyes and sad young mouth were crying and mourning. Would Lady Marlowe speak of

Harry? And behold, she did—for what else could she mean?

"So, pretty one, you would be my daughter," she said under her breath; and Meg blushed sweetly, while her eyes softened and fell. "Nay, there is nothing to make you shame-faced," Lady Marlowe went on. "The thing was no fault of yours. That face of yours, sweet Meg,—when I look at it well, I see beauty for which a man might well risk his honour, if not his salvation. You little country maid, you are a morsel for a prince, much more for a baron, who seldom has the wit to choose so rightly. There, I like your pride," as Meg turned her face away and tried to rise. "Be still, child. Now speak to me from that foolish heart of yours. Are you the only person, do you think, who is fretting for Lord Marlowe?"

It seemed as if the ice melted from Meg's whole nature suddenly. She lifted both hands, then laid them on Lady Marlowe's knees, and bowed her head upon them for a moment. Then she looked up and spoke, first laughing, then with quick tears and sobs that broke into her speech. "Nay, Madam, indeed, I know, I know how you are searching for him. Oh, I thank you for suffering me to speak. I thought, I knew, that you, his mother of whom he talked to me, must feel kindly for me. You must understand all, — though he could never tell you—but where is he? For God's sake, Madam, tell me where he is, or my heart will break."

"Child, do I know?" Lady Marlowe said quickly. "He went, it seems, to join the one he loves best,—yes, best in the world, Meg—another Margaret. That did not surprise me, —we know his Lordship—though indeed a few hours seemed hardly long enough, even for him, and now I wonder still more. But if I thought he had joined the Queen, I should have

no uneasiness. It is the fate of his men that distracts me, and alarms me for his own. How could he have gone so far alone, on foot, in the snow!"

"Yes, 'tis true."

Meg was calm now. She sat very still, looking up at Harry's step-mother. What was in Lady Marlowe's mind? She gazed straight before her with lips parted, eyes wide open, yet seeming at the moment to see nothing. What visions of danger and death were floating before her? Presently Meg recalled her with a word, and life leapt back into the woman's eyes like an agile beast of prey.

"I thought," the girl began, "sometimes I think still, that my Lord never left Ruddiford. At the time I knew it was false, that story of his going."

"Are you mad, girl? What do you mean?" The words flashed out like a sword from its sheath, but neither from voice nor eyes did Meg shrink.

It was the first time, since Antonio's news of Harry's departure struck her down, that she had put that extraordinary impression into words. "It is false! He is not gone!" she had cried then, and her grandfather, he and Antonio, had looked on her with pity; but in Antonio's eyes there was something else than pity, and she had never since borne to look upon him or speak to him as of old.

"Tell me why you say this, and instantly. What befell him, if he did not leave Ruddiford? Who knows the truth?" Lady Marlowe demanded sternly.

Meg, with paling cheeks and darkening eyes, told her all she remembered of that fatal Christmas Day, and my Lady listened with an intensity that lost no glance or tone.

At last she smiled and shook her head. "The young Italian," she said, "what motive had he for any foul play, he, whose monkey trick, as Sir William tells me, pushed my stepson over the line of honour? Ha! does he dare, perchance,—but why that trick? If the creature, unworthy to lick the dust before you, dares to love you, Margaret, why then—"

"Tis all a mystery," Meg said. "But indeed afterwards, he hated my Lord—I saw it, Madam, as I tell you, in his eyes."

"And you did not accuse him?"

"I lost my senses,—I knew nothing,—and then it seemed an unreasoning fancy. And my grandfather loves Antonio,—and we played together for so long—"

"Ah! Too long, I doubt," Lady Marlowe, said, "too long for the Italian. You never gave him hope, you never—"

She broke off, warned by the indignant flash in the girl's eyes.

"You know, Madam, who he is," Meg said coldly. "But I may be slandering him. He may know no more than he says. I cannot tell."

"We will make sure," said Lady Marlowe, very low.

Leaning back in her chair, she let her eyes rest with a kind of pleasure on Meg's beautiful head, now bent thoughtfully. None of the girl's attractiveness was lost upon her. She was quite clever enough to appreciate the dignity and pure goodness which made so large a part of it.

"Margaret," Isabel said, with a curious, deep ring in her voice, "is it your belief that Harry Marlowe is dead,—done to death, perhaps, by the jealousy of this Italian?"

"No; I do not think he is dead. If he were dead, he would show himself to me in a vision."

"The crystal might tell us; it

should, if I were at home," her Ladyship murmured. "Listen, Margaret." She laid one hand on Meg's head, and with the other raised her chin. "Your grandfather gives me charge of you," she said, in her quietest, most earnest way. "And I have a demand to make of you,—a simple one, truly, and I honour you by making it, but I would rather rule by love than fear, my beautiful child. I demand your entire trust and confidence; I ask your true and honest help in all my doings. First, my Lord Marlowe must be found or his fate known, and with that end you must spare no one. Neither fear nor favour nor ancient friendship nor pity must let you interfere between my designs and me. You agree, Margaret? You place yourself in my hands? You are as my daughter would be, if I had the good fortune to possess one like you?"

"I am in your hands," Meg said; but Isabel's quick instinct knew that a doubt still lay behind. "You have a condition?" she said. "Speak to me without fear."

The red blood surged up again into Meg's cheeks; she took Lady Marlowe's hand and touched it softly with her lips, and looked up into the resolute face that smiled upon her. "Your object is mine," she said. "Find him,—give him back to me,—I am yours for ever."

"Foolish child," Lady Marlowe said under her breath; and she added aloud: "If we fail, Meg, if death has him, or forgetfulness,—ah, you know little of life, you babe of sixteen years—then still you are mine, your future is mine. You trust me, Meg, and follow my leading? You are loyal, and believe no lies of me? I may reckon on you as a true and loving daughter?"

"I am your true and loving daughter," was Margaret's answer.

"Give me Lord Marlowe,—and if he is dead, give him to me still—and if he has forgotten, no other man shall speak of love and marriage to me. But I know that cannot be," and she laughed.

"Those eyes, that mouth, that hair, might draw a dead man out of his grave," Isabel muttered, half to herself. "Well, child, my word upon it, you shall marry none but my Lord Marlowe. We will speak together again; say nothing of this talk of ours."

She too laughed, and stooping, kissed Meg upon the forehead and the eyelids, then rose quickly and left her, forbidding her to follow.

As she swept through the galleries, there were no ears in the thick walls to catch what she said, and luckily, for she talked to herself all the way. "Harry, Richard,—Richard, Harry

—one Lord Marlowe is as good as another, and better still—if I can only be sure! Ah, my little Antonio, we shall see what you have to say to me."

Passing the embrasure of a window, she stepped into it and looked out on the broad rampart below. The sun was shining on two figures; a man's arm was round a woman's waist; her fair head lay against his bright green shoulder. The many colours of his smartly-cut garments, the golden hair that curled on his neck,—all, though his face was turned away, betrayed young Richard Marlowe.

"Fool!" said her Ladyship, and stamped her foot, but went on her way laughing.

When she reached her own apartments, "Send for Master Antonio," was the order that she gave.

(To be continued.)

CHILDREN OF NATURE.

THE sun was nearly gone from the desolate city. Patches of stagnant water, catching the level rays, glistened here and there like foil on the poisonous greenness of the hollow. Other patches, grey in the shadow or golden-brown in the light, were resolved by a field-glass into ruinous structures standing in deep marsh. A tethered horse, grazing on the rim of the slough, the faint tinkling of goat-bells, and three black tents near a pine-log shelter were the only witnesses to human life on the holiest site of Lycia.

With the certainty of swampy ground ahead we had to dismount; for the Anatolian horse, whether from heredity or from some bitter personal experience of bogland, will fall into a paroxysm of terror at the sight of water in his path; and I have seen the most battered pack-jade rear and prance like Job's war-horse rather than pass a six-inch gutter. So a-foot we went down to see Patara. These cumbered sites of dead cities may refresh the soul, but certainly they vex the body. The curse of lost Paradise seems to brood on them, bidding the longest thorns and the stoutest thistles grow and multiply between their stones. Snakes and scorpions wait for the unwary hand in every cranny, and all blocks seem to have fallen edge uppermost or to be ready to turn under a hasty foot.

Patara was not to be ventured upon without the opportune leading of a Yuruk herd-boy; for that part of it in the thickest of the cane-brake, where once must have been a sea-pool and harbour, seemed im-

penetrable. A fortress of the Byzantine age has been the last permanent habitation of men; and along the broken crenellations of its walls we had to follow clumsily the soft-shod feet of the guide. It was no holiday ramble. The wall was a mere *arête* between inky depths on the left and a slimy jungle on the right; it was often broken and always unsafe, and over its rottenest parts a passage had to be forced through clumps of rank vegetation. Our slow progress was marked by the splashing of loose stones into the pool and the scurrying of its myriad gruesome tenants, and ere we had struggled out to dry land, near the sand-choked ruin of the Roman theatre, it was high time to cast about for shelter.

Far down the marsh a goat-herd's cry sounded faintly as he drove his flock to the higher ground, amid a responsive jangle of gathering bells; and loud in our ears sang the first mosquitoes of sundown. Of a summer night what pests must rise from that rotting slough! Even on the heights above a camp would be intolerable. But in this chill April weather one might pass the dark there well enough, and so we set our faces towards the pine-log shelter and the three black booths. Finding the first full of dung, wherein fleas and ticks unnumbered lay in ambush, we sent a Greek servant ahead to parley with the Yuruk tent-dwellers. This was a tactical mistake. Hospitality, even in the East, is more often enforced by public opinion than offered out of the fulness of the heart. Meet your possible host half way

therefore, and without that hesitancy which the polite code of the West prescribes, and place yourself within the sphere of his tribal conscience, identifying yourself with his dwelling or his kin; touch his beard, his knees, his head, his salt, his tent-ropes. For all nomads are encased in tribal selfishness, and of nomads the closest of fist are those who, like Yuruks, wander under the shadow of a Government wholly external to them, which takes of everything and give nothing in exchange. What do the tent-dwellers want with the apparatus of official Ottoman civilisation, with the police, only seen at the heels of the publican, with the local *Mairis*, only entered at the heels of the police, with the new roads or the spidery bridges, which their sagacious asses wisely avoid? All these things they curse in the same breath with the provinces of Yemen and Hasa to which their sons are spirited as conscripts. Where a Government is to be kept as far as may be from sight and knowledge of the tribal possessions, no nearer shall the casual stranger come,—a tax-gatherer as likely as not, or a spy of the local assessor,—who knows? Among such jealous folk a party like ours was likely to fare ill enough if it waited for an invitation; for we were not strange enough in gait or guise to rouse that curiosity which overmasters suspicion.

The Greek came back to say we had found bad men, and had best ride back to the port, night though it was. But we had no mind to ride jaded beasts for four moonless hours over an execrable path; and the Yuruks looked honest folk enough. So we did at last what we should have done at first, walked straightway into the largest tent and sat us down by the ashes of its fire. No one showed surprise. We were within

our social right by the code, and the owner had no choice but to follow and speak the customary words of welcome. But suspicion evidently clouded his simple mind, and we had still to go through that exasperating Ollendorffian dialogue, which in one language or other must be held wherever men have been taught by long and bitter experience to conceal their wealth.

"Have you barley for our beasts?"

"We have no barley."

"But we give money." (Chins jerk and tongues click.) "Well have you chopped straw?"

"There is none."

"Good!—nor eggs?"

"We have no eggs" (suggesting abundance in the next camp).

"Nor milk?"

"To-day, none."

"Nor butter, nor bread, nor anything?"

"Nor anything!"

"Ah, and these fowls, they lay no eggs?"

"*Al!* they lay, God be praised!"

"And those nanny-goats, they make no milk?"

"*Wallah!* They make milk."

"Then here, by the will of God, we stay. Quick! barley, milk, eggs! We stay."

And in nine cases out of ten all your simple wants will be supplied in the end; and although you refuse the inevitable prayer for those rejuvenating philtres of which all Franks are understood to hold the secret you will part in the dawn the best of friends from the unwilling host of the evening before.

Should an Eastern anywhere depart from this indifferent reserve and meet you on your half of the way, put it not down to his proverbial hospitality, but suspect some particular motive of self-interest. A few years ago certain official assessors of

lands for taxation, working their way through the villages on the left bank of the Nile, suddenly found the obstruction that had embittered their earlier progress yield to a spirit of spontaneous welcome. Sheikhs and notables came forth to greet them. The best of the village was at their service, and the fullest revelation was made of the wealth of the community, and especially the high value of its lands. Meanwhile a second Commission, advancing *pari passu* on the contrary bank, was equally surprised by a change in the peasants' demeanour. Its business was to purchase lands for a State-railway, and lo, here was field after field which it seemed was worth hardly an old song. So the two Commissions worked apace up both banks for a day or two; then came weeping and wailing right and left, and ahead obstruction more dogged than ever. For in a fatal moment the Assessors had been mistaken for the Railway Surveyors, the Surveyors for the Assessors!

With us, however, all went well enough. Neither our clothes nor, truth to tell, our halting speech, were such as were used by any publican that the old Yuruk had ever seen. So pine logs were heaped on the embers, tobacco-boxes offered and accepted, buttermilk and unleavened dampers brought in by the wrinkled dame. The patriarch unbosomed his griefs as is the habit of his kind,—how he had broken up and sowed a bit of Noman's Land, and promptly found it assessed as a field under irrigation,—how his last plough-ox had been taken to discharge a debt not half its value, and his son, the support of his age, was gone to the Yemen,—never to return. *Wallah!* He knew this Government! The tale sounded pathetic to Western ears and we tried awkwardly to sympathise with the old man; but we had no

help from the Greek, reassured by this time. Knowing how lightly such woes weigh on these bird-like wanderers who are here to-day, dispersed to-morrow, and fatalist always above settled folk, he chimed in with ribald pleasantries savouring of the gaffs of Galata, to the incontinent delight of the patriarch and his son, little familiar with urban wits.

His indecencies, but half understood, seemed no affair of mine, and silently thankful to be discharged from the talk, I ceased to regard it. The night had fallen luminous though as yet without moon, and profoundly still, as night can be in its first hours on a Levantine shore. Not a needle stirred on the pine fronds; only the flat note of a bell came up now and again from the fold as a beast rose to its feet or lay down. In the pauses of the talk one might hear the faint intermittent murmur of stones, trees, and earth, respiring the heat of the day past. And whenever, to the relief of unaccustomed eyes, the smoky fire died down, a flying column of mosquitoes would sail in by the door, to dispute our persons with the fleas.

These tent-dwellers seemed lighter of heart than the men of town and village, merrier perhaps for having less between them and the sky. There is this to be said for tent-life in a warm clime,—it exhilarates, like the casting off of clothing; and perhaps that is why civilised men of other climes have so much hankering for a trial of it, despite its insecurity and its plague of blowing dust, and the noonday heat and the cold in the dawn. But the canvas booth is not meant for house-dwellers who must carry with them much furniture and many scattered possessions and sit high and stand upright. For it should be low to cheat the wind, and empty of all that may gather dust, a

mere canvas burrow, just such a shelter from draught and sun and dew as suits the exceeding simplicity and poverty of thought of nomad peoples in whom want of occupation and variety in life leaves no void to be filled by that morbid introspection dear to civilised solitaries.

The woman took no part in the discourse. She had not shared the meal that her husband ate after his guests were satisfied, but had presented to him the bowl with the faintest motion of one palm towards her breast. Having obeyed the immemorial instinct of reverence for the male, she sank on her heels to coax the fire and croon over the ashes, throwing a question now and again at us, till some pastoral duty called her outside the tent. No domestic accord was ever more complete. Man and woman, without friction, question, or strife, sufficed together for all the necessary functions of existence. In her constant performance of light physical labours she had probably never known the woes of either her toiling or her idle Western sisters. For her there were no sexual cravings unfulfilled, no assumption of the manly part, no fear of loneliness in middle life or age. If she must in all things be obedient, even to stripes, the inexorable opinion of a simple society would protect her from any physical tyranny. Even in the nomad's tent the rod is held a fool's weapon, and woe to him who can rule his household by no other, or fails to pay in a multitude of punctilious ways her due honour to the wife. For honour all Eastern wives will have at their husband's hands, hardly less than a Western woman's, and that even if living, not in this simple peasant state, but in the normal seclusion of the harem. For the harem of that sort of which we commonly think, with

its eunuchs and bars and bowstrings, and its soulless slaves of lust, is hardly less an exception in Moslem societies than the household of a French pornographic novel in Christian. Some increase of seclusion it seems there must be in the South. The climate makes hot blood, and society cannot so effectively discourage there the use of a man's brute strength. But the seclusion of most women in the western Moslem lands is not more severe than in the southern lands of Europe. With one feature reserved, a feature more objectionable in theory than in practice, the normal family system of the East is not worse for a woman than this,—that she has absolute disposal of a part of the house, with her own inviolate apartment, the control of her own property and her own children to the age of puberty, and an indefeasible claim to honour and protection with no anxiety for present or future. But outside the strictly domestic life she will seldom be invited and never expected to share her husband's activities, or indeed to have much activity of any kind.

"Bad enough," says her restless Western sister, "and what about your reservation? What is exclusive possession of house, property and children, if the husband must be shared?" It is true that they have yet to learn in the East that a husband is as much property as a wife, and that polygamy, equally with polyandry, breaks a natural law; but it is no less true that plurality of wives is in practice less common there than monogamy. Woman has asserted her claim to the single possession of a man hardly less successfully in Moslem societies than in Christian; and in effect there are millions of the Faithful who remain loyal through life to one partner. The constant possibility of polygamy,

however, lowering, as we conceive it, the status of all Moslem women, is not to be explained away; and at the same time, it is not to be discussed by a wise man with any well educated and intelligent Moslem who knows Europe. For he is likely to hold in reply such language as this: "Yes, we sanction plurality, under strict limitations; but we practise it less than you practise promiscuity under no legal limitation worth mentioning. In the interest of whom do you condemn polygamy? Of the children? We safeguard that effectually in all cases, whereas in nine out of ten of your unsanctioned unions, it is in no way secured. Of the woman? True for a moiety; but how many women do you condemn to take no share in the origination of life, their first function? Of the man? Him again you condemn to a partial fulfilment of that function and often enough to failure to fulfil it at all. Of the family as a whole? But Eastern society is as widely and as firmly based on the family as Western, and indeed more so; for I have noted among you more than one sign that the family is no longer in such honour as with us. Your system of education, for example, seems to be tending more and more to remove children from the parents, and to imbue them with ideas that are not those of the family from which they spring; and you complete your destructive work by Imperialist propaganda with its encouragement of celibate adventure. Furthermore, is not national rather than family loyalty come in your society to be canonised as the highest virtue? And the strongest intellects among you preach a wider loyalty still. When you have realised the Christianity of Christ, where will be the family?"

I have tried to confound these

Moslem critics with our favourite maxim, that no practice of what is regarded as immoral is a hundredth part so harmful as the theoretic sanction of it; but I have found they attach so much less importance to the possible effect of a principle of national purity on national character than to the actual effect of illegitimacy, social outlawry, preventible sterility, and other consequences, which our code entails on individuals, that of late I have avoided argument on the topic.

Roused from a spell of uneasy sleep by the cold as much as by the insect legions, I found the talk ceased and the talkers slumbering, with their feet to the fire. A sea-wind, rising gustily, roused an intermittent glow from the dying embers in its inroads through the tent-door; and the old Yuruk was revealed a moment, lying supine, his head on the lap of his dame, who leaned back asleep against the tent-pole. More ancient far than any ruin in the marsh seemed that nomad pair, primeval in creed as in all habits of life. Islam they claimed to profess in the face of such strangers as ourselves,—all the Yuruks will do that—but Allah had not the best part of their private allegiance; and under his name, no doubt, they revered without ritual or articulate creed some survival of a private tribal god, with whom as a kinsman they felt the possibility of more intimate communion. The All-Father of the Arabs, no more than He of the Hebrews, has chased the petty gods of place and tribe out of the Nearer East; and the power of local deities, far older than either of the great surviving creeds, is still commemorated in the worship of saints of both hagiologies, at tombs in which their bodies never lay, and in hill-side churches with which they had no concern in life,—if live they did.

Nowhere in the world will men readily give up particular gods, who may do for them what they feel cannot be asked and will not be obtained from a Universal God. For there is that ineradicable desire in man to narrow the field of divine omnivision which has been the bane of all ecumenic creeds. It has lain behind the elaboration of all rituals and the practice of all sectarian cults, and counts for much even in the offering of daily prayer.

In all likelihood the private cult of Yuruks has been affected by the universal Allah of Islam no more and no less than the pre-Islamic cult of the Bedouins, by whom it has been said he was accepted at first only as a general and permanent Judge of Appeal, to open a way out of those terrible *impasses* into which tribal gods bring their human kin. He was to play in short the umpire's part, which all races, whose only police measure is the blood-feud, must delegate from time to time to some individual, as a condition of the continued existence of society at all. The Meccan All-Father offers himself undefined, cumbered by no local ritual, not much more than an abstraction of the Theistic Idea. Almost anything can be read into him. He accepts identification with every kin-father, and is compatible with all forms of *ketman*, that *suppressio veri* so easily justified and so readily practised by the intellect of the Nearer East. Not so the God of the Christians, not so at any rate that God whom the Christians of the Nearer East worship. At the best, as He is presented by Western missionaries, He is a jealous individual God, to be served by a rigid code of conduct, a God of morals, most unacceptable and indeed hardly comprehensible by men for whom morality is regulated by custom not religion. At the worst, under His familiar aspect in the Le-

vant, His service, divorced from morality, consists in the strict performance of elaborate ritual offices of a kind scarcely possible to true nomads, and discordant even with that faint and far-away memory of a wandering life which survives deep down in the heart of almost every settled Moslem of Hither Asia. Bedouins and Yuruks have no capacity for elaborate ritual acts of salvation. The few required by Islam they can ignore or evade; the many which characterise Christianity, as they see it, repel them as effectually as its menace of a new code of conduct. A God, not requiring to be worshipped in any one consecrated place, accessible without priestly intermediaries, and therefore without money, who needs neither symbols nor tokens, and says nothing as to conduct which does not directly regard himself,—this is the God for the wandering men. He is devoid of material elements, parts, and earthly semblance, not because he is a Spirit but because he is a Shadow. Nothing of that real sense of the omnipresence and omnipotence of a spiritual Allah, which seems to possess the most stolid of settled Moslems and elevates their creed at its best into one of the purest forms of Monotheism conceivable, is present to the wanderers. They are as careless of him as, they take it, he is careless of them. When Allah first made the world, say the Bedouins, he ordered Creation during six days, and on the seventh was about to compose himself to sleep, when a man stood before him and said: "Thou hast apportioned the world, but to us given nothing. Behold, my people still in the desert!" And the Creator looked and saw the Bedouins indeed forgotten in the waste, but he would not disturb his order. "This do," he replied; "since ye dwell in what is no man's, ye shall take from what is any man's. Go

your way." So his own way from that hour has the Bedouin gone, careless of Creation and its Creator.

It was deep night still, but the moon, sinking to the sea, threw an image of the tent door across the fire, bleaching the glow of the wood embers. The old dame opened her eyes suddenly as a waking animal, shuffled her knees sideways from under the man's shoulders, gently lowered his head to a saddlebag and yawning left the tent. I heard her gather fuel without, with which presently she returned and made up the fire. Then she went down towards the fold, where a continuous jangle told of uneasy udders and a premonition of coming day. The growing warmth to my feet brought an hour's forgetfulness, and I woke to find the dusk of dawn in the tent, but the dame not yet returned. At her labours of milking and tending the herd, she at least showed little enough of that indolent contemplative habit with which we credit the East. I

scrambled to my feet, stiff with cramp and cold, and stood in the tent door. The great sheep-dogs, which had bayed over night, recognised a temporary addition to the family by sidling silently out of range, and settling watchful again on the gossamers. A false impalpable sea, which had flowed inland, filled the hollow where Patara lay, and submerged all but the higher dunes beyond it; but above its smoky limit, the true sea could be seen rising to the horizon in palest tints of mauve and green. Against the brightening sky the profile of a shaggy range beyond the Xanthus river stood up harder and harder, rib after rib detaching itself on the ample slopes; and drawn along its crest towards the parent chain of Taurus, my eye caught the first flush of day on a pinnacle of snow. The old Yuruk, stretching himself twice or thrice, rose, spat, pushed through the door, and leaving his dame to set milk and cheese before us, strode off without a word of farewell.

D. G. HOGARTH.

OF THE USE AND ABUSE OF TOBACCO.

THOUGH differences of temperament may not allow everyone the mild indulgence of the pipe, all are interested in learning that in the leaves of the Indian's weed dwells a friendly genius ready to protect us from the virulent attacks of the myriad host of invisible life which floats around us, in some cases infecting the air we breathe, the food we eat, and the water we drink. This assurance comes to us from the bacteriologist, whose experiments conducted under the microscope demonstrate that contact with the smoke of tobacco destroys the vitality of microbes.

It is also gratifying to learn that our forefathers, in whose wisdom all right-minded people, of course, fondly believe, were not wholly wrong in their estimate of the manifold virtues of their beloved herb. With the largeness of faith which belongs equally to the infancy of research and the springtime of life, they believed with the implicit faith of childhood in its all-healing powers. And the learned in the secrets of Nature proclaimed to suffering humanity that out of the heart of the New World had come a remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to. But if facts grew too strong for faith to grapple with, and overthrew their Dagon, this one consolation remains to testify to their just appreciation of the weed, namely, that tobacco can and does destroy contagious germs.

Glancing back to the early records of its advent in Europe we came upon Liebault in 1570 discoursing pleasantly on the marvellous virtues of the herb, and learn of him that it

owes its introduction into the fashionable world to Jean Nicot, and its credentials to its power over disease, more particularly over the malady he calls *Noli me tangere*.

Jean Nicot, Lord of Villemain, and Master of the Requests of the French King's household, was sent as ambassador to the Portuguese Court in 1559, remaining there until 1561. On the occasion of his visiting the State prisons of Lisbon, the keeper presented him with specimens of a strange herb, which had just arrived in Port from Florida, shipped by a Flemish merchant. Nicot's curiosity was aroused and he took an early opportunity of purchasing from the merchant a quantity of the prepared leaves, and some seeds of the plant. Learning from him what use the Indians made of the weed, and their manner of smoking it, he began to experiment, first upon himself (as all good practitioners should do) and liking it, he caused some of the seeds to be sown in his garden, where to his great delight they grew and multiplied exceedingly. There can hardly be a doubt that Nicot had been told by the merchant that the Indians expressed a juice from the leaves with which they cured the wounds received in battle, and that he had made this known to his domestics. For Liebault says that the Lord Ambassador was one day advertised of a young man of kin to his page who had made assay of the herb, bruised and in liquor, upon an ulcer he had upon his cheek near unto the nose, wherewith he found himself marvellously eased. Whereupon Nicot caused the said

young man to be brought before him, and after minute inspection he ordered the sufferer to continue the treatment eight or ten days longer. Nicot now hurried off to the King of Portugal's physician and informed him of the case, and together they watched the progress of the cure. By the end of ten days the physician was enabled to certify that the *Noli me tangere* was "utterly extinguished," and the face "comfortably healed. Shortly afterwards Nicot's cook almost cut off his thumb with a great chopping knife, and he too flew to the new remedy for relief, and after five or six dressings was likewise comfortably healed. Many other similar cases and their comfortable cure are recorded by Liebault and Monardes. News of the potent influence of the weed, now commonly called the Ambassador's herb, over bodily infirmity spread with amazing rapidity, and out of every nook and corner of the kingdom there flocked to the Ambassador sufferers of all sorts and conditions, praying to be healed of their ailments. Nicot's garden was now a centre of attraction for fashionable loungers: his house had already become an infirmary; and great was the rejoicing when the maimed, the sick, and the wounded threw away their crutches, sound of body and full of faith. From the recital whereof it plainly appears that though names may change, poor humanity remains pretty much what it was in the beginning, and none wax so fat in fame or fortune as those who minister to its weaknesses.

Tidings of the pleasing delusion of tobacco's wonderful curative properties reached these shores towards the close of the sixteenth century, when the pipe was already installed in almost every chimney-nook. Needless to say that lovers of the weed received the intelligence with warmth, and held to

the new belief with a steadfastness nothing could shake. Some of England's foremost poets and dramatists signalised their high appreciation of the exotic's rare attributes in imperishable literature. Edmund Spenser, for example, was a great smoker, and when he and Raleigh met in Ireland they would sit together by the hour over a soothing pipe, while holding delightful contests of responsive versifying. In the FAËRY QUEENE is a passage telling how Belphebe hastened into the woods to gather herbs to heal the wounded Timais:

For she of herbs had great intendiment,
Taught of the Nymph which from her
infancy
Her nursed had in true nobility:
There, whether it divine Tobacco were,
Or Panachea, or Polygony,
She found and brought it to her patient
dear,
Who all this while lay bleeding out his
heart-blood near.

In a similar vein William Lyly, Queen Elizabeth's court-poet, speaks of the weed in his play entitled THE WOMAN IN THE MOONE. Pandora, having wounded a lover with a spear, urges her attendant to gather

. . . Balm and cooling violets,
And of our holy herb nicotian,
And bring withal pure honey from the
hive,
To heal the wound of my unhappy
hand.

Ben Jonson, Thomas Dekker, and a host of other playwrights and pamphleteers found in the the new indulgence a source of endless amusement, and belaboured tobaccoconists, as smokers were then called, with rare sallies of wit and humour.

How enraptured medical men were with the new herb, believing that at last they had discovered the panacea of their happiest dreams, may be

learned from Dr. Gardiner's TRIALL OF TOBACCO. In this rare quarto volume, published in London in 1610, the author informs the reader that, although an old man, he has undertaken the task of compiling the book in order to supply a proper knowledge of the plant so much in use among Englishmen. For the cure of the asthmatical, and such persons as are of a consumptive tendency, he prescribed liberally of *Foliorum Sana Sancta Indorum*, combined with other medicaments unknown to modern therapeutics, and which may be readily accredited with very effectual properties,—effectual, one would think, in expelling the extravagant belief of the learned leeches of those days in tobacco as a sovereign remedy. How people managed to take such concoctions as Dr. Gardiner prescribed and live is beyond conception; their Spartan-like endurance shines out conspicuously under a treatment which embraces “tobacco gruel,” “tobacco wine,” also, tobacco made up into a kind of soup, or syrup, “with sufficient sugar.” The patient is recommended to drink the decoction hot, as a medicine against the plague.

A glimpse of the strange notions which entered the heads of our forefathers respecting the medicinal virtues of the Indian weed may be gained from a perusal of the curious collection of odds and ends of social and literary gossip, contained in the Harleian Miscellany. Under the head of *Tobacco* the writer says he once knew some persons who every day ate several ounces of the herb without experiencing any sensible effect; and from this he infers that, “Use and custom will tame and naturalise the most fierce and rugged poison, so that it will become civil and friendly to the body.”

Though he appears, for his own part,

to have a wholesome dread of such experimenting, he seems unable to break away from the common belief, that “the qualities, nature, and uses of tobacco may be very considerable in several cases and circumstances, although King James himself hath both writ and disputed very smartly against it.” The reader is next informed that a French author in THE JOURNAL OF SCIENCE (1681) has “writ a peculiar tract of tobacco, wherein he commends it for bringing on sleep”; an idea probably derived from Dr. Thorius's HYMNUS TABACI (1625) which passed through many editions in London, Paris, and Utrecht. In this elegant Latin poem Thorius playfully alludes to the drowsiness tobacco-smoking produced upon the gods:

. . . The gods Bacchus, Liber,
Jove, Mars, Vulcan, Mercury, Apollo,
Lustily through their nose the smoke
did take,
As if another Ætna they would make.
The goddesses, pleas'd with the novelty,
Laugh'd all the while, but when they
did see
How much to sleep that night the gods
were given,
Angry, decreed it should be banish'd
Heav'n.

The purifying action of tobacco-smoke on unwholesome air was fully recognised in Pepys's time, when during the Great Plague of 1665-6 the pipe was to be seen in almost every mouth. Pepys like others sought protection in the weed, and purchased roll-tobacco to chew. In his immortal diary is a note under date, June 7th, 1665:

This is the hottest day that I ever felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane, see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and, ‘Lord have mercy upon us,’ writ there, which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind

that to my remembrance I ever saw. It put me in an illconception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll-tobacco to smell and to chew, which took away my apprehension.

Dr. Willis, Physician in ordinary to Charles the Second, speaks highly of the valuable antiseptic properties of tobacco. In his work entitled, *A PLAIN AND EASY METHOD OF PRESERVING (BY GOD'S BLESSING) THOSE THAT ARE WELL FROM THE INFECTION OF THE PLAGUE* (1666) he remarks upon the exemption from the pestilence of houses where tobacco was stored for manufacture or sale :

Nor, indeed, were those persons affected who smoked tobacco, especially if they smoked in a morning, a time when the body is more susceptible to outer influences than it is later in the day. For the smoke of the plant secures those parts which lie most open, namely, the mouth, nostrils, etc., and at once intercepts and keeps the contagion that floats in the air from the brains, lungs, and stomach. It also stirs the blood and spirits all over, and makes them throw off any contagion that may adhere to them.

In another treatise on the subject Dr. Willis makes equally shrewd remarks on the use of tobacco among soldiers and sailors. He says, "Tobacco taken in the vulgar way by the mouth through a pipe has effects not only manifold but diverse," and he explains that its use, "when it may be had, seems not only necessary but profitable for soldiers and mariners, for that it renders them both fearless of any danger, and patient of hunger, cold, and labour." Military experiences of recent years bear testimony to the beneficial use of tobacco in almost the same words.

The learned Dutch Physician, Dr. Diemerbroeck, of Utrecht, in his *TRACTATUS DE PESTE* (1635-6) lays stress on the good which he found to come of smoking tobacco. So fully

was he persuaded of its powers to kill contagion that for his own sake he smoked almost continuously while attending upon his patients in the hospitals at Nimeguen during the prevalence of the great plague in Holland. He began the day with a pipe; after dinner he would take two or three more, and a like number after supper; and if at any time he felt himself affected by his surroundings he immediately had recourse to the weed, which he regarded as his comforter in affliction and preserver from the plague. Dr. Diemerbroeck would seem to have been a model officer of health. Armed with his chosen instrument he gallantly charged the enemy at all hours and in all places, striding along the aisles of death unscathed. His services were invaluable, and ought surely to have been utilised over a larger area than they were. As Smoking Sanitary Commissioner he might have visited, say, Cologne, where much to the advantage of the inhabitants, more particularly to visitors, he doubtless would have founded a *Tabako-Collegium*. Coleridge would then most likely have been spared his discomfiture and precipitate rout on his encountering there "seventy-two separate and well-defined stinks."

We now approach the threshold of new and more enlightened views of the uses of tobacco. From the first inception of the idea of its possessing curative properties it passed through two distinct phases in the medical world. First it was received as a heaven-sent boon to suffering humanity, and was applied with a lavish hand for the cure of every malady. Then followed bitter experiences of pain and even death inflicted in cases where it had been fondly hoped relief would be obtained. We see medical practice struggling in

a dim uncertain light towards fuller knowledge, yet baffled at every step. Reluctantly the doctor is driven to forsake his new love, and again we see him turning to the plants of his native soil for the realisation of the great dream of his life,—a panacea, which to him meant all that the philosopher's stone could signify to the alchemist; and once more we hear of Solar Elixirs, and of occult medicaments prepared from herbs gathered in the glimpees of the moon; for it was argued that the ruling heavenly bodies, from whose divine energy had sprung all life, must assuredly have provided remedies for the evils with which life is burdened. The reaction which followed upon the disappointment was so strong that tobacco became the shibboleth of the profession, whose leading spirits denounced as charlatans all who ventured to remain faithful to the creed of the tobaccoist. This second stage reached its culmination half a century ago, when Mr. Lizars and Mr. Solly, of St. Thomas's Hospital, inaugurated a crusade against tobacco, holding forth on the physical and mental misery, leading to insanity, which must inevitably follow its use in any form. One instance among many may suffice to indicate Mr. Solly's method of terrifying smokers. He speaks of a young clergyman of his acquaintance who could only write his sermons under the stimulus of a pipe; he admits that his discourses were eloquent, even brilliant, and profitable to listen to. Then Mr. Solly, pointing an admonitory finger, utters the solemn warning,—“But the end of that man is not yet!”

Fortunately there is no longer need to consider whether tobacco deserves the hard things said of it, or whether it is to be ranked among the chief blessings a beneficent Providence has

conferred upon this nether world. These things are settling themselves in their proper places under the critical eyes of modern science, and the larger and more rational views derived from experiences in the field, the camp, and the hospital. Conspicuous among medical treatises of recent years wherein the subject is dispassionately surveyed may be mentioned that of Dr. John C. Murray, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Remarking upon the curative effect of tobacco-smoking on the sick and wounded in the Franco-German war, he says that its healing virtues were so obvious to an army-surgeon of his acquaintance that from being strongly opposed to the use of tobacco he became a convert, in so far that he actually purchased cigars and presented them to the wounded, in consequence of having observed that their smoking assisted recovery. “This experience,” adds Dr. Murray, “is contrary to what has been enunciated as theory, or deduced from isolated examples taken from the hospitals. Practical observation from previously healthy men, must, however, be allowed precedence of speculation when inferred from disease.” This admission marks a decided advance towards harmonising the faults of speculative reasoning with the actual experiences of everyday life.

Taking a general survey of army medical officers' reports of work done in the hospital-camps, he finds evidence in abundance supporting the view that tobacco-smoking does in some indefinable way mitigate suffering and help to a speedy recovery. Not only were the good effects manifest in the comfort it afforded the men on the march, but chiefly in the camp and the hospital, where under its soothing influence the wounded were often snatched from death and the sick restored to

health. An amusing incident of a wounded soldier's love for his pipe is noted in a lady's diary kept while occupied as a nurse in a British hospital. Private McCarthy while under chloroform had just had one of his toes amputated by the surgeon. The wound bled freely, and the surgeon, after binding it up, left strict injunctions that the man was not to put his foot down. It happened that the nurse was called away to another patient for a few minutes, but before leaving she reminded the patient of the doctor's orders about remaining still. On her return, to her astonishment the man was nowhere to be seen. After some searching she discovered him by traces of blood on the floor, quietly seated in the yard smoking his pipe. To her admonition about disobeying orders, and concern for the injury he was likely to do himself, he paid no heed, and continued smoking in happy indifference. Better success attended her endeavour to bring him to a repentant frame of mind when she told him of how he had disfigured the floor with blood. Then he rose and quietly returned to his bed, saying, "Indeed, Ma'am, I could not help going to have a pipe, for sure, that was the nastiest stuff I ever got drunk on,"—alluding to the taste of the chloroform.

Besides being a social comfort to the soldier on the march and in camp, the wholesomeness of the weed has long been recognised in the Army. Lord Wolseley on the occasion of his rapid dash to Coomassie gave proof of his belief in its prophylactic properties when on landing at Cape Coast Castle he caused pipes and tobacco to be dealt out to the men. George Gilham, of the Rifle Brigade, writing from the ranks tells of his experiences on the march, and says: "The climate about Cape Coast Castle is bad, and the stanches we came upon almost

knocked us over. But the General had pipes and tobacco served out to us with orders to smoke for protection. I was then no smoker, but I soon managed to learn the art." And Corporal J. C. Ives, of the Buffs, bears pathetic testimony to the soldiers' love of a pipe of tobacco during some hard service fighting the Zulus. After describing a fierce encounter with the enemy he concludes with this lament:

The worst of all was we had no tobacco, the last having been already issued. We did not know we had so little in our possession when we sold some to the Kaffirs in charge of the track oxen. When we found all was gone we would have given double the value of it, but it was too late, and we were induced to try experiments with dry tea-leaves, grass, and coffee grounds. Some of the men found a herb which they smoked, but this had the effect of making their heads swell to such an extent that they had to be attended by the doctor.

With innumerable experiences such as these before them it is difficult to understand the action of the Home authorities in dealing with contraband tobacco seized by Custom-house officers. A few years ago a ton of tobacco and cigars was seized at Portsmouth, the whole of which was buried in order to get rid of it. A protest was made, and the reasonableness of distributing, instead of wasting, such seizures of tobacco among the men of the Army and Navy could not be gainsaid; and it was satisfactory to learn that the Revenue Department had been moved to issue directions to the proper officers to, in future, supply troop-ships with seized tobacco at the rate of one ounce per diem for each man. But this humane practice was soon discontinued; indeed, the arrangements for the disposal of seized tobacco present some curious features, and have varied considerably from time to time. The course pursued with such seizures,

including that unreleased by consignees from the Bonded warehouses at the London Docks had been the very primitive one of burning it in an instrument known and recognised as the Queen's tobacco-pipe. Possibly some outdoor officer of Customs hit upon the device in order to shield himself from blame for thus wasting good stuff. It was a huge instrument of enormous ventrical capacity and would turn hundreds of tons into smoke in a few hours. Then an after-thought of economy crept in, and suggested that the ashes might make good manure. They were accordingly sold to agriculturists for what they would fetch; a ton of the ashes it was found served as tillage for four acres of ground. But this monster pipe is now put out; it was arranged that future seizures of contraband tobacco, and also such as remained in Bond unclaimed on account of its having sustained damage in transit from the place of exportation, should be thrown upon the market for sale, a course which did not commend itself to the trade, nor to the palate of dainty smokers. In face of the difficulty another arrangement was made for its disposal; the criminal lunatics confined in certain Government asylums were thought of, and gratuitously provided with tobacco from this source. Large quantities were also supplied to certain public botanical gardens where tobacco is required for the destruction of insect life, and which would otherwise have to be purchased at the public expense. If after meeting these demands a sufficient quantity of tobacco was available, then troops ordered on foreign service were furnished with a supply for use on the voyage. Strange to say, even this small chance of obtaining a little comfort for the men who are to fight our battles in foreign lands under hardships which

tax the strongest powers of endurance has ceased. Troop-ships at the best of times are none too comfortable, and anything that can be done towards making those on board contented would be an appreciable gain to the Service. Both policy and humanity indicate a little generous treatment of the men upon whose prowess the existence of the Empire so largely depends. It is hard to believe that criminal lunatics can have a better claim to the indulgence than our soldiers.

Referring to the antiseptic properties of tobacco Dr. Murray says that he is fully convinced from close observation, that, though it does not produce ozone, it is an excellent disinfectant; and he mentions instances of ladies who, while attending upon their relatives laid up with a fearful epidemic malady, recognised, as if by intuition, the advantage of smoking. On one occasion a lady came into the sick room, where he was seeing a confluent case of epidemic small-pox, puffing a cigar, and upon his remarking it she pointed to the patient with a triumphant air more eloquent than words. Whereupon Dr. Murray with a touch of old-fashioned chivalry says, "I immediately bent to her as a Master."

Drs. Klein, Tassinari, Werke and other distinguished bacteriologists have carried their investigations into this interesting field of research with marked success.

Dr. Klein, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, says, that "direct experiment proves that tobacco-smoke has a decided germicidal effect; it is not known, however, which is the active principle in the tobacco-smoke." He also remarks that the popular idea which has sprung up of tobacco's prophylactic powers, "is well supported by laboratory experiment." Dr. Tassinari, adopting the microscopical methods of Pasteur, illustrates his

investigations into the subject and the results obtained by a series of charts. These results may be briefly summarised. He found that the smoke of tobacco in some cases entirely destroyed, in others retarded the development of, micro-organisms. For example, the bacilli of Asiatic cholera and pneumonia were in every instance destroyed by the smoke of tobacco irrespective of the kind or quality of tobacco used. Anthrax bacilli and the bacilli of typhoid offered greater resistance, the latter indeed were but little affected by the smoke. He makes an odd remark about the surprising growths of germs found by the microscope adhering to the coating of the teeth, and says that as tobacco-smoke destroys them, it is a preventive of decay; should it darken the enamel, the ashes of the weed used as a dentifrice will make them whiter than before.

Similar investigations have been made in Spain and Germany. Werke saturated a cigar with a liquid fully impregnated with cholera bacilli and found that in twenty-four hours every germ was destroyed. He next placed bacilli upon dry tobacco leaves; in

this case they were rendered harmless in half an hour. In other trials a contact with the leaf of three hours was required for their destruction. Strange to say, damp tobacco was the least effective; the germs struggled hard for existence, and held out for three days before yielding up their lives to the superior genius of the weed. A fifty per cent. solution of tobacco over-mastered them in twenty-four hours. But it is by burning tobacco, when its elements are liberated from their confinement, that the battle is most decisively won. Werke says that when he tested them with the smoke of tobacco every germ was rendered incapable of propagating disease in less than five minutes.

Though the medical man whom duty calls to densely-crowded unwholesome districts fortifies himself against attack from the invisible foe with a Manilla or Cuban leaf, he protests emphatically against the smoking habit which has recently cropped up among boys. The boy-smoker, besides being a nuisance, is rendering himself physically and mentally unfit for the duties of life.

E. VINCENT HEWARD.

MUNICIPAL OLIGARCHIES.

A GOOD deal of the most interesting, because the most practical, literature which proceeds from provincial printing-presses is all but completely neglected by those whom it concerns. The commonalty of the land buys or borrows novels as methodically as it pockets its weekly wages: it looks at its halfpenny paper, with strained eyes for the racing columns; but it turns with contempt from the somewhat portly volumes in which its particular town makes a valiant attempt to show how flourishing it is and how desirable as a place of residence for the stranger, with money in his purse, eager to pay rates and taxes. It is a pity. These provincial Red Books and Blue Books and Yellow Books may be repellent enough in the abstract; yet the artisan, with even no worse than an average intellect, might find in them as good romance of its kind as in any of the sixpenny masterpieces of famous authors. He takes his wife to task fast enough if she runs up bills over and above the weekly pound or two on which she is expected to maintain the house; but he is very unwilling to trouble himself about the statement of accounts of the borough of which he is at times proud to remember that he is a burgess.

This sense of irresponsibility is one of the mental and moral maladies of the age. Few ailments have got so firm a hold upon the majority of us; and hardly any seems to point so credibly towards increased personal degeneration and national misfortune. With Consols still on the borderland of the eighties, one may dwell somewhat upon

this evil and especially its fiscal side,—the side that appeals most vitally to us. An orator of the market-place may be eloquent for an hour about the enormous sums which municipalities have locked up unrealisably in landed estates, waterworks, sewage farms, and the many other luxurious upholsteries of modern civic life, but he does not touch his auditors very deeply. But let these once understand that they owe the depreciation of their savings in Consols to the extravagance, indeed the stark recklessness, of the aldermen and councillors throughout the land, and they begin to prick up their ears. This, however, is only a small step. The mischief has been done. Most ratepaying citizens have long indulged at intervals in brief orgies of abuse of their municipal rulers; it is one of the few local indulgences for which they are not called upon to pay something, either directly or indirectly. They cannot afford to go farther into the matter than that. Time is money and the dissipation of energy in an unprofitable quarter means loss of money;—so it seems to them. Hence comes the gradual weightening of the chains with which a town's rulers holds its ratepayers in bondage. The traditions of one body of administrators are passed on to their successors, and though certain of these others have donned their gowns of office with an honest determination to inaugurate a new order of things (retrenchment, if not reform), they soon find themselves swept along in the flood of liabilities from which it seems that neither they nor their constituents can extricate themselves.

An enterprise begun must be completed, and one enterprise dovetails into another. The intoxication of a newly acquired dignity, including public intimacy with one's superiors in wealth, education, experience, and social importance, is accountable for much sacrifice of innocence as well as of principles. How shall a virtuous and, in the main, simple greengrocer presume more than once or twice to tilt his primitive aspirations and nursery logic against a score of men who have grown overbearing, if not grey, in the practice of Council Chamber dialectics? And even at the worst, when the aldermen and councillors stand condemned as publicists by their own private cheque-books, it is so easy for them to repudiate responsibility for the prominent calamity which has perhaps brought the town face to face with a crisis. The public, whom they represent, read the papers which contain reports of their debates and may be supposed able to form opinions of their own. It was their duty to agitate and arrest the development of that particular calamity, if it seemed to them an obvious one. The Home Office authorities also have a finger, if not a whole hand, in all the large pies of a municipality. If these paid experts could not foresee disaster after the elaborate investigations and cross-questionings which are customary before expenditure is sanctioned, how can blame lie upon the town's magnates, who are confessedly merely a body of worthy citizens pledged to do nothing more than their best for the men and women who ask them to undertake the thankless task of managing the town?

Our Tudor sovereigns did much to enhance our respectability as a nation in the eyes of the world, but they played sad havoc with our independence and mental parts as individuals,

the bitter fruits whereof are still in process of maturing for our enlightenment. This may seem a preposterous saying; yet look into the civic history of our very old towns, and I think it will be found to be justified. In Plantagenet times many of our boroughs were splendid little microcosms in which the duties of local governors and the governed were heartily understood and appreciated. A mayor was then something more than a figure-head put upon a throne by an amiable conspiracy of his comrades in control, required to do little more than preside over his brother conspirators on public occasions and dispense and receive hospitality in the town's name, often at the town's expense. The town sergeant was wont to sound his horn in the streets and open spaces to summon "every man of twelve years or more" to the parish church or other recognised place with a "Haste, haste!" for the solemn election of the town's chief officer. It was a matter of the highest importance for the whole community, and to shirk responsibility was a craven and open surrender of privilege. It was the same with the man chosen to be mayor. In the best days of those early municipalities, especially in the royal boroughs, his worship had to be a truly worshipful gentleman to fitly meet his liabilities. He undertook not only to govern well, but to submit to punishment like an idle or ill-dispositioned schoolboy if he governed amiss. At Hereford it was laid down that "we must obey our chief bailiff as one presenting the person of the King"; but the burgesses who made the decree also required from the chief bailiff an undertaking that if he refused to answer complaints he should be proceeded against as for perjury, and if

his (the city's) accounts were not faithfully rendered, all his goods should be seized. This was putting a mayor on his mettle with a vengeance. His worship furthermore wore his scarlet and sable in salutary and invigorating fear of the king's own chastisement, if the town's royal dues were not paid. Lincoln in the thirteenth century was hit rather hard on this count, and in these days one may be reasonably astonished to learn that the more considerable men of that city deplored their importance because of its costliness: "They who have once been bailiffs of Lincoln can scarcely rise from poverty and misery." But Lincoln's case was exceptional. As a rule, unless the town became decadent like the Cinque Ports, it thrived under such a regimen of positive responsibility in its chief officer. The mayor negotiated for extended privileges on the town's behalf with the king himself, or the town's lesser overlord, and he and the youngest apprentice alike held their heads the higher for each new and amplified charter that was obtained. "The opulent class who bore the chief burden of responsibility shared the compensating pleasures of power"; that also was as it should be. Nor were these pleasures confined to the doffing of caps in the mayor's own streets and market-places. The inevitable enlargement of his mind in the exercise of his office was one of them. He had to make compacts with his overlord, and treaties of commerce with neighbouring towns, to study and develop the conditions of local trade by road, river, or sea, to drain marshes, fulfil the laws sent down from Westminster, exercise magisterial functions as now, victual the king's army when called upon, attend to the coastguard, provide a ship or two, or the equivalent, when there was war with France, and look

scrupulously to the tolls of stalls and licences in his own market-place. He could not afford to be a fool. Under bonds as he was both to his overlord and his fellow-citizens, he was between the devil and the deep sea if he mismanaged the town's interests. The butchers and bakers and chandlers and their apprentices might in their disgust and righteous wrath pelt him with mud and unsound eggs; though to be sure he was well protected by special laws against such truly scandalous outrages; at Hereford and Rye, for instance, the penalty for striking him was the loss of a hand. But assuming that his faculties answered satisfactorily to the spur of his high position, and his town had no inherent symptoms of decay, he was a most enviable gentleman. He could feast right merrily in his leisure and go a-hawking on the town's lands like any lord and his lady. Henry the First's charter to the Common Council of London, giving them "their chaces to hunt as well and fully as their ancestors had, that is to say, in Chiltre and Middlesex and in Surrey," suggests privileges which were also those of the provincial mayor and his colleagues. He had quite enough to do in the fulfilment of his legitimate duties. Probably a guildsman himself, he might have been amazed and angered exceedingly by the thought that any of his successors could contemplate a course of civic trading which should stifle the independence of the burghesses, make them mere hirelings of the town-council, and infallibly transform that sufficiently honest and respectable body of notables into a hateful and corrupted coterie of despots.

It must be granted of course that abuses had crept into many a town-council before Henry the Eighth came to the throne and proclaimed his omnipotence, alike at Westminster

and in the smallest of England's provincial guildhalls. Mayors and their colleagues, being as human as the same gentlemen in the twentieth century, had yielded to temptation and become transformed into close and determined oligarchies. Increase of population in a borough tended to increase the power of the dominant body and lessen the cohesion of the governed. With the removal of the monasteries and their educative influences, another check on the scarlet-gowned gentry in office passed away. The minds of the tax-paying community lay fallow, or begat only inoffensive weeds of discontent in the diminishing amount of useful leisure that remained to them. They kept their bodies in fine condition with wrestlings and archery and quarter-staves, but it was beyond them to criticise intelligently the doings of their masters. They were the *inferiores*, and the scarlet-gowned score or so in the guildhall were the *potentiores*; and only by a devotion to trade which left them little vigour or inclination to revolt could they hope in time to be admitted to that august company of publicans and sinners. For then, as now, the licensed victuallers got a firm clutch on the sweets of office; and then, as it may be in the future, the opportunity of bleeding the commonalty in the interests of a nefarious few was found to be irresistible. Even in the fourteenth century symptoms of a dangerous monopoly of the headship in the boroughs had appeared; Nicolas Langton was in 1342 elected Mayor of York for the seventeenth time.

But in the sixteenth century the King, as the great monopolist, put an end to the old free civic institutions. He pocketed England's towns and cities and established the precedent of using them and their parliamentary representatives for his own tyrannical

purposes. The precedent had a long innings. The liberties of the boroughs were not restored until the Reform Bill of 1832. It was quite reasonable that Dr. Brady should in 1690 write a big book to make it clear to everyone that the right of election of members of parliament was vested in the mayor and aldermen and only the chief burgesses of corporations, not in the citizens at large. The commonalty had so long been poor pawns for great folks to play with that they aspired to do no more than live with as little discomfort as might be. They had few innate rights and privileges to realise outside their own houses. Small wonder that where, in spite of the sophistries of time-serving Dr. Bradys, they had the power of helping to send a representative to parliament, they combined only to make the price as high a one as the candidates could be induced to pay. In all other matters as touching their own interests, whether as subjects or citizens, they were a disconnected and ignorant crowd. Parliament had no option but to tax them to the uttermost, and locally, if they had a mayor and corporation, they accepted the mystery without an effort to understand it. Their civic rulers finessed with circumstances placidly enough. The word *progress* was a battle-cry rather for individual encouragement in those days. National taxation was severe, but civic rates were kept low.

Our local Red Books and Blue Books and Yellow Books tell a different tale. They show our modern mayors and town-councillors as very resolute applicants of this same blessed word *progress* to all the fields of municipal enterprise in which they have the right to labour. Their predecessors of long ago lived gently for the moment; it seemed to them that each generation should bear its own burdens. It is otherwise with the present race of

municipal governors ; they cannot look too far ahead. Bills of costs do not terrify them so long as they can rely on the eloquence or sophistries of their town-clerks to persuade the Home Office experts that their enterprises are sufficiently plausible. If the town be small, it is argued that it will promptly grow in the strength of these designed improvements. If the town's death-rate be rather above the average, there is no opposing the plea that this is due to sanitary arrangements which demand to be superseded. Having made up their corporate mind to an expenditure, nothing is allowed to stop the way, not the groans of anonymous scribes in the local paper, nor leading articles, nor the still small scruples which continue to whisper in their own consciences. Costly measures sanctioned when trade is exceptionally good begin to be paid for when trade is exceptionally bad, thereby making trade still worse. From one standpoint it is the picturesque irresponsibility of the spend-thrift ; but from another point of view it is not so picturesque. The children of the poor eat bread without butter and go breakfastless to school that the town may rejoice in the prettiest kind of municipal tramway system, in elegant municipal market-halls, public parks, slaughter-houses which the butchers cannot be persuaded to use, dazzling electric lamps, cold store establishments, and a succession of experiments in pavements and road material which delight the contractors and disturb everyone else.

The burgesses lament faintly and submit. They seem as irresponsible as their well-meaning but incompetent and impetuous rulers. It is the business of all of them to have a voice in the disposal of the tens of thousands of pounds which are annually taken from their tills and pockets ; but some are too fiercely endeavouring to

keep out of the bankruptcy court to have any time to devote to public agitation ; others drown care in the public-houses, or at the music-halls and football-matches which are as conventional features of the modern town as an alarming improvement rate ; others are too lazy, too timid or too exasperated to protest sanely against the accumulation of extravagances. The town has had little difficulty in borrowing half a million or a million of money for its past adventures in municipal progress. It hopes to continue the pastime, and go on garnishing itself with palatial frills and fripperies. The burgesses are encouragingly patient upon the whole. Either on demand or after a summons, they pay their local exactions of about fifty shillings a head for every man, woman and child in the borough, and content the town-council and the Guardians of the Poor. Or they fail without any particular fuss and disappear, and other sanguine citizens come obligingly into the town and take their place, attracted, as the town's rulers had foreseen, by just these manifold tokens of a truly progressive borough which made the last straw of the burden that broke the backs of the men whose place they fill.

This is no fairy tale, nor even a somewhat fanciful sketch of the ambitions and consequent emotions of the modern borough. It is a conventionally true portraiture. One is driven to think that the mayor, alderman, and councillors of the modern borough could hardly be a worse infliction if they were an association of bandits who had taken possession of the council chamber by force and decided to oppress the citizens to the very limits of their endurance. They are nothing like that, of course, but their achievements belie them. A certain amount of

compassion is due to them indeed, or would be if they kept the pains and penalties of their greatness to themselves. Many of them wear themselves out prematurely in a vain yearning to do justice equally to their own private concerns and the town's. These are the weaklings, the handy material for the more irresponsible few to work upon in the furtherance of those schemes of municipalised trading which are so inevitably attractive. Our modern boroughs are like a desperate gambler at Monte Carlo. They have gone so far that they cannot without an abject avowal of failure either stop or recede. They are committed to a system. The money squandered and largely lost upon one enterprise must be recovered somehow; and hence comes the greedy and astonishing desire to take the very bread from the mouths of ratepayers by competing with them upon an unfair advantage in their own poor little industries. It is so easy to make up a flattering tale in justification of such interference. The mayor and his council feel a paternal anxiety about the quality of the bread and milk and vegetables with which the town's citizens are supplied. They are not at all satisfied that these comestibles are the best obtainable and—so forth. Having got this thin (or not very thin) edge of the wedge well under the body corporate of the town, what more simple than to proceed to a course of monopolies which shall in time reduce two-thirds of the town's tradesmen to the position of salaried managers, or paid dependents, of the town-council? "Every extension of public action limits the sphere of private action": this dictum of Herbert Spencer's will have no influence upon a town-council fully committed to its career of philanthropic piracy; for it will be argued that it would be

better for the degraded tradesmen to have a fixed salary as managers (and far more satisfactory to their wives) than to continue to grapple with the changes and chances of good trade and bad and their attendant phantoms of extravagant living and the bankruptcy Court. One may reasonably go a little farther still with this forecast. When a town-council attempts to manage a town as if it were just so many departments of a huge store like Whiteley's, it will have to offer a course of pleasing sops to the common folk to persuade them that they are by no means so uncomfortably in bonds of servitude to their rulers. The hospitals, theatres, music-halls and leading football-clubs will be taken up by the municipality as well as the butchers' and bakers' shops. Free admission to football-matches will go a long way to soothe the feelings of the multitude, even if the sublime oligarchy in command find themselves forced by circumstances (the Bank rate, for example) to go back on their earlier declarations of benevolence and unduly raise the price of chops and loaves. As for the integrity of the individual members of a town-council in this swollen state of importance, one must be a little more or less than human to expect it to be spotless. Opportunity makes the thief, alike with unhinged managing directors of tottering companies, Spitalfields pick-pockets, and imperial autocrats. It were vain for a somewhat needy town-councillor at the head of a committee which handled millions a year to pray daily "Lead us not into temptation," when the temptation of innumerable feats of remunerative jobbery battered at his virtue every working day of his life.

But enough. Things are not likely to be allowed to come to so monstrous a climax. It would be

the Middle Ages over again in certain of its (to us) most amusing aspects. Up to a point, local self-government is as necessary as it is wise and honourably developing. Westminster has been generous to the provinces, but it must not be as extravagant and foolish as the boroughs show every tendency of becoming. Having been generous almost to the degree of folly, it must now consider how best to restrain the hands of the irresponsible gentlemen who find themselves in control of such astonishingly irresponsible citizens as these of the twentieth century. Seeing that they are unable to take care of themselves, the latter must be taken care of lest they be insidiously choked with good things which they cannot digest.

One may learn wisdom, of a sort, even from babes. In this matter it is suggestive to remember how things are managed even in so petty, yet prosperous, a State as the little Republic of San Marino. For hundreds of years it has been the custom there to elect a learned and immaculate stranger to the second rank in the State. He comes after the Regents, who are the worshipful figure-heads in San Marino. To him are committed the control of the law-courts and sundry other offices of the most eminently practical kind. His alien origin and limited term of office combine with his previous character as guarantees of his impartiality and wisdom. He is required to be wholly free from prejudices; so much so indeed that when a San Marino young lady desires to enter a nunnery, it is his duty to go to her, and, as

advocatus diaboli, address her seriously and explain to her in the most persuasive language possible what a formidable step she is about to take in thus surrendering the charms of the world and the possible pleasures of motherhood. Where her father and mother may have failed the State Commissioner may succeed.

Our municipalities have had great powers given to them which many of them have abused. It is a matter of national importance that these should either be revised, or the citizens whom they govern stimulated to take an active and intimate interest in their own affairs. This might be done by the establishment in every considerable borough of a Crown Officer somewhat similar to the Commissioner of San Marino or the Podestà of the old Italian republics. The town-clerk might not like it, but that would be a grievance for the town-clerk alone. The commonalty would benefit inasmuch as it would be this new official's business to work solely in their interest, and he would be answerable for delinquencies or errors to the Home Office only. With his discreet hand in check upon the impertinent interference of municipalities with the money market, our national credit would have a chance of re-establishing itself. Consols would continue to rise, and the Red Books and Blue Books and Yellow Books of the municipalities would no longer be as beguiling in their statements of accounts as the balance sheets of a company like the late lamented London and Globe Finance Corporation.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

AYAME.

I.

O HARA SAN was in the garden picking irises. It was not an easy task, for the purple flags rose gracefully from several inches of water, and great care was necessary to avoid unsightly splashes. Not desirous of being splashed O Hara San had carefully tucked up her gay dress, and the shortened skirt revealed the prettiest feet imaginable, thrust into the inevitable wooden clogs.

A shaft of sunlight came striking through the bamboo hedge, and touched with glory the little maid's dark hair. The delicate tints of her dress blended into the brilliant carpet of the iris bed, and the faint bloom of her cheek would have rivalled the rosy petals of the cherry-blossom, but the season of cherry-blossom was over. As she stood, airily perched on a moss-grown stone, her slender form bending to meet the upturned flowers, she might have stepped straight off a Japanese fan, only indeed no painted figure was ever half so charming.

Above the garden walls towered the giant cryptomeria trees, and beyond again were the mountains, all blue and mysterious, half veiled in morning mist.

O Hara San sang as she worked, and the little grey lizards crept out into the sun to listen. It was a mournful song, a story of love and revenge, but she had no knowledge of either, as yet, and sang merrily.

Suddenly, from a temple near, the great bell struck the hour, firm, solemn strokes, fraught with Time's warning signal, and little O'Hara San stayed

her hand to count: "*Yo-ji, Go-ji,*" in the quaint Japanese tongue, "*Roku-ji, Shichi-ji.*"¹ But as the last note fined off into silence, she turned in alarm, for a footstep sounded on the path beside her, an unusual occurrence in this secluded spot. It was not the soft shuffling of bare feet, nor the click-clack of clogs, but the unmistakable tread of civilised leather. O Hara San's foolish little heart beat with a vague fear. There was nothing to be afraid of in the newcomer's appearance, however; he was young and an Englishman, and he regarded her with kindly interest.

She dropped her eyes, and bowed low, again and again; a difficult feat when one is balanced on a stone in the midst of a water-field, but the stranger's gravity was unruffled as he returned the salutation. "*O'Hayo,*"² he ventured cheerfully. "*O'Hayo,*" she made answer, and her gentle tones sounded like the cooing of a wood-pigeon in contrast. After this conversation languished. Shyness on O Hara San's part, ignorance of the language on the young man's, held them silent. Then she, with her sheaf of iris blooms clasped to her breast, prepared for flight, and the Englishman, fearing to lose this pretty butterfly creature, surreptitiously consulted his guide-book, and rattled off a sentence with great aplomb. Eastern nations are renowned for the perfection of their manners, but the Japanese are gifted with a sense of humour, and O Hara San was no exception.

¹ Four, five, six, seven.

² Good-morning.

Though she turned her charming head, with all its fairy-like pins and posy of azaleas discreetly aside, it was evident from her crimsoning cheek that she was struggling with suppressed laughter.

Fearing some indiscretion, the stranger hastily turned to the oracle again, and then remained in the silence of consternation. For it is disconcerting, when one imagines one has put forward a complimentary little speech to a bewitching lady, to find one has merely proffered a request for three boiled eggs. The discovery overcame his gravity; he also broke into an amused laugh, while she, covering her face with little sunburnt hands, rocked to and fro, in uncontrolled merriment.

"The devil!" he exclaimed at last.

There was mischief in O Hara San's black eyes, as peeping through her fingers, she replied demurely, "I, too, a little can speak English."

"By Jove!" The offending guide was thrust into oblivion, and relief appeared visible on the young man's face. "That's awfully clever of you; do you think you'd mind coming out of that glorified pond, and talking to me for a short time? Its rather lonely up among these solitudes." O Hara San, disdaining the offer of his hand, gathered together her flowery burden, and stepping daintily across the stones, stood in lowly obeisance before him.

"Don't, please!" he ejaculated hurriedly. "Surely we've bowed enough for to-day. Couldn't we find a seat somewhere, and be comfortable?" Comprehending the meaning, if not the words, she sank gracefully to the ground, and producing a fan from her sash, sat languidly waving it, more than ever a painted figure off a Japanese fan. No other mode of resting being apparent, the Englishman was obliged to follow her

example, so he also seated himself upon the grass, and contrived to appear unconscious of the ridiculous position.

Above them stretched the sky, softly blue and cloudless; all around were the quaint shrubs and flowering plants of a Japanese garden; and below, far down the gully, sounded the restless murmur of the rushing torrent. Monster stone dragons, spouting water from their distorted mouths, were grouped about the lake; flaming blossoms hung from many a gnarled bough, and on a miniature rustic bridge a tame stork stood dozing. It was all very Oriental, very unreal, and in imagination transported one back to the childish days of *Arabians Nights* and enchanted princesses; the stranger gazed about with regretful pleasure.

"Perhaps if you tell me your name, we might get along better," he suggested at length, as O Hara San, absently fanning herself, appeared lost in thought. "O Hara San? San means *Honourable Miss*, doesn't it? Whose is this garden, O Hara San, and what are you doing here?"

Had her command of English been greater the retort would have been obvious, but as it was, she returned with Eastern obedience, "It is Matsumoto's, my father's, garden, there our home." She pointed to where in the distance a modest dwelling rose above the trees, but the Englishman, already acquainted with the inconveniences attending matting floors and sliding panels, showed no desire to investigate further.

"How did you come?" she enquired in turn, carrying the war into the enemy's country. "So many people do not; it is very apart."

"I came because I heard a fairy singing," he answered whimsically, "because my room at the hotel is hot, and the morning beckoned me

out, because I am hopelessly and unutterably bored. But you don't know the meaning of boredom, O Hara San, you are fortunate. I'm bored by others, bored by myself,—but not by you," he added with a half-sigh, and idly quoted:—

A Book of Verses underneath the
Bough,
A jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and
Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilder-
ness—

The word *bread* arrested her attention. "You are hungry?" she asked anxiously. Perhaps after all he really desired those boiled eggs; how unkind she had been! Visions of sugar cakes and *sake*,¹ rose before her hospitable mind's eye, as she eagerly awaited his answer.

The young man laughed, but coloured too. "No," he replied; "what I crave for, is not food, not even food for thought—I've plenty of that in all conscience." He turned towards her suddenly. "Do you know that conventionally speaking I've no right to be here, that I'm a mere trespasser, and should be dismissed with a caution? But this is not the land of convention, thank heaven! and I may talk to you simply because it pleases me, and not because politeness demands it, while you—you've never heard of Mrs. Grundy, and you don't understand these knotty points, little O Hara San, but you smile very sweetly, and listen, and that's a great deal in this selfish world. Do you ever know," he went on dreamily, speaking half to himself, "what it is to want money, to be hunted from pillar to post by bills, to have creditors clamouring, and mess accounts overdue, to be up to your ears in debt!" He broke off with a short laugh. "Of course you

don't; you live on romance out here, not on hard cash, while I—I live on tenter-hooks," he finished ruefully.

O Hara San, arranging her bouquet, touching each separate flower with caressing fingers, could not follow this monologue; but she gathered that the Englishman was disturbed in mind, and she looked at him with pitying eyes. It is of no use to trouble one's self over the trials of this world; make the best of what you have, or you may get worse hereafter. Such was O Hara San's creed, and the creed of her country; but because sympathy must have some expression if words are denied, she snapped off a purple blossom and shyly proffered it. He took the little offering with a smile, grateful for the prompting thought, and since it was too large for a button-hole, laid it carefully between the leaves of the guide-book.

"*Ayame*," said O Hara San softly, with a pretty blush.

"Meaning iris," he translated musingly, "Goddess of the Rainbow and Spirit of Discord; an unlucky gift O Hara San, let us hope it is not an ill-omen—"

"My sakes! Whatever are you doing there anyway?"

The shrill tones sounded startlingly from above their heads, and the young man with a frown, rose hastily to his feet muttering sulkily, "The ill-omen fulfilled!"

But O Hara San, unpricked by conscience, sat with serenely folded hands, gazing up at the bamboo hedge from whence the voice proceeded.

"I knew you were fond of prospecting, but I didn't guess you'd get as far as this," it continued, the drawl and accent unmistakable. "Isn't there a proverb in your country, about one man stealing a heart—horse I mean—while another mayn't

¹ The wine of the country.

look over the hedge! This bamboo isn't exactly easy to see through, so if you'll be so vurry kind—thanks."

With the aid of his hand the newcomer swung herself lightly to the ground, and stood facing them with undisguised displeasure.

O Hara San had risen with courteous greeting, but the intruder, vouchsafing her a scarcely perceptible nod, turned her back, and addressed the young man. "Wilfrid Carlton, I guess I'm pretty amenable and put up with a good deal, but if you're going to flirt with every heathen foreigner you come across, why—" The shrug which followed was expressive.

"Nonsense," he exclaimed almost rudely. "I came entirely by chance, and I have not been here ten minutes."

She laughed provokingly. "Oh, time flies, we know, on occasions—especially when you're improving that occasion. Well, is there any way out of this garden of Eden, for it's most eight, and we're starting early for the temple. Are you coming to the hotel for breakfast, or going to rattle chopsticks here?"

He stood regarding her moodily, disapproval, dislike almost, written on his face; then he turned to O Hara San. "Good-bye," he said with uncovered head; and "*Sayonara*,"¹ she returned simply, adding in her pretty, halting English the usual formula, "An' please come again."

The American's noisy laughter was as unintelligible to her as the conversation preceding it, but nevertheless her eyes were troubled as she watched the departing couple, and all unconsciously she sighed.

The Englishman looked back, when they reached the wicket-gate, and took a farewell glance of O Hara

San. She was standing very still, where they had left her, a wistful solitary little figure, outlined against the gold and purple of the iris bed. So, in his thoughts, he often saw her afterwards.

"You did look queer sitting there, for all the world like two China Mandarins. What in the name of wonder do you find to say to these oddities?" The fair American, brisk and trim, keeping pace with his irritated stride, glanced at him coolly. "Englishmen have an odd way of making love, I must say, but it won't go down with us. I'm not exacting, but I see things pretty plainly, and I draw the line somewhere—"

"Draw the line by all means, but don't draw the longbow," he returned carelessly, tilting his straw hat forward, to avoid meeting her gaze; "You see what doesn't exist occasionally, and let your imagination run away with you,"

"And that's curious," she retorted smartly, "considering you always accuse me of having none; but seriously, Wilfrid, I don't cotton to this sort of behaviour at all."

Leading-strings should be invisible if they are to guide successfully; the impatient movement beside her was a warning signal, and Miss Van Decken, deciding she had gone far enough, relented. "Well, I won't say any more," she continued good-humouredly. "If we quarrel now, why there'll be nothing left for us to do after," and she held out her hand with a gesture of truce.

Carlton felt obliged to take it, and having taken it, obliged to keep it; so peace was declared, and they sauntered along, to all appearances happy and devoted.

"The 'rickshaws are ordered for nine, and then we start for the temple of Ist—Ish—there! I've forgotten its outlandish name again. I gave

¹ Good-bye.

you my guide-book to carry yesterday; have you it with you?"

"Your guide to you a kingdom is," misquoted Carlton lightly, "all important as a parson's bible or a mariner's compass. I can't understand the fascination myself; it's not even useful as a dictionary." Recollecting the incident of an hour ago he paused, but his companion still knitting her brows over the missing word, was not attending.

"Ish—Is—bother! Do look Wilfrid," so, supremely unconscious and anxious to propitiate, Carlton turned to the desired page, and there, true emblem of discord, lay the iris.

Miss Van Decken flushed with pardonable annoyance. "Very touching!" she remarked mockingly. "Have you any more love-tokens? What a pity it wasn't a forget-me-not, and then you might have remembered. My word, you lose no time!" and she tossed her head angrily. Carlton irritably flung the flower from him. That morning's work had cost him dear, yet his conscience smote him. What if O Hara San came this way, and saw her little offering cast aside? How distressed she would be! In imagination he could see the grieved eyes, the trembling mouth, the patient wonder at "these English." Had he followed his inclination, he would have retraced his steps and rescued the fallen flag, but, soldier though he was, he shrank from the fire of the American's sarcasm, and so, like many another generous impulse, it was wasted.

Despising himself for this mock love-making, thinly disguised though it were, cursing the fate that made the quest of the almighty dollar a necessity, out of temper with the world in general, he strode silently along; yet in spite of all, he found time to marvel afresh at the dense

shadow of the cryptomerias, the tender bloom upon the distant hills, for though one may be ill at ease, the artist's heart asserts itself, and Nature is ever ready with her sympathy to those who value it.

Plumes of feathery bamboo swayed airily in the breeze, and sunlight filtered through the leafy shelter, throwing dancing patterns all across the road. Now and again a troop of cheerful labourers passed on their way to the rice-fields, or a 'rickshaw, carrying a delicately painted little lady, rattled by, adding local colour to the faintly tinted scene. As they neared the village the native life became more apparent. Children cried merry "*O'Hayo's*" after them, and many a pretty face peeped from between the sliding panels of the houses. Vendors of curios sat serenely on their matting floors awaiting possible purchasers; women were washing at the wayside stream, or pattering on noisy clogs about the streets; the world was all astir, and the charm of early morning, like the charm of a waking dream, was fading fast.

Carlton and his companion climbed the long hill leading to the mountain hotel. Hostilities had ceased; for her at least the sun was shining, and the bright vivacious face was all smiles.

Far away behind them the purple iris lay withering in the dust.

II.

"Now wait both of you, while I study this right away. I won't set foot inside till I know just what I'm to see."

Mrs. Van Decken, bonny, buxom, and popularly known as "*Momma*," adjusted her pince-nez, and deliberately opened her guide-book. They had toiled up the steep steps to the temple of Inari-yama, and now paused

on the summit to draw breath and admire the view.

Before them towered the great building, calm and stately, bearing upon its pillars and fantastic carvings the impress of tradition stamped with the memories of the past; behind stretched the avenue of cryptomerias, solemn with shadow like the nave of a cathedral, and all around were the blue hills, softly melting to the sky. Carlton's pony, and the 'rickshaws with their attendant coolies, remained beyond the sacred precincts of the gate, the bearers' quaint dresses and lithe, brown limbs, adding the finishing touch to the strange and foreign surroundings. Occasionally a cricket chirped shrilly in the grass, or a silver-winged insect flashed past with musical hum; otherwise the quietude was unbroken.

Miss Van Decken, resigning herself to circumstance, unfurled her umbrella, and prepared to listen at length. Carlton stood restlessly swinging his riding-whip, with gloomy dissatisfaction on his brow. These expeditions were among the penalties of his position as the fair American's future husband, and must be borne with the best grace possible; but patience was a virtue unknown to him, and he waited with ill-concealed vexation.

The poetry and romance of the temples appealed keenly to his imaginative nature; alone, he would have spent hours wandering around the charmed circle, musing on the mystery of the East, absorbing the spirit of the scene, regardless of printed information. This practical, cut and dried method of doing things grated on his nerves, and irritated him at times beyond endurance. "Once we're married, into the fire goes every dashed guide-book," he thought savagely, while his prospective mother-in-law, in blissful igno-

rance of his feelings, turned page after page in laborious search. Osaka, the Japanese courier, had seated himself on the grass, and was leisurely tossing pebbles and twigs down the long vista of steps. He was accustomed to the vagaries of Madam, and regarded these days as holidays, a trifle dull, but still pleasantly idle; the ladies were kind, and the officer gentleman, though apt to grow testy over the lacing of his boots, was not inconsiderate. Osaka, on the whole, enjoyed these outings, and looked upon the lengthy dissertations as part of the amusement.

"Yes, here we are."

Carlton sighed.

"Now, listen. 'The Temple of Inari-yama is situated to the west of Kumi-kuti, and is approached by a grove of cryptomerias [that's correct]. It measures two hundred and ten feet, by one hundred and ninety-five, and covers nearly one thousand three hundred *tsubu* of ground. It is dedicated to Kobo Kwannon, and is over six hundred years old.' Imagine, Mamie! Wilfrid, did you ever! I must memorise that sentence anyway. 'It is dedicated to Kobo Kwannon—'" "The boy is waiting to take your shoes," broke in Carlton when he could trust himself to speak, while inwardly his raging thoughts ran: "My good woman, I'd like to pitch you and your confounded Kobo Kwannon down the gully. Heavens! if man was ever punished for his folly, I am!"

Miss Van Decken, meanwhile, had been divesting herself of her foot-gear, and now stood laughing at the absurd appearance she presented in the loose woollen slippers immortalised by custom. For these spotless matting floors must not be polluted by touch of shoe-leather; the dust must be literally shaken off, ere one dare cross the threshold. This law is

fixed and immovable as were those of the Medes and Persians.

"Nice easy fit guaranteed," she cried with irrepressible levity, holding out one clumsily-shod foot for inspection. "I guess I wouldn't patronise the store these came from. Momma, do hurry. Wilfrid's pony will be eating all the sacred plants if we stay much longer. Read up Murray when you get back; this queer old man can tell you all you want, you bet." Carlton sitting on the bank, moodily wrestling with his riding-boots, groaned as he listened. But the priest, guarding the temple, sat in placid silence, scarcely lifting his serene eyes as the party entered, and even the irreverent Americans hesitated to break in upon his meditations.

Grave young novitiates, shaven-headed, velvet-footed, passed in mute devotion, and many a peasant girl, carefully removing her clogs, had come to lay her votive offering before Buddha. A spirit of rest and peace pervaded the atmosphere; only the civilised Westerners in dress and bearing seemed at variance with the scene.

"See, Mamie, the carving and jewels!" cried Mrs. Van Decken in a noisy whisper. "It must cost a sight of dollars to build a place like this! Admire the cunning figures on that tapestry hung there, *and* the gods! My, what fearful creatures! I wonder what Murray says!"

Instinctively her hand strayed to her pocket, but Carlton hurriedly intervened. "Look at the blue mist rising from the incense," and he pointed to where in the dim recesses of the building faint wreaths went curling upwards, to lose themselves in the shadow of the vaulted roof. "One might imagine some magician there," he continued with scornful amusement, "practising his dark arts, weaving spells to bewitch us all."

"More likely fire, *I* should say," decided Mrs. Van Decken sniffing apprehensively. "How this timber *would* blaze! And I daresay it's not even insured. We can get out easily, that's one thing. Isn't that lacquer-work *too* fetching?"

They moved about, wondering and exclaiming. Carlton, ashamed of the loud remarks and unblushing curiosity, strolled away, and, wrapped in contemplation before the shrine, for a time forgot his annoyance. All the magic of the East, that strange insidious charm, caught and held his fancy spellbound. Freed from the trammels of the commonplace, his thoughts took wing and soared to enchanted worlds; oblivious of his companions he gazed and dreamed, till at a touch the fairy fabric vanished.

"It's very solemn, and impressive, and all that, but just a trifle boring, don't you think?" Miss Van Decken, wondering at his absorption, had followed and now stood beside him.

The subdued light, the church-like atmosphere, their attitude, were all suggestive of the immediate future, and with a shock Carlton realised how utterly repugnant was the idea. Almost roughly he drew away. Fool that he was! Why could he not have braved the position and retained his self-respect? Very, very dearly was he selling his birthright, and like many another he bitterly regretted the false step—too late. And suddenly, through the veil of incense, there rose in remembrance another face, young and pretty, with gentle eyes and a trusting smile; he laughed derisively as the vision faded, for it was only the face of little O Hara San.

III.

"O Hara San! O Hara San!"

The garden of Matsomoto lay

bathed in moonlight, every flower and shrub enshrouded in mystery; black shadows stretched threateningly before each massive dragon, and the unruffled lake gleamed still as polished silver. Far in the distance sounded the faint tinkle of a *samisen*,¹ glow-worms flashed like falling stars through the darkness, and all the veiled beauty of the Eastern night breathed magic and illusion. As if in answer to his whisper a little figure appeared from the shelter of the trees, and moved swiftly over the grass to Carlton's side. It was not the first, nor the second of such meetings; in the record of a past month they stood out like milestones on the road of Time, graven forever with tender words and caresses, pointing the way to the elusive land of Romance.

"Ah!" she laughed, a low delighted croon of happiness, and her hand went stealing into his like a folded flower. Such a little, soft hand it was; Carlton mentally contrasted it with another he was soon to call his own, large, well-developed from much handling of golf-clubs and hockey-sticks; and he clasped those slender fingers all the closer.

"So long time I wait, an' when the moon rise, I count all the minutes; but you are here, beloved, I count no more."

"Yes, I am here," he sighed.

It was not his fault if the moonlight, the witchery of O Hara San's presence proved too strong for his resolution. Stolen waters are sweet, and those stolen hours, brief and fleeting though they were, represented the sparkle of life in the otherwise dull draught of everyday existence. For Carlton possessed the dangerous theatrical temperament, and as a play depends for

effect upon its setting, so his nature responded to the influence of his surroundings. O Hara San in sober garb, among the bricks and mortar of London, would have been powerless to attract; but O Hara San in this old-world garden, touched with the glamour of the East, and with moonlight flooding her eyes and hair, was irresistible.

"So you have watched for me?" he said in his half-alluring, half-protesting voice. "Why do you care so much, I wonder? You are only a little mist maiden I believe, an Undine; you ought not to be troubled with feelings or soul at all."

For answer she laid her cheek against his hand, and smiled. Her knowledge of English had made rapid progress since that far-away morning by the iris bed, for love is a lesson easily learned and O Hara San was an apt pupil. It was pretty to hear her proud utterance of "dearest," to see the confiding glance that accompanied the oft repeated assurances, the shy security with which she rested, encircled by his arm. Guard your heart carefully O Hara San, for nothing in the world is so easy to break, so hard to mend.

Meanwhile Carlton sat deep in thought. This was the last night; there is always something strangely sad about the last moments of a parting however trivial, and this meant more to him than he dared confess. He had never told her of his engagement, never explained that he was only on leave, and would have to return to duty. Many a time, urged by conscience he had tried — and failed. Failure had been the keynote of his life; it was not likely he could alter now. It was hard, he thought bitterly; everything he wanted was denied him; little O Hara San with her pretty ways and beauty, her ready sympathy, and sweetness, was

¹ A native musical instrument.

to be lost to him for ever. She had stolen her way curiously, penetratingly, into his heart, and in his erratic, uncertain fashion he loved her. The melancholy eyes never lighted with anger for her; the scornful, careless replies never greeted her questions; all that was best in him rose at O Hara San's bidding, drawn to the surface by a little Eastern maiden's smile. Could he brave the future, throw up the whole sordid, miserable affair, and marry this Japanese girl? Love whispered *yes*, but Reason answered *no*; and men were ever amenable to Reason.

"You would not care to leave your lovely land, sweetheart?" he began, following the thread of his thoughts aloud, and half hoping for, though jealously ready to resent, a reply in the negative. But O Hara San looked up with adoring eyes. "With you anywhere," she returned simply.

This was disconcerting, but he pressed it further. "England is bleak and dreary, very little sunshine, not mild and gentle like this; you could not live there."

"I have a wadded *kimono*," she laughed triumphantly, "quite warm for cold weather," and she clapped her hands at this conclusive argument.

"You would miss your flowers, and birds, and Matsomoto, your father," he continued, but she shook her head in protest. "With you I miss nothing, want only you." The old, old cry that has echoed with such tragedy throughout the ages!

No, he could not tell her. Instead, he stooped and kissed her very tenderly, and she, smiling and trusting, sighed in absolute content.

There is no gauging Time by measurement; it is impossible. A year may flash by, a moment be an eternity; it all depends upon our-

selves and circumstance. Certainly the last week had dragged leaden-footed for O Hara San, but a week of hopes and fears, of longing and fretting, is not likely to speed fast. Seven days of disappointment, seven nights of bitter weeping, and she could bear the pain no longer, for she was very young, and youth has the right to demand happiness.

"My father, I would go with flowers to the hotel," she said tremulously, approaching the verandah where Matsomoto sat unpacking a case of curios. All his attention was directed to the successful unfolding of many wrappers, and he had little time to spare for trivial interruption. An appreciative smile lingered round his lips, as he held aloft a tortoiseshell carving and watched the light shine golden through its delicate beauty, for Matsomoto was an artist in his way, and realised the perfection of his wares far more than did the wealthy tourists who bought them.

"Flowers, little one!" he answered absently, replacing the treasure in its wooden case. "But the cherry-blossom is over, and the lotus not yet in bloom; better wait awhile."

Wait! It would kill her! She must discover the reason of Carlton's disappearance at any cost. She clasped her hands in agony. "I have gathered many," she faltered with almost a sob; "I humbly beg you to let me go."

"Oh, go then," returned Matsomoto with a shrug. He often sent an offering of fruit and flowers to the hotel, and the proprietor in turn would recommend his guests to visit Matsomoto's store, for he was a celebrity among the village merchants, and owned the rarest and most desirable curios in the country.

O Hara San always bore those flower burdens herself; she liked the change, the glimpse of foreign dress and language, and in this manner had

acquired the little English she possessed. Matsomoto was proud of his pretty daughter, and correspondingly strict. She was never allowed to take part in the quaint dances that formed an occasional entertainment at the hotel, or to laugh and chatter with the waiting-maids. Later, she was destined to marry the son of a neighbouring dealer, but she did not know this, and Matsomoto had never heard of Carlton's existence.

At any other time she would have made an elaborate toilette for the errand, have daintily powdered her cheeks and placed a fresh posy in her hair, but to-day—ah, to-day all was changed. Hastily thrusting her little feet into her clogs, she caught up the basket of blossoms and set out, with never a thought of her dress.

Under the shady cryptomeria trees, she went, across the bridge spanning the foaming torrent, and up the steep hill, till the pretty hotel came into view, with its fantastic pillars and flowering creepers, its string of hired 'rick-shaws and scattered guests.

The proprietor was crossing the hall, and he came bustling out at O Hara San's approach. As in duty bound, they bowed long and low, and then relieving her of her burden, he welcomed, and led her in.

"We have not seen you here of late, O Hara San, and we have missed your presence greatly. This gift is most beautiful; your honoured father is too condescending."

But O Hara San's despairing gaze was wandering restlessly around. He was not here, he was not in the verandah. Where was he? "You have good business this week?" she asked breathlessly, twisting her tiny ice-cold hands together, and flushing

at her own hypocrisy. "Many people in your excellent hotel!"

"Yes, ah yes." The little landlord beamed. "Several English, and many American, but we lose one party, and an officer-gentleman."

"Yes?" murmured O Hara San, and her heart beat to suffocation.

"His name Carlton," proceeded the proprietor complacently, emptying the basket; "he has gone to Yokohama to marry an American lady; he is married to-day."

"Yes?" whispered O Hara San, and her heart stopped.

"But I see new guests arriving. I leave for a short time. *Sayonara, arigato!*"¹

Smiling and bowing he withdrew, and O Hara San, as in a dream, passed out into the sunlight.

Married to-day, and at that moment the wedding-bells were ringing!

Of Carlton's feelings who can judge? After all, one must be cheerful on one's honeymoon, and with Columbia's dollars in his pocket, Columbia's voice at his ear, what time was there for regret, or for regret's twin-sister, remorse?

And as these two sailed away for ever, O Hara San knelt in the temple before her god. But there was no pity, no comprehension in Buddha's vacant gaze; the sightless eyes stared on, with the impotence of graven imagery, vouchsafing no comfort to the stricken figure, no consolation to the breaking heart.

As of old, the great bell was tolling the hour, and as of old the solemn strokes went floating across the mountain. They sounded to O Hara San like her own death-knell.

¹"Good-bye, thank you."

THE FUTURE OF ST. PIERRE.

ALTHOUGH a settlement of the French Shore question has been effected which will relieve Newfoundland of the intolerable incubus of a Gallic lodgment on her seaboard, the retention by France of the colony of St. Pierre-Miquelon must be counted a serious drawback to the fullest advantages of the compact, and especially so because of the probability of St. Pierre yet becoming a factor in Anglo-American disputes.

Canada and Newfoundland have evinced considerable apprehension of late over a proposal by Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, that the United States should purchase St. Pierre, in order to make the New England fishermen independent of Newfoundland, upon which they now have to rely for the bait necessary for their operations on the Grand Banks. Two years ago he declared that it would be a violation of the Monroe Doctrine for France to transfer St. Pierre to Great Britain, which moved the late Hon. David Mills, then Minister of Justice for Canada, to the following answer.

When France yielded up to Great Britain that part of Newfoundland of which she had taken possession, the Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon although Coast appendages of Newfoundland and forming practically a part of the Main Island, were by express Treaty stipulations allowed under certain restrictions to remain French possessions, as places of refuge for the French fishing vessels.

According to the new Doctrine of Senator Lodge, France could not cede these two Islands to Great Britain. They must become a possession of some North or South American Power when they

ceased to be French. Now I can say with the utmost confidence that when St. Pierre and Miquelon cease to belong to France, they must again be united to Newfoundland or become part of British North-America, and I hope we shall not ask, nor be expected to ask, the permission of our neighbours to secure the re-annexation of these Islands to British America.

Since the signing of the new Anglo-French convention and the abandonment by France of her treaty rights on our coast, there has been much discussion on both sides of the Atlantic over this question of St. Pierre. It has been pointed out, on the one side, that in the event of any dispute between Great Britain and the United States henceforth, a threat by France to dispose of St. Pierre to the Washington Government might lead England, under Canadian pressure, to pay a very large price for it; while on the other hand it is argued that the naval necessities of the United States call for an advanced base near the Grand Banks, which St. Pierre would admirably serve, and therefore Washington will seize the first favourable opportunity to secure it.

Canada and Newfoundland are anxious to see this question of a French colony in these waters permanently settled, the more so as the people of St. Pierre have been so much influenced by the declaration of Senator Lodge that they are at present clamouring for annexation to the United States. In the light of the recent Alaskan Award, such a consummation would be infinitely worse than the present conditions. The

United States, with St. Pierre as a fishery base, could revivify the Miquelon Archipelago, which poor fisheries and Newfoundland's Bait Act have now reduced to the direst poverty. Nor is the prospect of annexation to the United States a remote one. The Americans would be delighted to secure such a valuable possession, valuable as a fishery outpost and also as a naval station, in which capacity it would enable United States warships to dominate Canada's whole water-borne commerce, as it commands her entire seaboard.

Many of the phases of the France and Newfoundland question have been many times discussed for years past, but an aspect of it which has not been considered at its full value is that comprehended in the possession by the French of St. Pierre-Miquelon. Newfoundland and Canada are equally concerned in the relinquishment by France of her territorial sovereignty over St. Pierre, because the vast smuggling transactions, of which that island is the centre, injure Canada far more than they do Newfoundland or the New England States.

Newfoundland has maintained such a vigorous crusade against smuggling of late years as to have reduced it to a minimum, and the American seaboard is too remote to make the running of cargoes there a profitable venture. Canada, consequently, is victimised, and the French-Canadians of Quebec are the chief offenders in aiding the Pierrois to defraud the Dominion revenue. For this the geographical situation of the Province is somewhat responsible, but the tie of common extraction which binds St. Pierre and Quebec is the dominating factor. Thus, it is not difficult to see, from the point of view of Imperial policy, how essential it is that the French dominion over St. Pierre should be abrogated, especially as

the absorption of Newfoundland by Canada is again being urged, so that the inexpediency of permitting a geographical pendant to Newfoundland, such as St. Pierre constitutes, to remain in possession of a foreign Power will be doubly apparent.

Although it may be thought that the recent treaty ends the Newfoundland entanglement, such is not the case. The question of St. Pierre will be coming up again for adjustment within a few years; for, paradoxical though it may seem, the real crux of the French Shore question lies not so much in the fishery rights which the Frenchman enjoyed on the West Coast of Newfoundland, as in their occupancy of St. Pierre as a headquarters for their main fishing operations on the Grand Banks. The Treaty Shore phase of the difficulty was settling itself by the failure of the fishing there and the consequent abandonment of the strand by the French. St. Pierre, however, occupies a vastly more serious position. It is an alien dependency over which Newfoundland can exercise no control, and its existence constitutes a direct and abiding menace to the prosperity of our Colony. One can distinguish between the conditions prevailing on the Treaty Shore coast, where development practically does not exist, and the disastrous effects of French bounty-fed competition upon the Newfoundland cod-fishing industry, which has no such stimulus although it is the mainstay of that people. The mineral and other resources of the French shore may be immensely valuable, but to-day they are only in their infancy. The cod-fishery, on the other hand, is a factor of undoubted value and of vital importance in the colonial economy, and as French bounties contributed materially to ruin the West India sugar industry, so the same policy has

been put into operation to the great detriment of Newfoundland, perhaps for no other reason than to keep alive the decaying fish industry of the Norman and Breton seaports, though possibly the less commendable motive of annoying Newfoundland and the Mother Country may have figured to some extent in the calculations of the French statesmen who initiated the scheme.

The prosperity of St. Pierre is based upon two corner-stones, — bounties and smuggling. Remove either, and very grave consequences must result; undermine them both, and the little colony would soon be depopulated, a contingency now quite manifest. St. Pierre is a barren rock, producing nothing of vegetable life that is commercially valuable; it is only as a fishing shelter that it maintains its commercial importance.

Examine the matter of bounties first, we find that the French treasury yearly grants in such aid to the fisheries in North American waters the enormous sum of six million francs, almost a thousand francs for every man engaged in them. This large sum is subdivided among the several interests concerned, so that all participate in its benefits. The *armateur*, or merchant who fits out the ship, gets his proportion; the crew receive their head-money; the dory-builder who constructs the flat-bottomed skiffs they use obtains his quota; and the trader who exports the cured product of the industry is allowed a sum per quintal graded according to the destination of the cargoes, — French West Indies, French West Africa, Algeria, or the Catholic countries of Southern Europe where a fish-diet is a regular factor.

Briefly stated these bounties are equal to two-thirds of the value of every hundredweight of fish taken from the water by the Frenchmen.

and with their industry thus helped they can afford to undersell the Newfoundland fish in every market where the two come into competition. These bounties have been obtained from the French Chamber by the argument that the Bank fishery formed a nursery for French naval recruits. But it has been conclusively proved that these fishermen are worthless as blue-jackets, the whole character of their industry unfitting them for the discipline and ordered intelligence of a warship. In the wooden frigate of the last century they might have formed a useful element, but in the complicated interior of a modern battle-ship they would be as ill at ease as their progenitors of the Commune. This plea of maintaining a naval nursery on the Grand Banks has been used as a lodestone to draw forth a golden current from the French Chamber, through the misguided patriotism of the Deputies, for the enrichment of the armateurs of Brittany and Miquelon, and the impoverishment of the provincial peasantry. Should the light of reason irradiate the Deputies at Versailles when this question comes up for discussion, and they enact the part of wisdom by refusing to vote a continuance of the bounties, this St. Pierre difficulty would not cause the diplomatists of the two countries many anxious hours, for the Bank fishery would speedily be abandoned.

But as bearing upon the naval aspect of the case, the illustration afforded by the fishing town of Gloucester, Massachusetts, in the late American war with Spain, is decidedly significant. Gloucester is the centre of the American fishery on the Grand Banks, as St. Malo is of the French fishery there, and when war against Spain was declared Secretary Long, chief of the United States Navy Department, telegraphed to the mayor

of Gloucester enquiring if that town could undertake to man one of the converted cruisers then making ready. The mayor's reply was in the negative, and only three hundred and five of the twelve thousand fishermen of New England responded to the call for naval volunteers. Yet the American fishing industry is afforded the protection of a duty against Canadian and Newfoundland fish entering the United States which is prohibitive; and the above is the extent of the patriotism induced thereby. It is quite probable that in an emergency the French naval authorities would find their dependence similarly misplaced.

Bolstered up as it is, however, the French Bank fishery has been a most serious competition for Newfoundland. It is carried on heartily by the Metropolitan Firms, as they are called, of St. Malo, Fecamp, and Granville, in large stout wooden ships, and by the Pierrois merchants in smaller schooners. The statistics of the fishery for 1903 were:

118 Metropolitan vessels of 14,765 tons, with 8,968 men.

207 Grand Pecheurs of 9,961 tons, with 8,875 men.

440 Petit Pecheurs of 1,277 tons with 967 men.

Total: 765 craft of 26,023 tons, with 8,810 men.

Of these only four hundred and two men were operating on the Treaty Coast of Newfoundland, the remainder being on the Grand Banks. The Grand Pecheurs are the larger class of Pierrois vessels which go to the Banks; the Petit Pecheurs are the undecked boats which fish around the Miquelon Islands. The total catch of this fleet was 637,727 quintals (a quintal being equivalent to 112 lbs.), of which 352,000 quintals, or more than half the quantity, was exported. The export of this

fish forms the chief grievance of Newfoundland, whose product it is replacing in Southern Europe. Everywhere in the Mediterranean countries, to whose Catholic inhabitants fish is a staple of food, the French can undersell the Newfoundlanders, owing to the bounties, until it seemed at one time only a question of a few years when they would drive the Newfoundlanders from these markets altogether.

The remarkable feature of the situation is that, while their total catch, as recorded at St. Pierre, has shown no increase in the past twelve years, the proportion of it that has been exported has evidenced a steady enlargement, because the chief bounty is only paid upon fish exported from French possessions; and occasionally parcels of cod, which would otherwise rot at home, are given free to foreign dealers in order that the owners may collect their allowance upon the export papers. Newfoundland fifteen years ago, finding the French product undermining hers, passed the famous Bait Act, preventing the French fishermen from entering her waters to procure bait or her own people from conveying it to them; and by vigorously enforcing it every season she has now succeeded in completely crippling their industry, until financial disaster threatens to overwhelm St. Pierre, and its inhabitants are emigrating by scores. French fishermen have been driven to all sorts of expedients to procure this essential requisite, the latest being to trawl for periwinkles on the Banks; but they have now depleted the beds of these shell-fish and are more dependent upon Newfoundland than ever. The difficulties, however, of enforcing an Act preventing the sale of bait to them are not slight, and the resulting friction is very unpleasant. Naturally, therefore, the Newfoundlanders would prefer to live on more amicable terms

with their Pierrois neighbours, but they cannot be expected to sacrifice themselves and the interests of their main industry through any sentimental consideration for France and St. Pierre.

The settlement of the Treaty Coast phase of the French-in-Newfoundland difficulty will have no bearing upon this particular matter, and so long as the commercial rivalry between the two continues Newfoundland will have to use every weapon which the doctrine of self-preservation justifies. The gravity of this issue cannot be exaggerated; upon it depends the future existence of Newfoundland as an independent, self-governing Colony of the British Empire. The Chamber of Commerce of St. John's, Newfoundland, laid before the Royal Commission, sent out by Mr. Chamberlain in 1898 to investigate this whole question, a memorandum containing the most convincing statistics showing the decline in both Newfoundland exports and the prices obtained for them since the French bounty system was fully established, and emphasising the ruinous results which must accrue to the Colony unless some remedy is devised.

Only a desperate remedy can arrest the spread of this financial anæmia, and that remedy can but take the form of inducing the French to abandon their bounties and give up St. Pierre, especially when they see that there is no direct benefit accruing to them from one or the other. Only recently the reporter on the Colonial Budget to the Chamber of Deputies showed that for millions of dollars annually spent by France for colonisation purposes she only receives back twenty-five per cent., while as regards the Bank fisheries the bounties now equal twenty-two per cent. of the value of fish caught.

The smuggling aspect of the diffi-

culty is no less menacing to Newfoundland than the commercial competition. Situated, as St. Pierre is, only twelve miles off her southern coast, and commanding the entrance to the great bays of St. Mary, Placentia, Fortune, and Burgeo, it offers unequalled facilities for a contraband traffic. Spirituous liquors, tobaccos, and fishery requisities are the articles which form the staple of the business; and as the French have never permitted a British consul at St. Pierre, no means has existed of exercising a supervision over the hundreds of Newfoundland and Canadian craft which visit there and load these goods for illicit distribution in their respective colonies. Though Newfoundland has maintained a most vigorous anti-smuggling crusade in recent years and practically stamped out the traffic on a large scale, it is an impossibility to prevent its being carried on in a lesser degree by every boat-owner and fisherman along the adjacent seaboard. The Customs regulations at St. Pierre are so lax that the port becomes a regular stopping-place for the colonial craft in their voyages to and fro, and they never lose the opportunity of replenishing their stores there or of secreting quantities of dutiable goods to be landed on their own shores.

When it is considered that the Newfoundland coast-line is three thousand miles in extent, sparsely populated and with hundreds of harbours where there is no revenue officer, it can readily be seen how easy it is for the floating population to supply itself with the above articles without conforming to the regulations of the Colonial Treasury. Furthermore, on the Treaty Coast Newfoundland, until the recent settlement, could not interfere with the goods which the French fishermen bring there with them every season, ostensibly for use in their own industry

but really for sale to the residents there; and by this means they demoralised the Colonial Revenue over that entire seaboard. It is estimated by the Newfoundland Customs authorities that the annual loss of Revenue through smuggling from St. Pierre is at least \$100,000, besides the cost of maintaining a staff of revenue officers on the southern and western coasts being fully four times what it need be if this pestiferous alien appendage to the island no longer existed or the traffic could be stopped.

Canada is much worse off than Newfoundland, because the Coast of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Island, and Quebec are open to the incursions of the smugglers, who carry on their work on a most extended scale. They have a regular fleet of sailing vessels engaged in the business, with false bulkheads and secret places in the different parts of each vessel; and seizures have been made along the Maritime Province coasts in which liquor to the value of \$15,000 was found in some of these ships. The extent and ramifications of this traffic were exposed in a confession made by one of the prominent operators in it to the Royal Commissioners while in session in St. John's, he and thirteen others having been arrested just prior to that time and a release from prison being promised him on condition of revealing the proceedings of himself and associates. The operations along the Quebec coastline are managed by a regularly organised syndicate with headquarters at St. Pierre and connections in every township in the French Canadian province, and a fleet of three-masted schooners conveying the alcohol from Boston to Miquelon, whence it is ferried up the St. Lawrence in river craft for distribution among the hamlets there. The Dominion Government maintains several

revenue steamers along the gulf and river of St. Lawrence to overhaul the smuggling crafts, but the latter carry various changes of canvas and can thus deceive even the lynx-eyed Customs authorities. The Canadian authorities estimate their annual loss at from \$500,000 to \$800,000, so that between Newfoundland and the Dominion there is fully a million dollars lost every year through the alien sovereignty in St. Pierre, when the cost of maintaining the revenue protective service in the two dependencies is taken into account. The best French brandy can be bought in St. Pierre for forty cents a bottle, gin for from fifteen to twenty-five cents, and alcohol for thirty-five cents a gallon. It is, therefore, easy to see the profit there is in this smuggling business, when it is remembered that the duty on proof spirit entering Canada is \$1.90 a gallon and into Newfoundland \$2.50. This smuggled alcohol is doctored with drugs and colouring extracts, and \$100 worth of it purchased at St. Pierre and so treated will fetch \$1,000 along the coasts of Canada and Newfoundland.

That the foregoing picture of the smuggling business at St. Pierre is not overdrawn can be proved beyond question by an analysis of the trade statistics of that port. It is a fishing town and nothing more. Its population is but six thousand five hundred, all of whom are either fisherfolk or engaged in industries depending directly on the fisheries. The French peasantry and fishers are notoriously frugal in their living and this characteristic is accentuated in the Miquelon colony. The staple diet is refuse fish which the Newfoundlanders would throw away, a little wine and soup forming the only luxuries. So badly were the men in the Metropolitan fleet fed the past five years that it resulted in an exposure in the Cham-

ber of Deputies, in the course of which it was shown that the crews sent out from France each year to man the Pierrois Grand Pecheurs were treated in the same heartless fashion. The surplus goes into illicit consumption in the neighbouring British colonies. A very grave aspect of this situation is that the smuggling has been carried on with full knowledge, if not with the positive approval, of the St. Pierre authorities and the Government of France, for, despite all the protests made by Canada and Newfoundland, the French steadily refused to permit a British consul to be appointed there, and only agreed to it in the recent convention. But almost every man in the place is concerned to some extent in this smuggling and therefore would be an enemy of the consul. Therefore, if he did his duty fearlessly, as a British official would, his life would be the reverse of pleasant while he remained in the smugglers' den. The other alternative is that of France renouncing her sovereignty over the group, in return for concessions to be granted her elsewhere.

It can hardly be held, even by the most pronounced advocates of the French claims, that they have not violated their Treaty obligations by permitting St. Pierre to become the headquarters of this smuggling traffic, to the detriment of Newfoundland and Canada, and by granting a fishing bounty to vessels and men located in St. Pierre, with the result that the solvent existence of Newfoundland is constantly menaced. These reasons, formulated by a British Minister and insisted upon, would constitute a very effective argument in favour of the French abandoning the place. It must be remembered also that St. Pierre and Miquelon are valueless to France except as a fishing-station, the whole

group containing but one harbour, that of St. Pierre itself. To exchange St. Pierre for some African or Caribbean possession would be a wise step on the part of France, because then a territory might be obtained which it would be possible to make some profit out of, as can be no longer done with St. Pierre. It is doomed to that fate which has already befallen the French occupation of the Treaty shore. Depleted fisheries and unrenumerative prices have reduced the thousands of Frenchmen who resorted there some years ago to a mere handful to-day, four hundred in all, and it is impossible for St. Pierre to maintain itself long in the face of the attack which the combined Revenue forces of Canada and Newfoundland could make upon her. They might organise a concerted crusade against the smugglers from the point in Newfoundland nearest to the Pierrois roadstead, where their Revenue cutters could lie in wait and overhaul all crafts as they got beyond the French territorial waters. The success of such a venture would soon impoverish the Pierrois, and the collapse of the fisheries would speedily ensue. The enforcement of the Bait Act has worked great detriment to them in the past, and latterly they are feeling its effects more than ever. It is, with Newfoundland certainly, and with Canada partly, a case of fighting for self-preservation.

The chief objection the French have to the cession of St. Pierre is no doubt the sentimental one of parting with the last vestige of their once vast possessions in North America; but this is a utilitarian age, and a slice of territory elsewhere would soon silence all objections. Nor would their relinquishment of the islets necessarily mean their abandoning of the fisheries altogether. If the bounties

were stopped by France, Newfoundland would offer no objections to the French fishermen entering their waters for bait and supplies, for her hostility to them is not from trade jealousy but from a justifiable indignation at the unfair advantage taken by the French in their effort to drive her out of the markets she gained by the labour of years and held by honest means. Competing with the French along uniform lines without bounties or unfair advantages, Newfoundland can more than hold her own, but she cannot face their bonus of seventy-two per cent. value of the product.

Failing to secure the transfer of the Miquelon group and the abandonment of the French bounties, there will be one alternative open to the British Ministry, — to grant Newfoundland a fixed sum yearly to be applied as countervailing bounties, to cease so soon as the French abolish theirs or as Newfoundland cripples their fishery. With such a stimulus she should destroy the French Banking industry and depopulate St. Pierre within five years. Depriving them of bait on the one hand, and

equalising their bounties on the other, prosecuting the fisheries from her own door while they have to bring their men and equipment over three thousand miles of ocean and back again each year, it needs no emphasising to show that the Pierrois could not long withstand such a combination against them, and that they would be glad, ere many years, to have Great Britain take the islands off the hands of France, which every year squanders the output of a gold-mine in their maintenance.

By this means, too, the designs of the United States would be frustrated, and England relieved of the danger of an American acquisition of these islands, a circumstance which would be of infinitely greater peril to British interests in this region than their retention by France, because it is highly improbable that any cause of controversy with the latter would induce France to attempt to fortify St. Pierre, whereas the Americans would be only too glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to convert it into a naval base.

P. T. McGRATH.

St. John's, Newfoundland.

CONGREGATION AND CONVOCATION.

AFTER some years of comparative peace the University of Oxford is again being stirred by the conflict of ideas and theories which fought their last pitched battles in the excited times following the appointment of the University Commission of 1878. The fate of the University is still uncertain, and uncertain in more ways than one. There are those who, we have just been reminded, hope that she will emerge from the crucible completely undenominational; there are those who believe that scientific interest and influence are destined to overpower the immemorial literary character of the place; while apart from these questions of tendency are those of internal economy and constitution, some holding that the late changes in these respects will in time make Oxford a centre of literary effort and of the collective teaching power of England, while others prophesy that we shall find we have but provided an eleemosynary institute for superannuated instructors. But for good or for evil the great change was wrought twenty years ago or more; and the story of those times has yet to be fairly and impartially written. Such material as we have is generally the work of writers who in their zeal leave "not even Lancelot brave or Galahad pure" in the ranks of their opponents; but they have kept the public ear thus far. It may not be out of place to point out that there is another side of things, and the decisive manner in which Greater Oxford has so lately expressed its opinion upon one at least of the points round which the struggle raged, and still rages, would

seem to show that there exists a mass of feeling in the country which is as much unrepresented by the resident vote now as it was then, and to justify an attempt to correct the exaggerations and the mis-statements which too often pass current as true presentments of the time.

On the other hand incisive criticism of the present state and probable future of things is in the air. There are sufferers, not ineloquent, from the existing stagnation. Every year young men of talent who a few years ago would have been gladly welcomed by their own colleges, after taking their degree, to fill up the gaps in the tutorial body which were continually occurring as the older men recognised (or were recommended to recognise) their advancing years and consequent diminution in energy, are now practically dismissed from the University. They are presented with an annuity for seven years, and they go forth into the cold shade of the Civil Service or the Junior Bar, lest they should interfere with men who are no whit their superiors in talent and who have long enjoyed the sweets of office. The disinherited go to swell the ranks of the malcontents, and being by no means voiceless, their strictures must at times even flutter the comfortable dove-cots of New Oxford. But the older men are fettered now in their places by family considerations. The dual character of the studies at both the old Universities, adapted not for Class only but for Pass also, and intended to secure not merely the highest education for genius but reasonable culture also for the less gifted, de-

mands an indefatigable rejuvenescence and power of adaptation which are very rarely to be met with in elderly teachers. A schoolmaster may look in vain nowadays for a headship if his age be over forty, while the Oxford tutor, who is but an etherealised schoolmaster as things go now, remains as immovable as Theseus. And people are beginning to ask whether the Nationalisation of the Universities has after all meant the creation of a number of co-optative oligarchies whose members are like to be paralysed by the possession of that bane of the Englishman, a modest competence.

The great changes referred to above were made partly of course from without by the Universities Commissions, and up to a certain point they were made in response to pressure from within. Such pressure was supposed to be authoritative; if people ask to be reformed surely, it was said, we should reform them. There were certainly loud complaints from within, and the loudest perhaps was on the subject of clerical headships. In nearly every case the choice of the head of a college was fettered by the necessity of electing a clergyman, and this was held to be a grievous disablement; so many colleges, it was said, had most distinguished laymen at command, great as statesmen, as philosophers, and as savants, whom they would gladly receive as possessors of such dignified sinecures, and yet were compelled to elect clerics of inferior calibre. The change was made; and to the infinite disgust of the author of *THE NATIONALISATION OF THE UNIVERSITIES* some colleges have after a brief experience of lay administration, returned to clerical headships. Yet this was the cry: give us free power of election and you will see the most distinguished son of every college, fellow or no fellow, at its head. On the contrary, the tendency will surely

be more and more to employ the headships as a new form of pension; the temptation will arise to dispose of an obstructive, aged, or inefficient tutor by an ignominious elevation. In old times he would have been offered a good country living and advised to accept it; now he will be requested to become a figurehead and to leave the course open for the energetic.

But this is by the way. The two University Commissions were appointed under Conservative influence, and their proposals were at first studiously moderate. Life-fellowships were of course doomed; but the wishes of the pious founder were still held as the basis of arrangements. Clerical headships were in some cases to be retained and a poor remainder of the once predominant clerical fellowships were to survive. The writer possesses drafts of some of these earlier proposals, never made public, in which these principles are embodied; but these drafts are dated early in 1880, and later in that year came the general election, which threw power into the hands of a statesman who it was said could never forgive his own University the offence of rejecting himself as her representative. The elevation of Lord Selborne, the chairman of the Commission, to the woolsack, gave the needed opportunity. Dr. Bradley, then Master of University College, was nominated in his place, and it was understood that he held a mandate for the complete secularisation of the University. Certainly the tone of the Commission at once changed, and the results were apparent in the immediate removal of nearly all restrictions as fixed by the founders of colleges. Clerical headships and fellowships were swept away with one stroke of the pen. Dr. Bradley's appointment to the Deanery of Westminster immediately followed.

Simultaneously with the action of the Commission the old Conservative influence had sustained a crushing defeat within the University. For many years elections to the Hebdomadal Council, the only body with the right of initiating academic legislation, had been left to that party. In the year 1878 the Liberals made the discovery that nearly every professorship, sinecure or semi-sinecure, was in the hands of their friends, and thought that all the best administrators and business men were also on their side. Convocation, that is the general body of resident Masters of Arts of the University, was no doubt Conservative, but there was no organisation, and none seemed to be considered necessary; while the Liberals, organising quietly and effectively on the lines of the then newly-introduced Caucus, put forward as their candidates six of the most distinguished men in the University. The result was a decisive victory, and for years their opponents remained in a demoralised and inactive condition.

The Reformers began in real earnest. One of their number was credibly reported to carry about with him the Statutes of the University as devout men carry their prayer-book, and to spend every spare moment in searching for ordinances to repeal or alter. But their zeal met with a check from a very unexpected quarter. It had been supposed that the new non-clerical fellows, the children of the Commission, being as it were on their promotion, would become the young lions of the party. They proved lions indeed, but their roaring was most unfilial; and the cause of this was sufficiently obvious. For the ten years previous to the sitting of the Commission there had been a singular dearth, in some colleges a complete cessation, of appointments to fellowships. As tutors married they were

retained on the teaching staff in the expectation that the new statutes would legalise married fellows; and their vacated fellowships, instead of being filled up, were suspended to afford pay for the exiles and their families. In one college this process of detrition had left only six actual fellows; and in many there was a gap of several years between the standing of the last fellow of the old foundation and the newly-elected fellow of the new. The younger men when they came in found themselves side by side with old dons masquerading as youthful Radicals. On the strength of refusals to go to morning chapel twenty years before, these derelicts claimed to be considered as champions of liberty, while the young bloods persisted in regarding them as Whigs of a peculiarly malignant and self-seeking type. To this natural repulsion was in part at least due the origin of the once-famous Non-Placet Society. It was really believed for a time that there was a secret combination, a kind of academic Kuklux for the assassination by adverse vote (*non placet*) of the Council's most cherished measures. But as a matter of fact no such society ever existed; there was merely a consensus of opinion among the younger men against ill-considered and unnecessary legislation, and to this was added presently a strong feeling of protest against personal jobbery. For an era had now begun in which it was necessary to find a place for deserving politicians who either were married or desired to marry, and in some instances offices were apparently created for the especial behoof of such persons. These and other causes,—notably a dislike to the policy which sought to give to a University traditionally literary in culture a scientific character—caused the trend of opinion to become strongly Conservative, and

by the end of 1885 this was certainly the dominant feeling in the University. To all this must be added the effect of Jowett's high-handed proceedings as Vice-Chancellor, which caused, as his biographers are fain to admit, deep irritation and brought it about that measure after measure was either rejected or only carried by the narrowest of majorities.

These measures were principally directed to the advancement of the cause of scientific and technical education at the expense of the literary side; and it was quickly perceived by the astute managers of the New Movement that every step gained in that direction rendered the next more easy. The innumerable pigeon-holes of natural science offered facilities for the introduction into them of innumerable teachers, and as these were promptly created Masters of Arts, every such appointment meant a fresh vote gained; and it was by means of such appointments that the genuine internal development of the opposition above described was met. For such new appointments facilities were afforded partly by the action of the Commission, which had light-heartedly appropriated for the purposes large sums from the prospective agricultural increments of the incomes of the colleges, and partly by alienating the very slender funds of the University itself. Hardly a term passed without the allocation of large sums to the support, or rather establishment of a study for which Oxford, as many thought, offered no natural facilities,—an adventitious and artificial growth. There were professors with one or two hearers, examiners in schools in which they outnumbered the candidates, — “lords of waste marshes, kings of desolate isles.” And these men, to a great extent drawn from external and non-literary institutions, were immediately endowed

with powers which enabled them to vote on subjects of which they were totally ignorant and to swamp by mere numbers the highest literary talent of the University. It was indeed in one of the debates as to the increase of their numbers or their pay that the now well-known term *unlettered scientist* first came to be used. In every discussion, on every appointment, the Museum vote had to be reckoned with as cast solidly on one side or the other. There was apparently a tacit understanding between these folk and the literary Radical to the effect that if they lent their aid in carrying his measures they should receive his support in all their own proposals. They used to come down in a flock, somewhat unkempt and unacademic in appearance, and merely vote to order. By these means the great majority of the internal changes which were carried out under the direction of the Master of Balliol were affected.

A natural result of the irritation thus engendered was that the Science Debates, which were hardy terminals or nearly so, were distinguished for acrimony, a quality as a rule admirably absent from the speeches in Congregation. It was difficult to abuse a man in public with whom you might have to dine every night if you wanted your table allowance; and as a rule the speeches were remarkable for their tenderness for personal susceptibilities; only in the Science Debates did feeling occasionally come to the front. On one occasion a Science Professor repeatedly alluded to the “Master” of Trinity as one of his opponents, and being met again and again with corrections of “President!” at last turned and begged the pardon of the House; he could not “get the name out of his head, for he came,” he said, “from a University where the Master of Trinity was

a really important person." And whether the professor said that of malice prepense or in pure *gaucherie* will ever remain a mystery. A professor on the other side, the most courteous and kindly of men in private life, was betrayed into describing the University of Cambridge as recruited from the most barbarous and brutalised counties of England. And scarcely less ferocious was the utterance of the Johnsonian Freeman,—the flamboyant masses of his beard waving around him—when he described the signatories to one of the Science memorials: "And there I discovered a name which at first I believed to be that of a dear and learned friend, William Bright of Christ Church, but on investigation I was disgusted to find that it was that of an entirely different person," the different person being also a historian.

These acerbities were softened by one episode which added to the gaiety of the University. One of the innumerable Museum votes was opposed on the ground that it endowed vivisection, and vivisection was at that time rather a sore point at Oxford. Burdon Sanderson, recently appointed Professor of Physiology, could not walk abroad without being insulted by the spectacle of old ladies catching up their pet dogs from the pavement at the sight of him, and scurrying away with them down side-streets. Attractive spinsters invaded the penitential of junior dons with petitions to be signed, and the Bodleian Librarian threw himself heart and soul into the fray. It was not very long after the great calling up of Convocation over the Horton case, presently to be described; and the calling up seemed to have been done so easily and to have given such pleasure to a variety of persons, other than the Vice-Chancellor, that the Anti-Vivisectionists

determined to do likewise. The call was not very successful; a few came up, sufficient to induce the authorities to transfer the voting from the Convocation House to the ample area of the Sheldonian Theatre. The numbers were not very large, but the excitement was great, and the noise tremendous. One aged Doctor of Laws, on finding that he could not obtain a hearing, actually produced a lethal weapon (to wit, a revolver) and brandished it in the face of the assembly; but public attention was mainly centred on the two protagonists, Professor Burdon Sanderson and the Librarian. The latter solemnly read aloud from a Blue Book of some sort a gruesome narrative of the alleged vivisection of a dog. It ended with the words "I had much pleasure in repeating this interesting experiment"; there were howls of horror prepared, when Burdon Sanderson jumped to his feet: "Why, the dog was dead," said he. "As I read it," said his opponent with great conviction, "the dog was alive." "But I performed the experiment," said the Professor, "and I say the dog was dead." Thus all the sting was taken out of the Librarian's indictment. He was afterwards depicted in an unfeeling caricature as being vivisected by Burdon Sanderson who was ejaculating, "I have much pleasure in repeating this interesting experiment." The Vivisectionists were victorious in the division.

The Science men seldom spoke for themselves: they only voted. In debate they were content to rely upon the jagged stick and clean-cut epigrams of Professor Pelham, or upon the lucid and persuasive financial statements of Bartholomew Price and Alfred Robinson. Of these two it is impossible for any Oxford man of that decade to speak save with respect and honour. That they were

mistaken in supporting the attempts to convert a literary into a technical University most of us at that time believed; but no one could listen to their clear explanations of financial ways and means without feeling that they might well have been Chancellors of a greater exchequer than that of a University always trying to extract subsidies from recalcitrant and half-bankrupt colleges. Once and once only was Alfred Robinson said to have made a mistake in figures. Good old Canon Christopher, deaf as a post, was wont to wander about the Convocation House with his ear-trumpet, stalking solemnly over to each speaker as he rose and placing the instrument immediately under his face. For a young orator to have to begin a speech gazing into that trumpet was paralyzing; and even the Bursar of New College was said once to have been so fascinated by the contemplation of its cavernous recesses that he faltered in his figures, and made two and two amount to five.

A great check upon oratory, though seldom used, existed and still exists in the rule that whereas in Congregation,—which it will be remembered is the assembly of Masters of Arts resident in Oxford—English is commonly allowed to be spoken, in Convocation the special leave of the Vice-Chancellor is required for the use of anything except Latin. There is a scandalous tradition that no less a person than Dean Liddell of Christ Church, being approached by an eager orator with the request “*licetne Anglice loqueri*,” responded in his haste “*Solo Vice-cancellario licet Anglice loqueri*.” It is probably a libel, as is certainly the story which attributes to Conington the marvellous sentence, “*Domini, si non dabetis tempus sufficientem, non habebetis statutum stabilem atque*

permanentem.” The real hero of this magnificent utterance was Professor Baden Powell.

On this use of the Latin language in speeches and statutes hinged one of the most amusing debates that Oxford ever heard. Sometime in the Seventies the practice had grown up (and was supposed to be sanctioned by statute) of lending out books from the Bodleian. It had increased until there was some danger of a similar state of things to that which once existed at Cambridge, where the University Library served as a circulating medium for the provision of light reading for the daughters of the neighbouring clergy. At the Bodleian, however, it was no question of novels, but of the most valuable books, which were allowed to be carried away by persons as noted for their careless habits as for their profound scholarship. This thing had become a burden, when an astounding discovery was made. The statute on which the lending was based permitted the Librarian *mutuari libros*. Now *mutuari* means “to borrow,” but the statute was the work (or was said to be) of a famous headmaster, and most undoubtedly he thought it meant “to lend”; more marvellous still, the whole University had acquiesced. Had it been the Hebdomadal Council only, which once achieved lasting fame by translating *einige Professoren* “a single professor,” no one would have wondered. But for ten years or more the word had passed muster. The Librarian then came to Convocation to get *mutuari* changed into *commodare* and Convocation made the change, but limited to itself the right to lend, thereby stopping the practice. In the debate, which was delightful, the Professor of Chinese brought down the house. There was a book, he said, of which three copies only

existed in the whole wide world, and one was in the Bodleian. He had two copies himself, but he had three pupils, and where was he to get a copy to lend to the third pupil if not from the library? This was a sufficiently appalling prospect for the advocates of lending whom the good Professor supposed he was supporting. But the matter was settled by a speech from one of the sub-librarians, who described in inimitable language the interior of the study of one of the borrowers, now a highly-respected prelate of the Church. The scene, he said, was Alpine; there were mountainous masses of books, torrents of falling volumes; there was the Giessbach, there was the Staubbach,—more particularly the Staubbach; and deeply buried beneath moraines of literature would be found the priceless treasures of the Bodleian, illuminated manuscripts and incunabula of incalculable value. There was no resisting the conclusion; once again the Non-Placet Society had its way, and lending from the library, except under the most stringent conditions, was at an end.

Reference has been made to the calling up of Convocation,—that is of the non-resident voters, who have the last word in all great questions; but they are rarely summoned, on account of the great expense incurred and the inconvenience to professional men. Nowadays, as in the recent election of Lord Goschen as Chancellor, it is usual to ascertain by postcard the approximate number who will vote on each side, and one or the other party gives way on this evidence; but between 1880 and 1890 feeling ran too high for such deliberate calculation, and Convocation was called up three times. Only once has it been called up since. The summoning is done by circular, and if necessary by personal appeals from

the colleges to their non-resident members. Of course in such cases the colleges which make much of their old alumni have an overwhelming advantage, and it used to be calculated that Christ Church, Queen's, and St. John's could on occasion almost command a majority of votes in Convocation. But the summoning entails great expense and trouble and is well dispensed with when that is possible. In the case of a Parliamentary election of course all electors have to go to Oxford; and there is a pretty legend of a Northumbrian clergyman in the old coaching days, who on his way up paired eleven times at different halting-places on the road and in the end voted for his man after all.

The great calling-up took place in 1883, and it was caused by one of Jowett's characteristic manoeuvres. He had, in pursuance of his fixed policy, procured the nomination of a Dissenter to examine in what was then called Rudiments of Faith and Religion. The person selected for the purpose was Mr. Horton, a Nonconformist preacher now of celebrity, but then chiefly known, to undergraduates at least, from a shameless cartoon in Shrimpton's window. He had publicly announced (or was said to have done so) that he "would wear no clothes to distinguish him from his Christian brethren." What he meant was obvious enough; but the caricaturist had seized upon the ambiguous phrase and depicted Mr. Horton clad in a cloud only. Over his name the great fight took place. It should be premised that the approval of examiners rests in the first place with the Ancient House, a curious and quaint body said to have been left in existence by an oversight of the first University Commission, and composed of regents,—that is, of Doctors, Professors, Examiners, Deans

of Colleges and all resident Masters of under two years' standing: the final decision lay with Convocation. It had been determined to avoid all complications by throwing out the name in the Ancient House, and a meeting to arrange this was being held at Christ Church, when to the general astonishment the Bishop of Oxford (uninvited, it was said,) appeared upon the scene. He was then residing at Oxford, Cuddesdon Palace being under repair, and the result of his intervention, well meant as it undoubtedly was, should be a lesson to enthusiastic prelates who desire to take part in politics, or at least in the municipal life of their great cities. The struggle which ensued was due to his interference. He counselled peace at any price, and peace at any price meant as usual bitter war; but for the moment episcopal prestige prevailed. The Ancient House was crowded when the vote came on, but all speeches must perforce be in Latin, and only one was delivered. The orator was Dr. Chase, Principal of St. Mary Hall, and the speech (which was afterwards printed) was an admirable piece of Latinity, in which epigram and argument were prettily combined. But the bishop's plea had had its effect; the name was carried by a narrow majority, and the exasperated minority went forth determined to fight the matter out to the bitter end. Before noon of next day a strongly worded appeal to Convocation was in print and before midnight many colleges had despatched all their allotted copies. The other side were as active, but with singularly little result; they could arouse no enthusiasm for what many strong Liberals considered only a wanton piece of mischief, and it was soon evident which way the decision would go. Christ Church was understood to account for one hundred and fifty

voters against the nomination, and the London members were as usual much in evidence. On the morning of the final vote Oxford was thronged as at Commemoration, but with a more sombre crowd. It was known that the division would be a heavy one, and the Sheldonian was as usual appropriated for the occasion. The area and the Doctors' seats were crowded, and when the Vice-Chancellor took his seat in the face of what was plainly a hostile assembly it was evident that he was very angry indeed. If one could imagine a cherub in a black temper one might form some idea of his appearance. The formula for submitting the names of examiners was of course a Latin one, and he enunciated it thus: "*Nomina vobis [there were two] approbandos vel improbandos proponimus.*" The country clergy stared; did they hear aright? Had the declensions been revised since the consulship of Plancus? Surely Priscian was a little scratched; but no matter, 'twould serve, or would have served had it not been for what followed. Speaking at the top of his shrill voice the Vice-Chancellor added, "but as some of you may not understand Latin I will put it in English." We could hardly believe our ears; we had heard that acrid Cumbrian, the present Bishop of Hereford, drop slow contempt upon the capabilities of Congregation as authorities in educational matters; we had heard the Professor of Chinese (a Baptist Ex-Missionary) state his opinion, as derived from experience, that the clergy of the Church of England were liars all; but as a deliberate insult this passed everything. Had the assembly been the clerical tumult which Jowett's biographers affect to consider it, the Vice-Chancellor would certainly have been insulted in his turn. But Burgon's epigram was literally true:

"*Nomen*," quoth Jowett," *vobis approbandus*—

But perhaps in Latin you won't understand us:

So, to avoid mistakes —" what followed after

Was drowned (*quid mirum!*) in a roar of laughter.

It was laughter only and not anger which resulted. But most of those present felt that the high office of Vice-Chancellor had been sorely degraded by the pettiest exhibition of party spite.

On one occasion the callers-up of Convocation were egregiously disappointed. It was at some stage or other in the never-ending warfare about examinations and degrees for women. Such contests, by the way, seem to be inseparable from displays of bad taste. At Cambridge some years ago it was the party opposed to feminine aggressions which distinguished itself by vulgarity; but on the last occasion of a great vote on the subject at Oxford it was the ladies, or some of their supporters, who were responsible for the fly-sheets which certainly exceeded the bounds of legitimate criticism. To personify the opposition as a speaking donkey, and make it hobble off the stage with its hoof applied to its nose is not within the limits of academic humour. There were no such displays on the occasion to which we allude, but there was a great surprise for everyone concerned. That Convocation was a stupidly reactionary body, which would vote against every measure implying progress, had been so often asserted by those who had been balked by its action that it had come to be an acknowledged thing. The most strenuous efforts were made to secure a large attendance, and this end was achieved; but no one is more alive to the claims of women to educational recognition than the country

clergyman with his straitened circumstances and his often clever and well-educated daughters. He came indeed in his battalions; but he came to claim their rights for his own folk. The ladies won the day by a large majority, but had the result been the other way we should have heard the usual outcries about clerical tumults and the swamping of the intellect of the University by the crass stupidity of obscurantism and the like.

Since that time Convocation has never been formally summoned until May 17th of this year. The result of its action then is well known; but in all probability within a few months it will again be summoned to decide whether the study of Greek is to be retained as compulsory in the University and incidentally, as it has been acutely pointed out, in the schools which feed the University. In all such cases where the decision of Greater Oxford is adverse to the views of the advanced party we have the outcries alluded to repeated to satiety. Now, in the first place it is untrue that Convocation is now a clerical body; year by year it becomes less and less so, as has been pointed out above. Yet the majority which in 1883 voted against Mr. Horton was only five hundred and fifty, but in 1904 had increased to six hundred and seventy-six, while to talk of crass stupidity as the general character of a body at least one-sixth of whose members have been fellows or scholars of their colleges is foolishness. It should also be remembered that the Convocation of Oxford and the Senate of Cambridge are unique as deliberative bodies. They represent not only the past opinion of the University but its future opinion also, for they are to a very great extent composed of those whose children will in due course become members of the

University. It would surely seem not unreasonable that the one educated body of parents in the world, whose opinion can be elicited and expressed by means of open and personal voting, should have in their

hands the decision as to greater questions in connection with the education of their children. Whether the verdict of Convocation be Progressive or Moderate, it is never an ignorant one.

A. T. S. GOODRICK.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR.

[In a note in his biography, Scott says that his friend Dr. Tuke, of Dublin, has a lock of Stella's hair enclosed in a paper by Swift, on which are written, in the Dean's hand, the words : "Only a woman's hair." An instance, says Scott, of the Dean's desire to veil his feelings under the mask of cynical indifference. Thackeray's *Swift* (ENGLISH HUMOURISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY).]

ONLY a woman's hair !

'Twas thus the legend ran ;
Though she whose disregarded tress,
Inscribed with words so pitiless,
Had lavished all her loveliness
To win—the scorn of man.

Only a woman's hair !

The pledge was surely given
At that sweet moment when the birth
Of love reveals what life is worth,
And passion proves the joys of earth
Can match the bliss of heaven.

Only a woman's hair !

Ah, cynic ! all thine art
That glorious gift cannot impair,
Nor stain the love that lingers there,
Nor dim the desolate despair
That broke thine aching heart.

E. C.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

(Born July 4th, 1804.)

THE centenary of Nathaniel Hawthorne is one of the few which may be celebrated whole-heartedly and with a good conscience. A man who has been dead thirty or forty years is not, as a rule, very conveniently placed with regard to these commemorative ceremonies. The warmth of contemporary sympathy has cooled a little, his position with posterity is not yet quite assured, and we eulogise his talent and discuss his influence with the uneasy knowledge that Time may be waiting round the corner to make a mock of him and of us. But in America events and men settle into their places, and grow venerable much more rapidly than in other lands, and her best known men of letters wear already the classic air of repose and finality suited to the founders of a literature.

Hawthorne was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on the 4th of July, 1804, the descendant of an English Puritan who emigrated to America in 1630; a figure which "invested by family tradition with a dim and dusky grandeur, was present," says Hawthorne, "to my boyish imagination as far back as I can remember." In Salem, the small New England town whose early history is an epitome of Puritanism at its best and at its worst, he passed most of his boyhood and early manhood, with the exception of four years at Bowdoin College where Longfellow was his fellow student. The part of his life during which the dull little town seemed to be for him as he once said, "the in-

evitable centre of the universe," was more than uneventful. He lived with his mother and two sisters in an almost impenetrable seclusion. A sincere family affection was combined with a wish to see as little of each other as possible, and not content with turning their backs upon their fellow citizens, the home intercourse was extremely limited. "My sister Elizabeth," says Hawthorne, "is very witty and original; but she stays in her den and I in mine. I have scarcely seen her in three months. You must never expect to see her in the daytime unless by previous appointment; so unaccustomed am I to daylight interviews with her that I never imagine her in sunshine. . . Both Elizabeth and my mother take their meals in their rooms and my mother has eaten alone ever since my father's death." It was, as his future sister-in-law observed, "a difficult matter to establish visiting relations with so eccentric a household." On Hawthorne's part at least this isolation was more than half involuntary. The young man, who was pronounced at thirty to be "handsomer than Lord Byron," and who gave his friends the impression of being "as healthy as Adam in Paradise," who felt that "to live throughout the whole range of his faculties and sensibilities was the best definition of happiness," suffered from that secret malady which renders a man incapable of passing the "viewless portals" which divide us from each other. He was not a misanthrope. "Unless people are more

than commonly disagreeable, it is my foolish habit to contract a kindness for them," he says, and he was always ready to welcome anyone who could penetrate into his cell; but the visitor must find his own way in; Hawthorne could neither indicate the path nor come out to meet him. In his diary and letters there are frequent allusions to the spiritual solitude, "the atmosphere without any oxygen of sympathy," in which he spent so many years, when it seemed to him as if he "had only life enough to know that he was not alive." "Nathaniel will never marry; he will never do anything; he is an ideal person," said his sister; but his engagement in 1839 to Miss Sophia Peabody falsified the prediction, and led three years later to the happy marriage which ended this sepulchral existence. "Sitting in this chamber where my youth wasted itself in vain," he writes, "I can partly estimate the change that has been wrought. It seems as if the better part of me had been born since then."

He had hitherto employed himself in writing stories and sketches for the periodical press, but with marriage in prospect it was necessary for him to find some less precarious way of earning a living, and he obtained a small post in the Boston Custom-house. He lost it two years later as the result of a Presidential change, and his attention was then drawn to the new socialistic settlement of Brook Farm in Roxbury near Boston. Its founders aimed at "instituting an attractive, efficient and effective system of industry and at preventing the exercise of worldly anxiety by the competent supply of necessary wants," while at the same time they "effectually promoted the great purposes of human culture." The experiment did not prove more successful in Hawthorne's individual case than in its general

results. In the first freshness of his enthusiasm he was sure that he would make an excellent husbandman and "felt the original Adam reviving" in him; but before long he discovered that forking manure for several hours a day did not impart the freedom and moral dignity which the constitution promised; while to live with a number of strangers oppressed the recluse, unaccustomed to what he calls the sultry heat of society. "I have not the sense of perfect seclusion which has always been essential to my power of producing anything," he wrote despondently. "It is my opinion that a man's soul may be buried and perish under a dunghheap, or under a furrow of the field, just as well as under a pile of money. Labour is the curse of the world and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionally brutified. Is it a praiseworthy matter that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses? It is not." *THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE* is probably the most lasting memorial of the project for "imparting a show of novelty to existence" which Miles Coverdale declared its originators "contemplated as hopefully as if the soil beneath their feet had not been fathom-deep with the dust of deluded generations."

In 1842 Hawthorne and his wife settled in the town of Concord, in the old parsonage which gave the title to his volume *MOSES FROM AN OLD MANSE*. He was recognised by this time as a popular writer, but he still found it hard to gain a competency by his pen, and he was glad to accept the post of surveyor in the Custom-house of his native town. The loss of his little office at the end of three years left him at leisure to write his first long story, *THE SCARLET LEAF*, which was published early in 1850. A little later he moved to Lenox and spent the winter in writing *THE*

HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES. The following winter he produced *THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE*, and the financial success of the three books enabled him to buy a house in Concord. In 1853 his friend President Franklin Pierce offered him the American Consulate in Liverpool; but here, as usual, in his own phrase, "the materiality of this daily life" pressed too intrusively upon him. We are told that he was an efficient Custom-house officer, he tilled the transcendental fields at Brook Farm with the fiercest energy, and his consular duties were performed with conscientious exactness; but he was no happier examining the candles used in the British navy than in measuring coal in the port of Boston. "I like my office well enough," he wrote from Liverpool, "but my official duties and obligations are irksome to me beyond expression." After four years at the consulate, he spent eighteen months in Italy, and returned to England to write *THE MARBLE FAUN* (which his English publishers called *TRANSFORMATION*), and sailed for America in June, 1860. In 1862 he published his impressions of England under the title of *OUR OLD HOME*, and began a new story which was to appear as a serial in *THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY*; but his writing days were over and he knew it. "It is not quite pleasant," he wrote to his publisher, "for an author to announce himself as finally broken down. But I cannot finish [*THE DOLLIVER ROMANCE*] unless a great change comes over me; and if I make too great an effort to do so it will be my death; not that I should care much for that if I could fight the battle through and win it, thus ending a life of much smoulder and scanty fire in a blaze of glory." Three months later he set out with a friend for the mountains of New Hampshire in quest of health, but the journey ended sud-

denly at an early stage; he died in his sleep in the hotel at Plymouth on the 18th of May, 1864.

The literary harvest of this quiet life consists of four romances, some short tales and sketches, and two volumes of stories for children. "Out of the infinite world each artist chooses his own world," says a French critic. "His eye is only sensitive, so to speak, to a single colour." The saying, which is generally open to comment, is particularly true of Hawthorne; in considering his work we are struck first of all by its unity, by the well-defined limits within which its author moves. He seems to have passed through no phases, to have known no contradictory moods, to have tried no doubtful experiments. From the beginning to the end one aspect of life interested and inspired him; the rest he let deliberately and tranquilly alone.

This unity of design is due partly perhaps to the fact that he is one of the least literary of literary men. It is vain for his admirers to assure us that he was a lover of books. He read quite as much as any one is in duty bound to read, which is in fact very little indeed; but there is no sign in his notebooks of the passion for exploring the minds and methods of other writers which makes the true book-lover, and in his other writings its traces are conspicuously absent. He never seems to have formed one of those warm friendships for particular books, of which every born reader knows the solace and delight; and if his work lost in breadth and variety by this intellectual isolation, it gained in individuality and independence.

Hawthorne's world is the world of moral consequences; all his stories are sequels. The main action, or what almost anyone else would call the main action, has always taken place round the last bend of the road; all

that we are allowed to see of it is its after-effect. He begins where for most writers all is over. In *THE SCARLET LETTER* the sin has been committed, the passion which led to it has burned itself out, the sentence has been pronounced, before Hester steps into the story. The virtue of *THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES* is derived from an incident which ruined an innocent man forty years before we are introduced to him. In *THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE*, long before Zenobia took her place in the communistic settlement, her destiny was fatally entangled with that of a vague personage, to the end we never quite know how or why. We search *THE MARBLE FAUN* vainly for a clue to the awful secret that set Miriam so darkly apart from her fellows, and so unworthy of attention do such details appear to the writer that he not only declines to answer our questions but despises us for asking them; when British reviewers insisted on their right to be told how Miriam's story began and ended, he could only regret their dullness. His son tells us that "He used to read the letters and the reviews with a smile but sadly too. 'The thing is a failure,' he used to say. He meant perhaps that he had failed in making his audience take his point of view towards the story." To those who cannot bring themselves to take Hawthorne's point of view, he will always be a failure. There never was a writer more incapable of going even a little way to meet his readers' convenience; and he was probably right when, surprised at his own popularity, he set it down, with the modest self-appreciation which the loudest plaudits never disturbed, as due in great part to accidental causes. We must consent to think with him that man is primarily a creature with a conscience and not, as most other psychological

novelists aver, with an intellect and nerves, or with affections and sentiments, before we can follow him unhesitatingly into that shadowy region which he treads so certainly.

Hawthorne had a profound respect for facts; in practice the most inveterate of symbolists, he was a realist at heart. "My own individual taste," he says, "is for quite another class of works than those which I myself am able to write. If I were to meet with such books as mine by another writer, I don't believe I should be able to get through them." He wrote of Anthony Trollope's novels that they precisely suited his taste, "solid and substantial, just as real as if some giant had hewn a lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case with all its inhabitants going about their daily business and not suspecting that they were made a show of." Of his own *MOSES FROM AN OLD MANSE* he says, "Upon my honour I am not quite sure that I entirely comprehend my own meaning in some of these allegories, but I remember that I always had a meaning or at least thought I had. To tell you the truth, my past self is not very much to my taste as I see myself in this book." Conscious apparently of his tendency to look through men and things rather than at them, he made a point of scrutinising them with the careful precision of a traveller in a foreign country; and his notebooks bear witness to his assiduous efforts to "do something with this material world." But though thanks to these precautions, facts did not "melt in his grasp and become unsubstantial," as he somewhat contemptuously declared they did with Emerson, he could not perceive them apart from their symbolical significance. A bird tapped one day at his study window. "He was probably attempting to get a fly

which was on a pane of glass, and on my first motion the feathered visitor took wing. This incident had a curious effect upon me. It impressed me as if the bird had been a spiritual visitant. . . . Cleaning the attic to-day, the woman found an immense snake, flat and outrageously fierce. Ellen the cook killed it. She called it an adder, but it appears to have been a striped snake. It seems a fiend haunting the house." Sometimes to mention the fact is to suggest the analogy. "Sunday evening going by the gaol, the setting sun kindled up the windows most cheerfully; *as if there was a bright comfortable light within its darksome walls.*" It is this ever present consciousness of the eternal meaning lying behind external trivialities which suffuses everything he writes with the faint strange lustre which gives it, in eyes accustomed to the light of common day, a touch of unreality, the look of a snowy landscape seen by moonlight. But the earth is solid beneath its ethereal veil, and an astonishing fidelity to life is discoverable beneath Hawthorne's delicate web of fancies; the character of Clifford in *THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES*, for example, is analysed with unrelenting exactness and drawn with almost cruel truth.

Of his four romances, *THE SCARLET LETTER* is the only one which holds us from the first page to the last by a purely human interest. The very spirit of ironical detachment breathes through *THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE* and infects the reader; he is not more moved than was Miles Coverdale by Zenobia's sad end. Clifford in *THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES* is a triumph of imaginative force, but Phoebe and her photographer are commonplace people drawn in commonplace colours, and though we should like to love Miss Hephzibah as we

love Miss Mattie in *CRANFORD*, it is impossible; she has been too rigidly denied every attraction. The setting of the story is more successful, more engrossing than the story itself, and we cannot sufficiently admire the artistic cunning which forbids us to enquire whether the seventeenth century, that severely "documented" age, may be fitly described as "an epoch already grey in the distance, floating in legendary mists." In order to write *THE MARBLE FAUN* Hawthorne went too resolutely in search of the romantic. "No author without a trial can conceive," he says, apologising for the unpatriotic impulse which had led him abroad, "of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land." But the flower of his fancy did not flourish except in its own bleak climate; and *THE MARBLE FAUN* is a disappointment not to those only who "insist on being told in so many words whether Donatello had furry ears or no." Hawthorne was not quite at home in his native land, but he was not in the least at home anywhere else. Before he could write of Rome he had to empty it of Romans, and Miriam, with her German name, her Jewish complexion, her papal relatives and her New England conscience, and the two Americans walk the abandoned streets in somewhat incongruous guise. The writer warns us in his preface that he did not intend to portray Italian manners and character, and that Italy "was chosen for the site of his romance only as a sort of poetic or fairy precinct where actualities would not be so terribly insisted upon as they are in America." But Rome is

the last spot in the world in which to contrive a fairy precinct: its majestic masonry cannot possibly be transferred to any city in cloudland; and if the illusion were created for an instant, the author's reflections on art and religion would destroy it at once. Of the finely suggested romance which he had in his mind, he has only given us some exquisite fragments half hidden in a glorified guidebook. His true measure as a writer is *THE SCARLET LETTER* which for many readers stands apart from other stories (as Hester among other women) in its singular and piteous beauty.

Two detestable years spent chiefly in measuring coal "on board of black little British schooners in a dismal dock" were the immediate preparation for Hawthorne's achievement. He bitterly lamented the distasteful labour which "left his imagination a tarnished mirror" and robbed him "of the little power he had once possessed over the tribe of unrealities," but no one need echo his regrets. Out of that rough and grimy contact with this work-a-day world the mind, too long nurtured on shadows, drew the strength and humanity which give *THE SCARLET LETTER* its finest quality. In a memorable passage of the preface he recognises the error (which afterwards ruined *THE MARBLE FAUN*) of endeavouring to escape by violence from his environment.

The wiser effort would have been to diffuse thought and imagination through the opaque substance of to-day; to spiritualise the burden that began to weigh so heavily; to seek resolutely the true and indestructible value that lay hidden in the petty and wearisome incidents and ordinary characters with which I was now conversant. The fault was mine. The page of life that was spread out before me seemed dull and commonplace only because I had not fathomed its deeper import. A better book than I shall ever write was there.

But the present was never Hawthorne's natural element; the present which seems so solid to most of us, to him was always "this visionary and impalpable Now which if you once look closely at it is nothing"; and the first merit of *THE SCARLET LETTER* is its natural quality, the absence of any sign of search for the picturesque and the unusual. An historical setting may be generally warranted to give an artificial air to the most natural emotions, but this story rises with the grace of a self-sown blossom out of the period to which it is assigned. There was no need to search the history books for a suitable epoch; it could only belong to an age which had not yet abandoned the theocratic ideal, to a community which while (in the words of his Puritan ancestors) "it scuffled with the Dutch and French nations north and south of its Patent bounds" or contended with "the wild natives," perceived in the powers of Darkness a far more insidious and formidable foe. He had long been familiar with the history of his province, and it was not only "the mere sensuous sympathy of dust for dust," which filled him with "a strange unjoyous attachment" to the home of his forefathers; he had inherited enough of their spirit to write of them with that comprehension and intimacy which for the historical novelist's purpose is worth any number of antiquarian details. It is difficult, for instance, to name any other writer who can touch upon witchcraft without immediately betraying the date (or thereabouts) of his birth. Hawthorne sees it insufferably hideous, just as the men who burned the witches saw it: no one can be surprised that people like Mrs. Hibbins were burned; she is an apology, almost a justification, for Cotton Mather.

To mid-Victorian readers the story

seemed gloomy. The writer himself declared that it needed sunshine and that the characters "would not be warmed"; Mr. Henry James, writing five and twenty years ago, calls it "densely dark," and M. Emile Montégut, in introducing a French version of his short stories, reproaches Hawthorne with being a pessimist. But the darkness which overspreads modern fiction is so much denser in its quality, that the charge may now be easily dismissed; to pass from *THE SCARLET LETTER* to *TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES* is to pass from the gloom of a forest an hour before sunrise to the blackness of a vault that has never seen the sun. Indeed, if we look below the surface, there is a deeper melancholy in *THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES*, in spite of its humour, its pretty love story, and its happy ending. The woman whose badge of shame "ceased to be a stigma which attracted the world's scorn and became the type of something to be sorrowed over yet with reverence," to whom other women brought their sorrows and perplexities and went away counselled and consoled, is not so melancholy a figure as the man who "lay darkly behind his pleasure and knew it for a baby play."

"There is a certain tragic phase of humanity which has never been more powerfully embodied than by Hawthorne," says Herman Melville, and this is true, though not, I think, in the least as he applies it. The moral which is woven into all he wrote,—and he was too much the son of his fathers to despise a moral—is the illimitable power of sympathy. Loneliness is for him the essence of tragedy, the first and most fatal result of a great fault or a great misfortune; and this is the form of suffering of which he has the most piercing vision. Romance has no more solitary figure

to show than Hester Prynne "standing apart from the rest of human kind like a ghost that revisits the familiar fireside and can no more make itself seen or felt, no more smile with the household joy nor mourn with the kindred sorrow." Even her child cannot break the spell. Miriam in *THE MARBLE FAUN* feels herself terribly alone and would fain ask for help.

Yet it was to little purpose that she approached the edge of the voiceless gulf between herself and them. Standing on the utmost verge of that dark chasm she might stretch out her hand and never clasp hand of theirs, she might strive to call out but her voice would perish inaudibly in the remoteness that seemed such a little way. This perception of an infinite shivering solitude amid which we cannot come close enough to human beings to be warmed by them is one of the most forlorn results of any accident, misfortune, crime or peculiarity of character that puts an individual ajar with the world. Very often there is an insatiable instinct that demands friendship, love and intimate communion, but is forced to pine in empty forms; a hunger of the heart which finds only shadows to feed on.

Clifford who had returned to his old home wrecked and wasted by thirty years' imprisonment, grew young again when Phœbe sat beside him. "Persons who have wandered or been expelled out of the common track of things desire nothing so much as to be led back. . . . So long as you could feel the grasp of her hand, soft as it was, you might be certain that your place was good in the whole sympathetic chain of human nature." Such quotations might easily be multiplied, and though Hawthorne did not like it to be supposed that he revealed himself in his books, if his life had never been written it would still have been difficult to avoid tracing a line of personal experience in this constantly recurring note of pain.

Hawthorne's manner of writing

accords exactly with his matter ; it is characterised by the same unusual combination of lightness and strength ; his well-knit, free-moving sentences are penetrated by a kind of transparent delicacy. It is not easy to think of another modern prose writer who equals him in the easy daring of his imagery ; his comparisons are never dragged struggling into the page, they glide into it of their own accord as into their own inevitable places. To the little seamstress who arrived at the lonely farm from the crowded streets of the city one dark evening, "the house seemed adrift on the great ocean of night." Little Pearl, threatening her tormentors, "resembled some infant pestilence, some half-fledged angel of judgment." When the surveyor was deprived of his post, "in view of my previous weariness of office and vague thoughts of resignation, my fortune resembled that of a person who should entertain the idea of committing suicide and meet with the good hap to be murdered." "Sleeping or waking, we never hear the fairy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen." And here is a common experience illuminated by a swift and perhaps

too dreadful a flash, only the secret in question was a dreadful secret.

Nothing is more unaccountable than the spell which often lurks in a spoken word. Two minds may be conscious of the same thought, . . . but as long as it remains unspoken their familiar talk flows quietly over the hidden idea as a rivulet may sparkle and dimple over something sunken in its bed. But speak the word ; and it is like bringing up a drowned body out of the deepest pool of the rivulet which has been aware of the horrible secret all along in spite of its smiling surface.

But the first charm of his style is its unself-consciousness. He has something to say and he is concerned to say it lucidly and effectually, but his words are intent on no mission of their own ; their task, as Montaigne says, is to serve and follow. "The difficulty is what to say, not how to say it," he observed ; and this simple faith in a literary providence which will provide the right word at the right moment, without any elaborate precautions on the writer's part, is in Hawthorne's case abundantly justified. It results in that fresh and shining simplicity of which a generation who has studied Flaubert and Pater and Stevenson almost too ardently, has lost the delightful secret.

H. C. MACDOWALL.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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THE QUEEN'S MAN.

A ROMANCE OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

CHAPTER X.

ANTONIO was not unaccustomed to these sudden calls from Lady Marlowe. Ever since the day when he first bent his knee before her in her cabinet at Swanlea, it had been his place to amuse and interest her whenever her impatient human nature suddenly dropped its usual masks and restraints. He had always come to her with a perfect confidence of being acceptable; the stern handsome face softened, the hard eyes swayed in dreams, the whole creature became sweet and lazy, with this lithe, beautiful, mysterious animal at her feet.

To-day there was a touch of anxiety in the graceful haste with which he ran to her; perhaps because he was aware of the success which had crowned his plan of throwing Alice Tilney in young Richard's way, a success hardly likely to please Richard's mother; perhaps because of something, a look, a mocking touch, in the servant's manner who called him.

She received him with a smile. He knelt on her footstool; she took his face in her two hands, a favourite trick of hers. Then a dangerous gleam came into her eyes, and he felt that her long nails were pricking his cheeks.

"Liar—traitor—villain!" she said. "Where is my Lord Marlowe?"

The young man's heart stood still.

No. 538.—VOL. XC.

Flushing and paling, he knew for the first time what it was to be afraid of a woman. Thoughts rushed through his brain. He had been betrayed, and by whom? Could it be by Alice? It must be; who else at Ruddiford knew the truth? "I will punish her," he thought. "She thinks I love her, false girl! This is a pretty use to make of my trust in her. She must have told the Popinjay."

He was thinking under the fierce gaze of eyes that sought to read his soul. But another moment told him that the secret was still in his own hands.

"Where is he, Antonio?" said Lady Marlowe, now speaking less furiously. "I believe that you know the truth, if any one does. You demon in shape of a pretty boy, I believe you fancied his Lordship in your way, and by some wicked means, perhaps with those long fingers, you put him out of it. You murdered him? Where did you bury him? I will see his grave. But, miserable, did you fancy that the prize he coveted would be for you, you with your face like a god of the Greeks, born in some Italian gutter, and left there for an Englishman to pick up and bring to his unhappy family?"

Isabel laughed as she spoke, and again her nails made sharp dents in Antonio's smooth cheeks. He hardly noticed the pain, with such horrified

wonder did he listen to her words. How could this woman know what not a living creature knew, — the height of his ambition, the depth of his scheming, the passion which he took such pains to disguise, and which, long smouldering, had leapt up like a devouring flame when he saw the sudden love between Lord Marlowe and Margaret, his lady, his adored? Alice could not have betrayed him here, for she suspected nothing. He had made love all the more hotly to her, foolish girl, that no one at Ruddiford or King's Hall might dream of the real object of his life. He knew, and it was a slight satisfaction, that Mistress Meg guessed a little what was passing, and despised them both. Sometimes he hated Meg as much as he loved her. "Ah, some day, my lovely lady, some day!" he would say to himself half threateningly; but how or when that day and its triumph were to be reached he did not know. It must suffice for him, by secret arts, to gather the threads of Margaret's life in his hands, to stop her marrying by fair means or foul, to keep his influence with Sir William and trust to some bold stroke in the confusion that might follow his death. For the old man grew feebler every day, and could not live long; and Antonio knew well that a mere suspicion of his designs in Sir William's mind, and Ruddiford would see the faithful secretary, the necessary youth, no more.

But how had his secret been revealed to Lady Marlowe? Could Meg herself have guessed it? Could his eyes have betrayed him? Could that proud silence have hidden a resentment which had found words in talk with her Ladyship? The very thought seemed absurd to one who had known Meg from a child, worshipping the very stateliness which protected her from his familiarity.

However, there was no time for these questions now. He was kneeling at the feet of a perfectly unscrupulous woman, who had, as he guessed, more than one cause of anger against him. To her he had pretended that he loved no one, that in truth, till her Ladyship deigned to give him a lesson or two, he hardly knew what love was. This supposed state of things had amused her considerably. Without an after-thought she had played with her humble toy, and now, when some secret spring started up and hurt her a little, she was very naturally annoyed.

She let his face go, and he was glad, for the task of meeting her eyes boldly was a tiresome one. She slipped her right hand down to her broad belt, stiff with silver and jewels, and brought it back armed with a small fine dagger. Her fierce gaze still fixed upon him, though her mouth smiled, she held this before his face. Antonio did not quail.

"Mercy, Madam!" he said in his softest tones. "But at the worst, I too wear a poniard—your ladyship's gift!"

It was true. Not the rich chain only had passed to Antonio from the coffers of Swanlea. The dagger he wore, its hilt set with precious stones, was an object of rather mocking envy to Ruddiford. Isabel's smile broadened.

"Brave boy," she said, "to stab a woman! a fitting close to your gay adventures. But mine, look you, is poisoned. The very littlest wound with mine,—before you have time to draw yours—Master Antonio turns green and dies. Pah! a vile death!"

She held the point near his throat. He made no movement but implored her with his eyes, and England at that day held none more eloquent. She laughed, and sheathed her little weapon, then gave him her hand, and he held it to his lips.

"Well, well, his master's daughter ! 'tis a pretty ambition," she said. "Youth will to youth,—but you are a sweet liar, Antonio."

He thought of denying ; but after all, it was useless. His soft eyes drooped as he said, "If it were so, your Ladyship might think it a matter for pity."

She was silent for a few instants before she said roughly : "Then, madman, how was it you did your best to bring about the failure of Lord Marlowe's embassy ? 'Twas you, as I hear, who turned the asking for his brother into asking for himself. That seemed a strange way to gain your ends, whatever they were."

Antonio stared. "There is nothing hidden from your Ladyship. Who then told you this tale ?"

"No less a person than your old master, villain."

"Ah, Madam, the Devil himself put the words into my mouth. I did but whisper,—like a mocking echo in the room, I remember well—and I thought of no consequences. Verily to me, a man in despair, Madam, one Marlowe seemed as dreadful as another. If your Ladyship knows my secret, I cannot tell how, you may understand that such a man throws a ball no matter where,—he stops not to think—and it may rebound within reach of his hand, Madam. Then, then, to dash it another way ! Yes, the ball of fate,—he will end by flinging it along the path he means to follow."

"Enough of your parables," said Isabel. "Remember, such a man, especially if he lie to his friends, and betray them who trust him, may find his path end in death, or punishment worse than death. Remember that, Antonio."

She watched his face. In spite of its beauty, the eyes and mouth had always a touch of cunning. Now

that he found himself in a difficult place, both had hardened into a strong resolution she had never seen in him before. She noticed for the first time that the delicately made youth had a square brow and a chin of iron.

"I must kill him, or know all his secrets and bind him by interest to me," she said to herself ; then she murmured just above her breath : "And so, to carry out your parable, the ball did rebound within reach of your hand, and you threw it—where ? Where is my Lord Marlowe, Antonio ?"

"Madam, I cannot," he began, stammering a little.

"Nay, good youth, you can, and you will," said she. "Of the tale I have been told, how much is true ? Did his Lordship leave the castle alone, setting out over the moors, leaving a message for his men to follow him ? That they did follow him, I know, to their undoing. But where is he ? With Queen Margaret, or in some dungeon under our feet, or stark and dead upon the fells ? Understand, I must know."

"But why,—why, Madam—am I my Lord Marlowe's keeper ?" There was an agitation in Antonio's voice and eyes which told Isabel, in spite of his effort at candid speech, that she was on the right track. "What reason have you," he cried, "to doubt the story that has been told ? Who has taught you these suspicions ?"

"Enough, dear liar ; it is the truth I want this time. I am searching for my stepson, and I mean to find him, or to know his fate. If I were to say to you, bring him to me, I believe that you could do it. Unless indeed he is dead."

Antonio shook his head slowly. "Your Ladyship over-rates my power."

"Ah, possibly ; but I do not over-

had dared to entangle himself. Alice feared her too much, in spite of this gentleness, to receive her admonitions with anything but meekness. In heart she was defiant enough. It no longer seemed an impossible thing that Richard Marlowe should marry her. He had sworn that he would. My Lady was plain-spoken, but she was civil, and she treated Alice according to her birth; the girl was neither offended nor unreasonably hurt. She wished that the door would open, that her new lover in his gay attire, with the merry smile which was beginning to seem so much more attractive than Antonio's mysterious looks and ways, would come in and claim her at this happy moment. But no Popinjay came.

Lady Marlowe spoke of discretion, of the fitness of things, of the rash affections of young men, of the modesty proper to maidens. She wished the girl a good husband, but charged her to remember that Master Marlowe was bound in honour elsewhere. She told her that Sir William would that very evening, on her demand, provide an escort for Mistress Tilney to her home at King's Hall.

Alice flushed all over her pretty face, which had been pale. "King's Hall is scarce a fit place for me, Madam," she murmured. "My parents are dead, my brother—"

"Your brother must make it a fit place," said Lady Marlowe. "If you are old enough to dream of marriage, you are old enough to keep your brother's house. Find some old woman to be with you. Plainly, Mistress Alice, so long as I and my son remain here, you do not. But I will not send you without a word to your brother from me. Wait where you are."

She turned to the table, drew forward her writing-box, and presently,

after a few minutes of hurried scratching, finished a note which she then carefully sealed, writing on the outside, *On Master Tilney's private business, to be opened by him alone.* "Take that," she said, "and give it to your brother"; and then she dismissed Alice, who curtsied low and fled in a state of bewilderment.

Antonio, pale and bright-eyed, was waiting in the gallery. He caught her as she passed. "Alice, Alice! No such hurry! What said she to you, sweet?"

Alice shook off his hand impatiently. "Cannot you guess?" she said. "She is driving me from Ruddiford. If I dared, I would go straight to Sir William. But *she*, Antonio!"

"As well offend the fiercest wolf in the forest," he whispered. "Alas, my pretty Alice, you must go. What paper have you there, child?"

"A letter that she gave me for Jasper. Ah, so gentle, she was, but very angry! Was it you, *you*, who told her?"

"Told her what?" Antonio was startled.

"About Master Marlowe, — and me."

"I? no," he cried, relieved. "She saw you from a window, saw you together on the rampart, foolish girl. You might be prudent, if he is not. But after all, 'tis going a little far, Alice."

"Back, Antonio," she said, coldly, as he tried to draw her close and kiss her, as of old. "You may scoff and call him the Popinjay; he is a better man than you, and not only because he is noble."

She slipped from him and darted away into the gathering twilight. He looked after her with an evil smile on his lips. "Trust a woman!" he muttered. "My Lady should watch you, sweet Mistress Alice. As for me, I stand alone; I care not."

CHAPTER XI.

HIGH up in Margaret's tower, she and Alice Tilney slept in the same room. The young girls who waited on her and worked under her orders slept in the room adjoining; and Dame Kate, guardian of all, had her little cell on the staircase, a flight below. The old nurse was accustomed herself to attend on her lady's dressing and undressing; but in these latter days housekeeping matters often detained her in the kitchen regions till late at night, keeping order as best she could in the confusion of many guests and strange servants. Therefore Alice had taken her place to a certain extent, waiting on Meg the more carefully because of the barrier that had risen between them, letting her hands atone for the sins, if they were such, of her heart and mind.

On this evening Alice did not appear at her usual time. It was bedtime, and Meg was tired. She went up the winding stairs to her room, undressed and lay down after her evening prayers, in which she thanked God for giving her a kind mother in my Lady Marlowe. Certainly, for many weeks, she had not lain down to sleep with so comforted a feeling. At the same time, she was resolved to stay awake till Alice came, for, though too generous and too proud to call her to account, she was certainly angry with her. What kind of manners were these, to be wandering about the castle till late at night, when her duty was here, in this room? Again there came the tormenting unworthy suspicion of some secret understanding between Alice and Antonio; yet Mistress Meg was far from placing these two on a level in her thoughts. She cared for Alice, more than Alice knew; while for the last few weeks she had almost hated Antonio.

It was a brilliant February night;

not cold, with a smell of spring in the air, a deceiving promise that winter was over and gone. The moon was high in a cloudless air, and the pale light flooded the windows of Meg's tower and lay in long pools on the floor. It even reached the little silk-curtained bed, and kissed the girl's hands, flung out on the counterpane.

"I will not sleep," she thought. "I will lie awake till Alice comes. To-morrow I shall see my Lady again, and we will talk more. I am,—I am,—her true and loving—"

The heavy lids fell, and Meg was asleep, sound asleep without a dream. The moonlight crept slowly higher, and touched her eyelashes. Alice Tilney, wrapped for a journey, her travelling-hood drawn round her face, came and stood between the bed and the window.

"Mercy, the moon will blind her!" she said to herself, and touched the curtain to draw it forward.

The movement woke Meg. She opened her eyes and sat up suddenly. Before she could speak, the other girl had thrown herself on her knees by the bed.

"Farewell, sweet one! I must go," she said. "They will fetch me,—but they forget that I am yours, Meg. I have deceived you often enough,—ah, do not look at me so—but in this matter I will be true to you, Meg, my sister."

"What are you saying, Alice?" murmured the sleepy girl, bewildered. "And where are you going,—and without my knowledge? Take off that hood, I say, and go to your bed. Our Lady help us, it must be midnight!"

"It is but ten," Alice said, her voice trembling a little with excitement or fear. "I am to leave you, Meg, my sweet,—not your order, but my Lady Marlowe's. She will not have me here; and she has said a

word to Sir William,—he cannot deny her,—he is angry with me, too,—and they are sending me home this very night with an escort to King's Hall."

By this time Meg had started from her bed, and stood with bare feet on the floor, her long locks like a cloak of ruddy brown, falling to shoulders and waist, her face pale, her eyes wide and wondering in the moonlight. "But why,—why will not she have you here? I will go to her and tell her you are mine. Alice, why, Alice, my grandfather knows King's Hall is no fit place for you."

"Neither, it seems, is Ruddiford Castle,—for its own sake, not mine. Listen, Meg." She took Margaret's hands in hers, and drew her face near. She had forgotten any coldness, any rightful displeasure that her friend might feel. White with the new passion that now possessed her, growing in strength every minute, full of wild suspicions of Antonio, whom she had loved, and of rage against Lady Marlowe, whom she hated for more reasons than one, the resolution had seized her to spoil the game they were playing, to let Margaret know all that she knew. "Do not go to my Lady; even you will not move her," she said.

"What have you done to displease her?"

Meg now spoke a little coldly. Alice laughed. "They take Richard Marlowe for a boy," she said; "they call him the Popinjay. But he is a man in heart and courage, and if I chose to appeal to him this night, Meg, he would strike a blow before he would part with me. There, is that enough? I can tell you no more; but if he cares for me as he says, he may follow me to King's Hall. Let him be true to me, and I will marry no other man. Ah, English blood tells! Do not look on me as her Ladyship did, Margaret.

We Tilneys bear a name as old as any, and it is not because of his birth that my poor Jasper—but see you"—she laughed awkwardly—"this unwelcome suitor of yours, this Dick Marlowe, you need not fear him, Meg."

"I do not," Margaret answered her; "I never did. His nature is written on his face. But oh, Alice, dare you trust the love of a boy? And—if my Lady is angry—"

"He is my Lady's son, and has a will of his own," Alice said.

For a moment they looked at each other. The bright colour had risen in both faces. Alice started at some distant sound, and was going to speak, when Meg, with a sudden movement, flung her arms round her and kissed her lips with the old loving embrace of months and years ago, of the old time when their friendship had first begun. Alice threw back her hood, and wrapped half her cloak round Meg; they sat down on the edge of the bed, the dark and fair curls mingling. Meg rejoiced, though ready to reproach herself—was it loyal to my Lady? But a certain gladness was irresistible. Alice did not know that the words, "I thought it was Antonio," lay beneath her friend's smile.

Two years in age had always made a certain difference between them. If Margaret's position was superior, Alice had an experience of the world and men of which Margaret was perfectly innocent. She was not like Alice, by nature a coquette. Men were nothing to her, till the sudden coming of Harry Marlowe taught her what love and life meant, only to leave her, as it seemed, to death and desolation. Alice had watched her with real pity, and only her loyalty to Jasper and Antonio had made the secret safe, while, as she told Antonio, she saw Meg's heart breaking from day to day.

"But now, it is not I who have betrayed Jasper," she said to herself. "And I will not have my Lord die by treachery, and she of grief, while I can save them. Sweet baby," she murmured; and as a mother might have done she drew Meg's head to her breast and kissed her soft hair: then she whispered suddenly, "He lives, — your Harry lives! What will you give me for the secret now?"

Meg drew herself instantly upright, shook back her hair, and met Alice's laughing eyes with a sudden flame in her own which startled the lighter nature. "I knew that my Lord was alive," she said. "If you know where he is, tell me; and tell me too what wickedness has kept him from us so long."

"He is at King's Hall," Alice answered. "He has been a prisoner there since Jasper and his men took him on Christmas morning, ten minutes after he parted from you."

Meg rose to her feet, once more as white as death. "And you knew it?" she said.

There was such reproach in the words that Alice trembled and looked down. "What reason had I to love my Lord Marlowe?" she said, very low.

"But you say you love me!"

"I do, Meg, and that is why I have told you now."

"Jasper did it? Why?"

"For love of you; and he is my brother."

Meg gazed upon her as if turned to stone. The words, "Did Antonio know?" were on her lips, but she did not say them. She knew that Antonio knew. It seemed to her that out of the mists of uncertainty she was plunging into dark clouds of evil, though beyond these again the sun was shining with a brilliancy almost unimaginable. She could not

yet understand what Alice had told her.

"A prisoner—at King's Hall?" she repeated. "If Jasper does not set him free, I shall hate him to my dying day. But he must, he shall; my grandfather will see to that, and my Lady his mother. Tell your Jasper that his miserable conspiracy has failed, and that I scorn him from the depth of my soul. Has he treated him well?"

"How should I know? Is this your gratitude?" Alice's eyes were full of tears.

Meg turned away impatiently. "I will go with you. Where is my gown?"

"No, Meg, that you cannot do. But,—though you are hard to me—I promise you news of him. And if you choose to write a message, I will bear it faithfully. But haste, my dear; even now they are coming to call me."

Meg flew to her writing-box, a seldom-used treasure, the gift of her grandfather, which stood on a great oak chest in her room. While she hastily lighted a taper, pulled out her materials and stooped to write with trembling fingers, Alice watched her in silence; but her hand dived into the pocket of her gown, and she drew out, unseen by Meg, a small piece of paper; a note of which the seal was already broken,—for this was a trust to which Alice had not been true.

Meg's back being turned to her, she held this small letter up to the light and read it again. It was meant for her brother, and she had mistrusted it, and the woman who had written it. The reading of this treacherous letter had decided her to set Meg's heart at ease. No, Jasper should never see it. He would not, she hoped, have acted upon it; yet it were best he should not feel his prisoner too much at his mercy.

Lady Marlowe had written this to her stepson's rival and jailer: *He who stands in your way stands also in that of others. Why spare him?* Alice crushed the cruel words in her hands, and thought of the fire not yet out in the lower room. She might have kept them as a witness against Lady Marlowe, but the woman was Dick's mother, strange as it seemed. She would neither let her be a murderer, nor have her accused of such an intention. The words should burn.

Even now she heard the distant tramp of heavy boots upon the stones, and she pulled up her hood and wrapped her cloak round her, saying softly, "Haste, Meg, haste!"

Meg's letter was not long. *Thank God, my lord, my love, that you still live. Your Meg loves you ever. She waits for you.* "Give it to him yourself, Alice," she said. "And tell Jasper, if he does not set him free to-morrow morning, every man-at-arms in Ruddiford will be at his gates ere noon. Ah, my Lady does not know!"

The heavy feet were on the stairs now, and there was a loud knocking at the lower door.

"Is Mistress Tilney within?" shouted a hoarse voice. "The litter and the men are ready."

Alice started, hesitated a moment. "I have not told her," she said. "'Tis Black Andrew. Sir William ordered him to take men and guard me home. Farewell, sweetheart! Keep you brave and happy! I am gone. Back to your pillows, Meg, till the morning."

The door opened and shut. "I am here, Andrew," cried the girl. But as she hurried down the winding stairs, she turned into the room where the embroidery frames stood, and where a few red embers smouldered still upon the hearth. Into the

middle of these she dropped Lady Marlowe's letter to Jasper, waited an instant to see it flame, and rushed down to her grumbling escort.

On the way she met Dame Kate, climbing slowly to her bed.

"Here's a pretty coil," said the old woman. "Saints defend us, and what are our maidens coming to?"

Such-like phrases pelted Alice hard, for indeed she and her precious brother were never favourites with the old nurse. But she could not stop to listen now, to quarrel with Dame Kate or defend herself. Without a word she fled past her, and great scandals as to Mistress Tilney and Master Marlowe were spread, uncontradicted, in Ruddiford.

The Popinjay slept in peace that night, dreamed of his pretty love, and woke smiling. But the latest gossip of the castle was not long in reaching him. His dressing, a matter of deep interest and delight, was quite spoilt by the news his servant gave him, that Mistress Alice Tilney had been sent to her home, the night before, with little notice and without any farewells, closed up in a horse-litter and guarded by half-a-dozen of Sir William's men with Black Andrew to lead them. They had come back in the small hours of the morning, and they said 'twas a pity so fine a young lady had not a better home to go to, for King's Hall was a bear-garden for roughness and wickedness, a meeting-place for the wildest men in the country, and if Master Tilney was the best of his Fellowship, as folks reported, that was not saying much for him. Even Black Andrew wondered at his old master's orders, but could only obey them.

"The silly old Knight! What maggot has he got in his foolish head now?" cried Richard in consternation. "Nay, booby, the blue gown. I'll go mourning to-day; I've no heart for

red or yellow. Ha, I'll soon tell his worship what I think of him! Why, she's the lady I mean to marry,—and you may say I told you so. Enough,—there,—I'll go first and complain to my Lady."

The man looked after him, grinning, as he stalked out of the room. Everybody knew it was at Lady Marlowe's request that Mistress Tilney had been sent away: everybody knew that her Ladyship intended this son of hers for the young heiress of Ruddiford; and if everybody was aware of Mistress Margaret's passionate fancy and anxious grief for the mad Lord, as well as of Master Richard's violent flirtation with Mistress Tilney (whose intimacy with Antonio the secretary was not unknown), everybody was naturally too wise to imagine that any of these weaknesses would incline the scales of fate one way or the other. As Sir Thomas Pye pointed out sorrowfully to Timothy and Simon, the Baroness Marlowe ruled the roost. Contrary to the opinion of his three most faithful friends, Sir William had chosen to entrust her with deciding the fate of Ruddiford, and of Margaret. With that act of his the troubles began. And it seemed the more unnecessary, now that the cause of Lancashire was triumphing in the south. Among King Henry's faithful followers a husband might have been found for Meg, a future master for Ruddiford, whose brain was not unsteady like Lord Marlowe's, and in whose family there was no suspicion of that leaning to York which seemed to explain the mysterious ways of my Lady Isabel.

They of Isabel's household wondered sometimes if she ever slept. Morning and night she was always the same, her wits never clouded, her humour seldom changing. Like more famous women, she might order a man to be hanged and a dinner to

be cooked without any difference of tone. When most angry she seldom lost her self-command, and could mock where others raged.

Young Richard came to her that morning, flushed and furious, yet half dazed from his long night's rest, the rest of a lazy animal that did nothing but play. She might have been sitting in council all night long, preparing to receive him. She laughed at his indignation, when she at once and frankly confessed that the banishment of Alice Tilney was her doing, that Sir William had consented at her request. Did she know, Richard stammered, that Mistress Tilney's brother was a large land-owner with a fine house and following of his own, and that there were few older names in the Midlands?

"I know it well, Dick," she answered, smiling. "And I grant you the girl is pretty and fairly mannered. Her height measures well with yours. Her head lies well on your shoulder. Your hair is the reddest, but hers is a pleasant colour, and that green velvet coat of yours—yes, I saw you on the ramparts yesterday," she went on with a sudden change of tone; "and since she is well-born, and you might therefore be seized with some dream of marrying her, I decided to send her away from the castle."

Richard's red cheeks became even deeper in tone. He drew himself up with an air of dignity.

"Not only, Madam, do I dream of marrying her; I will and shall marry her, and no other woman."

"You have a virtuous intention," said Lady Marlowe. "Law and religion, it is true, only allow you one wife. If you might have two, matters could be arranged to please you. As it is, your one wife will not be Alice Tilney, but Margaret Roden."

Dick stamped his feet on the floor.

"I swear by all that's holy," he cried, "I will not marry Margaret Roden. Even if she were not promised to Harry—and why should I take his leaveings!—I don't like her, I could never love her as I love my sweet Alice. She is cold, she frightens a man, she looks away, while Alice smiles in your face and draws you on with those blue eyes of hers. No she's Harry's fancy, let him have her! I tell you, Margaret Roden is not the wife for me!"

He shouted aloud in his excitement. His mother held up her hand to check him, to reason with the wild boy; she was very pale, and her eyes were shining dangerously. "Your will against mine, Dick," she murmured, and then, louder, "I believe that our poor Harry is dead."

She was about to say more, but there was a shaking in the curtain that covered the door, and both her attention and Dick's were instantly caught by it. The latch was raised slowly, the curtain pushed back, and Margaret stepped lightly into the room, bowed her head towards Richard with a smile that startled him, made her reverence to Isabel, and came close to her.

The young girl looked radiantly beautiful. A different creature was this from the Margaret Roden they had hitherto seen. Even the day before, when she had drawn so near to Lady Marlowe, her lovely youth had been spoilt and clouded by sadness. Isabel had guessed then what she might be in brighter days, but now even she, with her clear sight, was astonished. A creature of the dawn, flushed with love and joy, Meg came to bring her triumphal news to Lord Marlowe's nearest ones.

"I have good tidings," she said, and kneeling, laid her hands on Isabel's. "My Lord Marlowe lives, —he is well, I hope—he is near—

this very day, if my message does not fail, he will be with us. But if he does not come, we will send; my grandfather's men will quickly have him out of his prison."

She knelt, gazing into Lady Marlowe's face. Single-minded as she was, it would have needed thicker perceptions to fail to see what she did see,—a flash of wrathful terror instantly veiled by a smile.

"Indeed, sweet Meg," her Ladyship murmured. "And where, then,—but who gave you this wonderful news?"

"What? Brother Harry safe and well?" Dick's voice was chiming in on the other side, boyish and hearty, his own grievance forgotten for the moment. "Do you hear, Madam! Does that arrange matters?" He broke into sudden laughter.

Neither Isabel nor Margaret seemed to hear him.

Before either could speak again, a sudden clamour and tumult in the castle court broke upon their ears and strangely claimed their attention. Surely it was the voice of the old man, Sir William Roden. Loud but trembling, he was making some announcement from the steps of the hall — "Victory — the King — the Queen"—these words reached them, and then instantly the men-at-arms began to shout and the trumpeters to blow. And then, over all the noise and martial music, in the pale sunshine of that February morning, breaking and falling in silvery clangour above castle and town, the church bells burst into a peal of joy; the very air seemed to rock with them,—*"Victory! victory!"*

Unconscious of herself, Margaret knelt on, with parted lips watching the change in the face of her whose loving daughter she had promised to be. At first Lady Marlowe seemed turned to stone; then a look of evil fury transformed her. Suddenly

rising, pushing the girl away, with an angry cry of, "What is this?" she was going hastily to the window, when the door opened and Antonio appeared. He seemed to see no one but her as he bowed low and said: "Madam, Sir William Roden has sent me to announce to your Ladyship the Queen's great victory at St. Albans. The Earl of Warwick has fled; the King is free, and has joined the Queen."

"Ha! Fine news, truly!" Isabel said, with a catch in her breath. "Go back to Sir William; I follow you instantly."

Antonio looked from Richard to Margaret, and vanished as she commanded. She too looked at them, at their young, puzzled faces, and laughed. Then she walked quickly across the room. Richard sprang to overtake her, but was too late. She passed through the door, banged it heavily, turned the great key with a grinding noise in the lock, and left the boy and girl together.

CHAPTER XII.

RICHARD MARLOWE tried and shook the door, stamped, shouted aloud, "Madam, Madam, this is too much!" swore a few courtly oaths very strange to Margaret's ears, then dashed to the window and seized its iron bars, which effectually stopped any wild idea of escape that way. He thrust his yellow head between them, however, and joined his voice to the clamour below. He saw his mother's velvet train sweeping up the steps into the hall, as she went to Sir William. A man or two looked up and laughed, but most of those in the court were Roden retainers, and the angry cries of an imprisoned Popinjay were nothing to them.

At last Dick turned and looked at Margaret. 'Twas no such hardship,

after all, to be shut up with so lovely a girl. To his eyes, of course, she had not the attractiveness of Alice Tilney, and he was still at a loss to understand his brother's sudden infatuation. Still, no doubt, she was beautiful. But why was there that horrible sadness, that bewildered, distressed look, on a face which should be laughing with joy at his brother's safety? Was his own company so terrible, then, or what was the matter with Mistress Margaret?

"Lord, how I hate these dismal ladies!" said Dick to himself; yet on the other hand, the kindness and chivalry of his young nature were all on Meg's side. He came to her where she stood, courteously offered his hand, and made her sit down near the fire.

"Your very humble servant, Mistress Roden," he said with a merry laugh. "As it has pleased my Lady to leave us together, we had better be friends than enemies. This news of my brother,—I care for that more than for victory of Red Rose or White—tell me more, I beseech you. Where is Harry, if you know it? Where has he been hiding and when will he be here?"

Meg looked at him as he strutted before her on the hearth. She clasped and unclasped her hands, not at once answering him. The distressed lines on her brow, the tragic question in her eyes, vexed and puzzled the young man more and more.

"Listen, Mistress," he said; his air, for Dick, was of extraordinary gravity. "When you came into this room, you looked as happy as a queen, happier than the Queen, I doubt, though they say she has her poor old Harry again—Heaven save us, Harry and Margaret, Margaret and Harry—was there ever so strange a chance? A Margaret with two Harrys, forsooth—that's not you! and a Harry

with two Margarets—that's who it may be! There, now, pretty sister, pardon my chatter and tell me all the truth." He came near and dropped on one knee, laughing again as he looked up into her face. She smiled and put out her hand to him; he kissed it lightly. "A fair, soft hand," he said. "Harry cheated me, and though I've forgiven him, as a Christian should, I see my fate might have been a worse one."

"Do not flatter me, Sir," Meg said. "I heard you but now as I came through the ante-room. There, —I do not understand all your chatter, as you call it, but I love your brother, you love my friend — shall we be friends, Master Marlowe?"

"Mistress Roden, I have no stronger desire. But one favour, fair lady,—let us be Meg and Dick, as sister and brother should. What I said but now—my mother provoked me—you would have been more sorry had I said I would have no wife but you."

"Sorry indeed,—for your disappointment," Meg said, her mouth trembling with laughter.

"The length of your eyelashes, Meg—have they been measured?" Dick asked very softly. "On my honour, I begin to think that if Harry had never been here, and if I had never seen her who—"

"Collect yourself,—set your mind at rest," Meg admonished him. "On my honour, I would never have married you."

"But why, fairest, why? It cannot be the same cause for which I swear on second thoughts I would never have married you,—that with all your divine beauty you are too solemn and too cold."

"No,—because you are too foolish and too young."

"What,—my youth and beauty a

reproach? 'Tis true, Harry is old and ugly—"

Meg laughed outright. Handsome enough he was, the young dandy, but that stiffly curled hair, that painted face, those cleverly darkened eyelashes! She shrugged her shoulders, moving her hands impatiently. After all, the boy was both amusing and sincere.

His love for Alice had in these last days awakened his lazy character and made a man of him, but Meg did not realise that. She began to give Dick credit for being by nature worthy to be Harry's brother.

"I am perplexed," she said. "I know not what to think. Surely my Lady your mother loves him,—loves Harry? Yesterday she promised me that if I would trust her, leaving myself in her hands, I should marry my Lord Marlowe and none else"—she stopped, suddenly remembering that Lady Marlowe had told her to be silent. "Well, no more of that," she said. "But when I brought her the news to-day, she did not, I thought, seem glad. She hardly listened, she was even angry, I fancied, but fancy it must have been—"

"Sweet sister, a warning," Dick said very kindly. "Never trouble your poor brain with trying to understand my mother. She is led by motives that you and I dream not of. Why, now, has she set her heart on marrying me and you? 'Tis no special advantage for you or me,—we are toys in her hands—but she wants Ruddiford, Meg,—'tis a key to the north; she wants it for York, I tell you. Edward of March is her king. As to caring for Harry,—he is the head of our House, but then, she is nought to him but a step-mother; 'tis not a tie of love, Meg, and he is Lancastrian to the marrow of his bones."

"Ah! they said it," Meg murmured to herself, remembering whispers that she had heard and scorned.

"'Twas the news of this victory that drove her away in a rage," Dick went on, watching her. "And more than that, you came at a bad moment, for she was angry with me, and I with her. They have dared to send Alice Tilney away, but I will take order for that."

"But," Meg said slowly, "she said that I should marry my Lord Marlowe and none else. How, then, would she gain Ruddiford?"

Dick laughed a little awkwardly. "She believed that Harry was dead," he said.

"And you, then—you—impossible!" the girl cried, and lifted her hands. "Is there no truth under heaven?"

Dick shrugged his shoulders. "Plenty, sweet Meg, as you and I will prove," he said. "Why so sad? A woman's plots need not have power to distract you thus. She cannot, shall not, marry us against our will. Come now, I ask you for news of Harry. Where is he, can you tell? And when will he be here?"

"He is in prison at King's Hall," Meg answered, half absently. "Alice told me last night, before they sent her away. It is all an evil plot that I cannot understand. They took him, —Jasper Tilney took him,—but that it was his doing only, I will not believe." She looked up into Dick's face grave and eager, and her eyes brightened as they met his. "You at least are honest," she said. "Come with me to my grandfather. He will give you men, and you shall fetch my Lord home to Ruddiford."

"At King's Hall? And Alice told me nothing! Does my mother know he is there?"

"Nay, you have heard what I said. There was no time to tell her more.

Yet I think there are those in this castle who know, and I do not trust. Oh, quickly, quickly, come to my grandfather!"

"Who is it you do not trust, fair lady? I will soon make him safe."

Meg looked away at the fire, and shook her head. She seemed, in the glow of the burning logs, to meet a darker flame that which burned in Antonio's eyes. She shuddered, and rose to her feet. "There is no time to lose. Come, come!" she said.

Dick did not move. "You forget," he said. "We are locked in; we are my Lady's prisoners. And if we were free, what use going to Sir William when she is there? Harry back,—she loses you and Ruddiford. No, she will not have him here. I do not say she wishes him ill, but if Harry were away with his Queen on a battle-field, he would be a safer man now. Let her know he is in so near a prison, and there he will remain. No, we must rather—but what of all this? We are locked in." He sprang up and strode to the window. "Down there," he said, "there is not a man who dares set us free."

Meg listening, as if in a dream, started with a sudden memory. "Dick," she said, "from your mother's bed-chamber there is a secret staircase to the outer barbican, and from there I know a certain way by steps into the town. No one uses it; 'tis forgotten, and never closed, except in times of riot. By that way you can leave the castle, slip round to the bridge, taking a horse and man, if you choose, from the stables on your way. Ride hard across the bridge, and follow the south road till a lane strikes off across broad fields to the right. Do you not remember, as you came, the church and the high gables of King's Hall? Harry is there."

"And Alice!" he said, half to himself. "Come, then, and quickly."

By a door under the hangings they stole into Lady Marlowe's inner room. All was still and silent there, except for the distant music and the clanging of joy-bells from the town for Lancaster's victory. Men and maids were all gone to gape with their fellows among the rejoicing crowd. Only some of Lady Marlowe's men went about dark and sullen, knowing on which side her sympathies were.

As they passed through, Dick seized a cloak and hood of his mother's and threw them on Margaret. She took them without question and silently led the way down the narrow stairs and through the outer precincts of the castle. The steps she had spoken of were open and unguarded; they climbed the wall, and crept down, steep and uneven, in the shadow of the gateway tower, ending at a narrow wicket, unfastened, but within view of the warder of the gate, had he been at his post; but he was away, drinking success to the Red Rose. In a few minutes Dick and Meg were in the dark, evil-smelling lane without the walls, not far from the sacred spot, then white with December snow, now black with February mud, where Lord Marlowe and his love had stood together on Christmas morning.

Dick's eyes,—they had lost their old lazy indifference and flashed boldly enough now—rested with some wonder on his companion. She had pressed on before him, saying nothing of turning back, but she now stopped and said, looking hurriedly up and down the empty lane: "I am thinking,—to take horses from the castle, we must enter again from the west gate, and though they would open the little postern to me, there might be those who—will you trust me? I will take you to one who would give me all he has—surely the horses in his stable—"

She was hastening on, turning from

the lane into a narrow street darkened by over-hanging houses, when Dick caught hold of her cloak: "Meg, you will not go with me?"

"Peace, peace," she said quickly. "Yes, I will go with you. I have thought,—he must not come back to Ruddiford, the enemies are too strong. And I fear he will, for I sent him a token by Alice last night. He must go back to the Queen, but I must see him first; and, forsooth, I tell you, if he will have me, I will go with him to the ends of the earth. That was what we promised, he and I."

"A moment!" Dick cried impulsively. "By the saints, you are a noble girl, and I honour you, and forgive Harry his sin; but they say King's Hall is not a place for such as you. They say 'twas cruel and wicked of Sir William to send Alice home, did my Lady press him never so hard. That brother of hers,—she told me he would marry you if he could—curse his impudence, but small blame to him! And his rollicking Fellowship—and suppose he will not set Harry free?"

"Who can tell, if no one asks him?" cried the girl. "And I trust no one but myself and you. Here, this is the way. No, I do not fear Jasper Tilney; there are worse men, I think, than he."

She darted suddenly under a low archway into a little cobbled yard surrounded with doors and long windows, arched with clustering ivy. Within one of these doors they could hear a horse stamping; from one of the windows, the lattice standing open, there came a strong smell of drugs and herbs. Close by was a dove-cote, from which the pigeons rose, spreading wings and tails with a great rustle, and perching on the uneven roofs and chimneys with a soft cooing among themselves. A pale sun shone down into this abode

of peace. As Dick and Margaret crossed the stones, a little old man raised his round face from the table he was leaning over, busily concocting medicines. For this was the dwelling of Simon and Timothy Toste, and the window was that of Master Simon's apothecary's shop.

Astonished at the sight of the two young people, he pulled off his black cap and hurried out into the yard, begging them to honour him by coming in. Dick, rude boy as he was at times, stood shaking with laughter at the odd little figure, almost as broad as it was long. He laughed still more at the lengthening of the round face, when Simon understood, as he quickly did, what the beloved young lady of the castle wanted of him. His horse—and Timothy's horse—both their horses? And what for? A ride in the country with Master Marlowe? A side-way glance seemed to tell Master Marlowe what Master Simon the apothecary thought of him. They had come to one of the most arrant gossips of the Midlands, though one of the best-natured men. Simon knew all that went on at the castle, and the summary expulsion of Mistress Alice Tilney had already reached his ears, with the castle comments on the same. He saw through the mad prank at once. Could not this graceless Marlowe go hunting alone for his love, but he must needs entangle Mistress Meg and carry her with him to the very arms of wild Jasper?

"With Sir William's and my Lady Marlowe's consent?" asked the wise Simon, putting his head on one side and pursing up his mouth. "But then, why not your worship's own horses? Saving your presence, 'tis like King David and the poor man's lamb. These two good humble beasts of ours—"

"There, Master Toste, you know well they are the best horses in Ruddiford," cried Meg impatiently. "And I could not dream you would refuse me anything, *me*—and on this joyful day when the bells are ringing, and all the men in the castle are drinking success to the Red Rose."

"Silly sots, they'll come to me to-morrow to have their aching pates cured," said Simon. "A ride in the country, you say, Mistress? The country is not so safe, what with bold beggars and Master Tilney's Fellowship; and with this young gentleman alone—'tis not seemly—"

"Who asked you to judge of seemliness, Master Apothecary?" cried Dick, with a threatening air. "Fetch out the horses as Mistress Roden bids you, or I'll teach you a lesson."

Simon was not to be intimidated. He set his arms akimbo and faced the young man with a smile.

"That is not the way to gain your ends at Ruddiford, Sir," he said. "I will ask Mistress Roden to step within, and to tell me more of this precious ride. I am an executor of her grandfather's will, and, in a certain sense, share her guardianship with my Lady your mother. I will not suffer you—"

"Hold thy tongue, old fool," laughed Richard. "I shall not run away with your mistress—is that your fear? She will tell you, my service is due in another quarter. If she rides with me to visit her friend, do you know of any danger at King's Hall that I cannot guard her from?"

"Plenty, young gentleman," Simon replied with dryness.

But then Meg seized her old friend by the arm and pushed him before her into the low dark room, leaving Dick, with a parting glance that implored patience, to kick his heels alone in the yard. It was not to

be expected that Master Marlowe would long be contented so. By way of amusement, it occurred to him to inspect the horses and judge of them for himself. They were excellent horses, in fact; Meg's praise was deserved. Without asking further leave the young gentleman set himself to look for saddles and bridles, and to prepare them for a journey.

It was a strange sight in Simon's little room, and one which Dick would scarcely have endured. The beautiful Mistress Roden, the Lady of Ruddiford, was on her knees beside the apothecary. To him, the old friend, who had doctored and watched and petted her from childhood, often repaid with rebellious ingratitude, Meg poured out her heart in hurried sentences. Simon's eyes grew rounder, his hair stood up on his head. What? Lord Marlowe was at King's Hall, taken and kept by Jasper in private jealousy? What? There were traitors in the castle, those who took the side of York, so that his Lordship, if set free, could not safely return there? Simon lifted his brows and clicked his tongue meaningly. "Ah, said we not so? Timothy's friend said it—ay, in high places—but nay, is it possible, is it natural, Mistress Meg?"

"Peace, peace, I tell you nothing, cried the girl. "Say not a word; hold thy tongue, Simon, and imagine nothing. Only let me go, dear Simon, lend me thy horse and let me go with his brother, who loves him. We two will save him, — Simon, dost hear, dear old friend?"

"I hear, mistress." The apothecary shook his head and groaned. "And his worship Sir William?" he said. "No, child. If I lend thee my horse, I am the worst traitor of all. I might open the gates to a Yorkist army and be a less sinner, for to Sir William, to the Vicar, my

brother and myself, your body and soul, child, are worth the realm of England. As to this mad Lord of yours, let Jasper Tilney keep him, say I."

"Well and wisely said, Master Toste," murmured a soft voice close by. "And now, have you any ratsbane?"

Margaret started violently and rose from her knees. Antonio was standing in the room, very white, staring and smiling strangely. At the same moment another door was pushed open, and two more figures appeared, tall and short, with lantern jaws and eyes that watched curiously, — Sir Thomas Pye and Timothy Toste.

Without a word to any of these new-comers, Mistress Margaret glided to the window and leaned out of it. "Master Marlowe," she called.

Instantly young Marlowe appeared from the stable, leading the best of the two horses. "Can you ride a man's saddle?" he asked gaily. "Or will you mount behind me? All is ready."

"Go yourself; I cannot come. Take my greeting. Set him free, send him away, tell him I am true till death and afterwards."

She turned from the window, meeting Antonio with a smile of fearless scorn, while Timothy and Simon rushed into the yard crying, "Stop, thief!" and the Vicar stood grimly by with his arms folded.

Dick Marlowe kissed the tips of his fingers, swung himself into the saddle and dashed under the archway and along the narrow street towards the bridge, at a pace which much amazed the strong and quiet horse he rode.

The shrieks of the owners availed nothing. Antonio laughed silently; it was no affair of his, since Master Richard rode alone. As for Margaret, she turned to Sir Thomas and said, "Come with me."

The priest bowed, and followed her. Antonio waited till the two brothers came panting back, and then renewed his demand: "Master Simon, have you any ratsbane?"

Lady Marlowe, walking restlessly up and down Sir William's room, forgetting her usual formalities in the excitement of the time and the difficulty of gaining her ends, found herself standing in the great window when a single horseman rode furiously upon the bridge, scattering groups of country-people whom the ringing of the joy-bells had drawn to the town. It seemed that the guards at the bridge-tower made no difficulty about this horseman; he rode through the midst of them, bending on his horse's neck, and the ground flew from under him as he galloped out into the country. Muffled in a cloak about the head and shoulders, he was not to be recognised, yet something in the line of the slight figure, in the way he sat his horse, puzzled my Lady a little. No, it could not be. She had Dick safe, locked in with Margaret; she smiled at the thought.

She turned sharply towards the old man, sitting crouched in his chair; he had returned there painfully, and the interview with her had already brought on a reaction, in his feeble body and mind, from the joyful excitement caused by the Red Rose victory. "A messenger has ridden forth, Sir William; did you send him?" Isabel demanded.

"Nay, nay, my Lady, I have sent no messenger."

"Who, then—" she paused, and muttered to herself: "Bribes may do something, and if my men be outnumbered, still they are better and stronger men. But a riding post to Edward—it may be wise—who would have thought these fools cared thus for the poor madman and his virago

wife! To rid myself of idiots—if I am opposed too far—Antonio—"

She glanced nervously towards the door. At first, Antonio had been present at the interview; but after a few minutes she had sent him suddenly away with a commission. "Fetch me ratsbane, a great dose," she said, and meeting his startled eyes, "Where are your wits?" she added, sharply and low. "My rooms are infested; day and night they run on the floor. Go,—do my bidding."

Both glanced at Sir William, but he did not notice them. His mind was full of the fight at St. Albans, of which a running post had brought him the particulars. The man was now feasting below in the hall; but Sir William had many questions yet to ask him, and his brain was occupied with them. Old memories of Agincourt, too, surged up at the very mention of a battle. He had begun to talk of it, and he was not best pleased that Lady Marlowe cut him short, as to victories old and new, to demand with some haughtiness the immediate marriage of her Richard and his Margaret. Why, he rather faintly wondered, this sudden and passionate haste? He answered her doubtfully, inclined to put the question by. Then she sent away Antonio; if he noticed it, he was glad, for the watchful presence seemed a little out of place in their talk together. These family matters,—but why did she plague him with them when he must think of other things? The children must be married, he supposed, though poor Meg liked it not. But what was my Lady demanding now?

She had walked back from the window, and was standing near him on the hearth.

"Sir William," she said, "I shall be forced, I fancy, to return home. The fighting about London—the

charge of my Lord Marlowe's house and people—wherever he, poor soul, may be—” she paused shuddering suddenly in spite of herself, and watching the old man with dark eyes full of terror and mystery. “Send for your vicar,” she said, “and let us marry Richard and Margaret this very day in your chapel—quickly—before noon. Yes, I know Ruddiford people would ask for a stately marriage in their church yonder, but good Lord, these are not times for ceremony. The changes of war are sudden and terrible—to-day Lancaster, to-morrow, perhaps, York. Besides, unhappily, we have not to do with a willing bride and bridegroom. You and I have checked Richard in his foolishness; Margaret, sweet maid, has promised to be my true and loving daughter; still it is not each other they would choose. Therefore, haste, haste, is the one thing. They must be married, they must be one; then only shall I feel that the future is safe,—for Margaret, for Richard, and for me.”

She stopped and waited. The old man looked at her vaguely. Mild, white, helpless, it seemed impossible that he should resist those fierce eyes, that resolute jaw. But he lifted his hand, as if to wave her away, and there was lit up suddenly, brightening every moment, a flame in the blue eyes that could on occasions be so angry.

“Madam, I see no such haste,” he said. “There will be no marriage

to-day. I rejoice that my Margaret has spoken dutifully to your Ladyship, but, I plainly tell you, no such marriage shall be forced upon her. It is my wish,—she knows it,—but, putting the past aside, she may well feel that the youth who could set Mistress Tilney before herself—”

“No such trifles must stand in the way,” Lady Marlowe said, and restrained her rage with difficulty. “Children's fancies—their duty must and shall be forced upon them. This is new teaching, indeed, of an indulgent grandsire,” she laughed. “I will answer for Richard,” she said, “my child, my chattel; and as to Margaret—”

“Madam,” the old man said, and sank back in his chair, “I am weary of this dispute.”

Sweeping through the door, Isabel met Antonio on the stairs. “Go to your master,” she said. “This fine victory is too much for his brain. Give him a cordial; then come to me. And the ratsbane, hey?”

“The apothecary had it not, or would not give it me,” Antonio muttered.

“Fool! You will over-reach yourselves, you folks of Ruddiford,” she said. “You cannot keep a secret. Mistress Margaret knows all.”

“And when she finds her birds flown, and Master Dick—” Antonio breathed, hurrying to his old master.

Pale and trembling, cursing Alice's tongue, he was yet not altogether discontented.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE "ELIZABETH."

THE wooden walls that used to be Great Britain's first line of defence have proved themselves a very efficient rampart in their day. Manned by those Mariners of England—

Who sailed upon the seas
To fight the wars, and keep the laws,
and live on yellow peas,

—they made this little island the centre of the British Empire. Yet in those days ships were but boards, sailors but men; there were neither steel hulls, nor highly trained scientific experts to handle them. There were water-worms as well as water-rats, and the *teredo navalis* soon bored his way through the four-inch plank of a ship's bottom when there was no copper sheathing to keep him out. The danger of fire was always present. The hulls were constitutionally weak in structure and were ill-fastened together. Now our sea-walls are hardened steel and their frames are as strong as the girders of a bridge; worms cannot touch them, fire has almost ceased to be a danger. It is more difficult to break up a modern battle-ship than it was to build an old one. Yet, in spite of all their imperfections those wooden ships lasted longer, and sometimes made a more obstinate fight against the ordinary dangers of the sea, than any of the steel-hulled leviathans of the present day.

When one old seventy-four came into collision with another, away went jib-boom, bowsprit, beak-head, and thirty or forty feet of solid bulwarks, till she looked as battered and dis-

reputable as Humphreys or Mendoza after a bout with bare knuckles. Yet she would keep herself and her people above water, patch herself up, and gravely go about her business. The CULLODEN (Troubridge's CULLODEN) was able to do her duty, and something more, at St. Vincent, thirty-six hours after her collision with the COLOSSUS. The steel ship, in similar circumstances, goes to the bottom. The VICTORIA, the ELBE, the OREGON, the LONDON,—which of us can tell how many others went the same road? A sea smashes in a hatch cover or an engine-room skylight, and then a long good-night to the latest triumph of the ship-builder, the last word in great four-cylinder inverted twin-screw engines. Or a sudden twisting, wrenching strain shears off a dozen rivet-heads and a butt-strap; the bilge-pumps go on working furiously till the surging water on the stoke-hold floor drowns the fires in a burst of steam; and then it is "time for us to leave her,"—in an open boat, with a sea that is hungry for the lives of men and lies wallowing, wan and hopeless, for a thousand miles before it finds a coast to break on. There are many things in the life of a sailor which are hardly to be found out by studying him on a Saturday night ashore.

It is little more than fifty years since iron ships began to supplant the oak or teak-built masterpieces of Blackwall, Aberdeen, and Liverpool, the last fulfilment of the dreams of many generations of shipwrights; and there is pathos in the thought that three hundred years of anxious study

brought the wooden sailing-ship to its highest perfection at the moment when inexorable science doomed it to extinction. Yet how many of the iron ships of 1865 are in existence to-day? We have records of many a century-old wooden vessel. Mr. Clark Russell has told us of the *BETSY CAIRNS*, wrecked off Shields in 1827; her age was unknown, but she was believed to be identical with the *PRINCESS MARY* that brought William of Orange to Torbay in 1688. He, too, speaks of the *COGNAC PACKET* built at Bursledon in 1792. She was still carrying coals from Seaham in 1886, ninety-four years after she slid down the ways with flags flying and the shipwrights cheering her as she went. What of the old *PORT A-FERRY FRIGATE*? The *THREE SISTERS* was her real name, and there is a paragraph in *THE NAVAL CHRONICLE* of 1802 announcing her arrival at Whitehaven "lately." She had carried provisions to the starving but unconquered garrison of Derry in 1689, and was supposed to be one hundred and thirty years old. That paragraph was solemnly reproduced, as current news, in a newspaper of 1902; but the *THREE SISTERS* was not immortal, and it would be hard to find a man in Whitehaven to-day who had even heard her name. *Nelson's VICTORY* is nearly a hundred and forty years old, though there is little, if anything, left in her of the great first-rate that was launched at Chatham in 1765.

From the point of view of the scientific naval architect there is as much difference between the old ships and the new, as there is between the flying coaches of 1820 and the express engines of to-day; but just as the biologists tell us that the lower organism often displays more tenacity of life than the higher, so the old vessels which relied more on the per-

tinacity of material than on scientific construction sometimes managed to survive dangers that would have made short work of the better-built ships of our time. Handled by the old seamen who understood them they would keep afloat as long as their timbers held together; and sometimes they would continue to keep the sea, and carry their people safely home, long after their flimsy hulls had begun to break up.

There was a certain old 64-gun ship in the year 1757, which was called the *ELIZABETH*. It would be a matter of some difficulty to ascertain her exact age; she may possibly have been identical with that *ELIZABETH*, of seventy guns, which was detached from Admiral Vernon's squadron in 1739, just before the capture of Portobello. Such as she was, she sailed from England to Madras in 1757, under the command of Captain Richard Kempenfelt (whose flag, as Rear-admiral, went down with him in the *ROYAL GEORGE* twenty-five years later). She carried the broad pendant of Commodore Charles Stevens, who was taking out the *YARMOUTH* (64), the *WEYMOUTH* (60), the *NEWCASTLE* (50), and the 24-gun frigate *QUEENBOROUGH*, to reinforce the fleet under vice-admiral Sir George Pocock. They joined the Admiral at Madras on March 24th, 1758, and the *ELIZABETH* took part in all his actions with D'Aché; in the battle off Cuddalore on April 29th, and again off Negapatam on August 3rd in the same year, when she had the honour of leading the British line into action. In the final battle fought on September 10th, 1759, she was commanded by Captain Richard Tideman, and again led the line. After that, the third and last battle that D'Aché fought in the East Indies, the French fleet retired to Mauritius.

Two years later the *ELIZABETH* was

still in the East Indies under the command of Captain Isaac Florimond Ourry. She hoisted the broad pendant of Commodore Tiddeman in the fleet of eight sail of the line which Rear-admiral Cornish led to the attack and capture of Manilla. Commodore Tiddeman was drowned by an unfortunate accident on October 5th, 1762, the day of the surrender. When the Seven Year's War came to an end the ELIZABETH was ordered home, and she sailed from Bombay on December 16th, 1763.

It was now six years since she left England, and she could not have had anything like a thorough refit during the whole of her long commission. Copper sheathing had not then been introduced, though it is possible that the bottom may have been filled with broad-headed nails as a protection against worms, a custom which was usual in the East India Company's service. Like all the ships of her day she was insufficiently fastened. The weakest point in their construction was in the attachment of the beams to the sides of the ship. Iron knees were unknown, and the heavy weight of the guns tended to spread the hull; a tendency which the timber knees imperfectly resisted. When the CENTAUR foundered on her way home after Rodney's action in 1782, her sides separated from the beams, and she practically fell open. The ELIZABETH had been battered in three fleet actions, beside enduring the storms and accidents of a six years' commission; and her condition was considered so far doubtful that all her lower-deck guns were sent ashore, and only sixteen of her 18-pounders were left mounted on the upper deck. Thus lightened she was allowed to sail, with hope rather than confidence that she would be able to make the voyage home in safety.

The account of her many perils and

her safe return is furnished by Mr. William Nichelson, the master, in his elaborate TREATISE ON PRACTICAL NAVIGATION, illustrated by several fine plates by T. Luny (an artist who had himself served in the Navy) and published in 1796. Throughout the whole seven months of danger and anxiety Nichelson seems not only to have attended to his navigation and the endless labour of keeping the ship afloat, but he found time also to make many scientific observations on the variation of the compass, ocean currents, and prevalent winds. It is perhaps characteristic of this most excellent and self-reliant seaman that he never mentions the captain or any other officer of the ship by name.

After leaving Bombay the ELIZABETH ran down the Malabar coast in fine weather and smooth water, and on the 30th she joined the NORFOLK, the AMERICA, and the CHATHAM, all homeward bound under Vice-admiral Cornish, whose flag was hoisted in the NORFOLK.

The little squadron took its departure from Calicut, and pleasant weather and fair winds lasted till January 31st, 1764, when they were about three hundred and sixty miles south of Mozambique. There they encountered a succession of fresh gales from north and east, and "a large sea from south-east which thwarted the north-east sea, and made it run very high." This was no weather for a weak ship; the ELIZABETH began to labour and strain every way, and leaked badly. The weather grew steadily worse, and presently the main topsail split and blew away. Everything was made snug; the mizen topmast was struck and the ship hove-to. Still she laboured and complained in every plank and timber, and the seams above water began to open. All the chain-pumps were kept constantly going, and men were set

to bale the water out of the fore-hatchway with buckets; but still the water gained upon them.

This was unpromising; but their real troubles began on the afternoon of February 1st. First, all the brick-work of the coppers and fire-grates fell down, for the dock was working under them like a spring-board. No food could be cooked. Four of the upper-deck guns were thrown overboard to ease the ship, and by eight o'clock in the evening all the pumps were going and men were baling at all the hatchways; even then the water sometimes gained upon them, and at midnight they had six feet eight inches in the hold. She would have gone down then and there had she carried no more than a merchantman's crew; but her four hundred and odd men kept her afloat by sheer pumping. They were inside the ship, the Indian Ocean at present was outside; but it became a serious question how long they would be able to keep it there.

Still the weather grew worse and the sea more dangerous. Like the hungry wolves that follow up the weakest deer in the herd, their fury increased step by step with the weakness of the quarry, and they battered the half-foundered ship that seemed so nearly their prey, till the water in the hold rose full twelve inches in one half hour. Then the captain called the officers to a consultation. It was at first proposed to cut away the masts; but the master denounced the idea as madness. It would ease the ship, certainly; but it would take away her last poor chance of reaching the shelter of a port. It was then decided to wear the ship, in order to bring the wind on the starboard quarter and so lift the leaky starboard side as far out of the water as possible, in the hope that the larboard planking might prove tighter. Their

hope was justified, for on this tack they found that they could just keep the leak from gaining on them.

When Nicholson went forward to give the order to wear ship, it was dark on the upper gun-deck, and he could see no one. "Where are you all got to?" he cried, and a low voice near him answered "To our prayers, Sir!" All hands were on their knees; they had given up all hope. When he called them to their duty, not a man of them stirred, till he called them ill names and bade them do their part and trust to God to do His. Then said they, "Tell us what to do, Sir, and we'll obey orders." From that time forward they never flinched.

Their consorts were all out of sight. The ELIZABETH and the Indian Ocean were left to fight it out between them.

During the whole of the next day they could see the upper part of the hull open and shut as she rolled this way and that. In the afternoon they struck the main-topmast. At nine o'clock the tiller (which, as usual, worked in the gun-room on the lower gun-deck) broke short off in the rudder-head. Another tiller was shipped. In the morning the weather moderated and they sighted the AMERICA, four miles away. During the forenoon they unrigged the main and mizen-topmasts, and got them both down on deck; then the jib-boom and sprit-sail-yard were got in, to ease the straining and working of the bows. The master had no observation of the sun for several days; by their reckoning they were two hundred and seventy miles south of Mozambique.

On the 3rd the tiller broke again; and Nicholson, suspecting that there was "something more than common the matter with the rudder," took the carpenter down into the

gun-room. Watching for a smooth, when the ship was comparatively quiet, they cautiously opened the stern port on the weather side, whence they could obtain a view of the rudder. What they saw was interesting. The upper pintle-iron of the rudder was broken, and so was the gudgeon on the stern-post into which it fitted; all the pintle-irons above water had worked loose; the iron braces which held the upper gudgeons to the stern-post had drawn their nails, having only been fastened through the plank, instead of through the transom timbers as they should have been: the whole rudder and its fittings had consequently broken loose. If the braces below water followed their example and drew their nails out, the leak would overpower the pumps; so, making a signal of distress which brought the *AMERICA* down to them, they unhooked the rudder and let it go adrift, with a blessing on the dock-yard shipwrights who had only half fastened it.

After the rudder had gone they could hear the water rushing in through the nail-holes of the second gudgeon-iron, which had torn off when the rudder went. This water made its way into the bread-room, and damaged much of the bread. When the room was cleared, Nicholson looked into the space between its after bulkhead and the transom, a place where the gunner kept small stores, known by the curious name of *Lady's Hole*; the *Lady* of the Gun-room was the watchman whose duty it was to keep the gun-room clean, and mount guard there at night. Here they found the water gushing in through the nail-holes like a fountain. Nevertheless, the leaks had lessened as the sea went down, till they could keep the ship clear with two chain-pumps only. The

fore-topmast was now got down on deck and a jury-topmast sent up in its place. But it was necessary to do something to strengthen the frame of the ship, which had little more rigidity than a wicker basket, and was fast working itself to pieces; and they had to improvise some sort of a contrivance to steer her with. The *ELIZABETH* was hove to, three or four hundred miles south of Mozambique, with the *AMERICA* standing by; and then both operations were carried on simultaneously. From the 3rd of February till the 8th,—for six days—the monotonous entry appears in the log, day after day: "Fresh gales; the people employed in making a machine to steer the ship by, and in frapping the ship in several places."

It was time that something was done to hold the rickety frame together. The chain-plate bolts that held the shrouds had drawn two or three inches out of the ship's side. The treenails (thick wooden pins which fastened the skin-planking to the timbers) were like almonds in a pudding, some of them standing three inches outside the plank, others projecting as far inboard. The decks worked with every roll of the ship. Sometimes the bolts rose out of the deck and with the next heave sank back again, while other planks rose off the beams, bringing the nails with them. It was dangerous to walk or stand in the worst places. The standards or pillars that supported the deck-beams occasionally rose as much as six inches off the deck below. Water poured down everywhere, for the deck-seams gaped open at every roll, and there was no dry place for the men to sleep in. The gunwale at the gangway entrance,—that is, where the quarter-deck bulwark breaks off abreast of the mainmast,—was broken in two, and the fracture

went down to the upper gun-deck below it. She was no longer a ship,—only a rickety scaffolding.

We have most of us heard of frapping a ship. When St. Paul's ship was under-girded between Crete and Malta, the principle was the same; but few seamen of the present day have ever had occasion to resort to it. Nicholson's *Treatise* contains a careful description of his method. "Upon the upper gun-deck were six lashings, kept close down to the port-sills. These were hawsers which were passed out and in through two opposite ports on each side and bowed as tight as possible; as the turns were passed, there were cross turns passed the fore and aft way. A capstan bar was put in by way of a lever, which being well manned and turned round, hove the frapping as tight as possible, and was then made fast to keep it so." Of these upper deck frappings two were under the quarter-deck, one over the main hatchway, one over the fore hatchway, one at the fore-castle-bulkhead, one under the fore-castle-bulkhead, and one under the fore-castle. Another was passed round the cut-water, both ends brought through the doors at either side of the head, and hove tight at the foressail-sheet bitts. There were two frappings above on the fore-castle, and two on the quarter-deck, hove taut with levers in the same manner. Beside all these, the lower gun-deck was bound together by six frappings, two aft, two amid ships, and two forward. The lower-deck ports were closed, and in such weather it would have been suicidal to open them; therefore the hawsers were passed through the ring bolts on each side to which the gun-breechings had been secured, and hove taut with cross-turns and lever as before. Thus in seventeen places the hull was lashed together from one side to the other; and the plan was so far effec-

tive in preventing the working of the frame that the leaks could be kept under with two chain-pumps, going day and night. They improvised a cooking-place by nailing cants on the upper deck under the fore-castle; the deck between them was then paved with shot, a layer of shingle-ballast spread over the shot and the fire made upon the ballast.

The boatswain's stores supplied the frappings; then came the carpenter's job. Nicholson had been master of the *GRAFTON* when she lost her rudder off Louisbourg in 1757, and by the light of that experience he set the carpenter to work. A spare topmast, about fifty feet long, was sawn in two, lengthways, from head to heel. A quantity of three-inch oak plank, fourteen inches wide, was sawn into twelve-foot lengths, and a dozen of them laid side by side. Two fourteen-foot planks across the top and two more across the bottom, through-bolted from side to side, made a stout shutter, which Nicholson compared to the "blade" of a key. A mortice was cut in each part of the topmast, three feet from the heel, to hold the blade between them. Then the blade was laid on the quarter-deck, with one part of the topmast under and the other over it; and the whole was bolted firmly together, making a "key" with a shank forty feet long and wards twelve feet wide. The two parts of the shank were bolted and lashed together from one end to the other. Four stout ring-bolts were screwed into each side of the blade, one at each corner, with thimbles to which were fitted two spans of eight-inch hawser and to these the long steering hawsers were attached. Pigs of iron were lashed to the lower part of the blade to keep it upright in the water.

Next, the end of the sheet-cable was taken out through the middle

window of the ward-room (the lower tier of stern windows), and brought in over the taffrail. This was stopped along both sides of the shank, with an extra lashing at the head, or after-part. A wooden davit was rigged out of the same window, projecting ten feet out-board; the deck above was cut through and the inboard part lashed to the beams overhead. From a quarter-deck port on each side two outriggers were run out, with a large block at the end of each, fifteen feet from the side. Through these blocks the steering hawsers passed to a block at each gangway entrance, thence to the after-capstan on the quarter-deck, which served as a steering-wheel. The whole machine hung by the shank from the end of the davit, slung by a cable no longer than the davit's length outboard, lest it should be driven like a battering-ram against the stern.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of February 8th the machine was launched overboard and hung in its proper place. In such wise the ELIZABETH, with the AMERICA in company, steered for the Cape, under jury-topmasts, a broken ship, tied together with string, and steered by a rattletrap. "Their spirits were much raised," writes Nicholson, "in the hope that they might yet reach the Cape by the blessing of Providence, to whom they were truly thankful for their deliverance from the late storm, and sending them safe into port after all their troubles." It was on March 9th that they sighted the Cape, after being for thirty-nine days without a rudder, pumping day and night. Vice-admiral Cornish, with the NORFOLK, CHATHAM, and AMERICA, was there before them; but while they were yet a great way off, they were boarded by two launches bringing anchors, cables, and offers of assistance from two French ships

anchored there, who had heard of their distress, the COMTE DE PROVENCE and the VENGEUR. The ELIZABETH and the COMTE DE PROVENCE had begun the action off Negapatam six years before, and in all D'Aché's three battles these three ships had blazed into one another. It was a pleasant touch of the old chivalry of France that brought those two launches to their old enemy in her distress; and Nicholson records that they were exceedingly polite, and admired his steering-machine.

The ELIZABETH should have been condemned at the Cape as a matter of course. She was utterly unseaworthy; yet Vice-admiral Cornish, acting probably upon a report by the carpenters of the squadron, would not allow it. Nicholson declares that it was determined that the ship should go home, even at the risk of drowning all her people. It is to be hoped that he misunderstood the Admiral's reasons; but if such an order were ever given, the man who gave it deserved to be hanged.

When they arrived at the Cape, says Nicholson, they were relieved from their trouble and care. They lay at anchor in Table Bay from March 9th till April 17th, and this was how they rested from their labours. All hands were employed in refitting the ship in the best way they could. They got two hand-pumps down the fore-hatchway to pump the fore-hold clear, for the ship was so broken and clogged below that the water could not run aft to the pump-well. She was so out of shape and hog-backed that a man standing abaft in the ward-room and looking at another standing under the fore-castle could only see him down to the waist, because the deck rose like a hill between them, and each end lay at the bottom of a declivity. The fracture at the gangway was spread-

ing further down the side. If ever they were to reach England in her, the crazy old timbers must be strengthened and stiffened somehow to encounter the long Atlantic swell and the short, broken seas of the Channel. As a commencement, they caulked in all the lower-deck ports, and covered the sides and the decks with canvas to keep the water out and give the people a chance of lying dry in their hammocks. The canvas was paid all over with pitch. All the iron ballast was hoisted out, and sent on board the other ships, because iron ballast was too valuable to be wasted; but His Majesty's officers, seamen, and marines stayed with their rotten ship.

They procured some very light timber and made a new rudder, fourteen inches narrower than the old one, with the after-part, or back, much thicker than the fore-part; by this device it offered more resistance to the water when the helm was put over. Though smaller and lighter it proved just as effective as the old one; but for fear of accidents, their much admired "machine" was carried on deck. All the seventeen frappings were hove up taut; and having thus done everything that lay in their power to secure their unseaworthy ship, they put to sea in obedience to orders on April 17th, in company with the rest of the squadron. They found that their narrow rudder steered the ship quite as well as the old broad one; which was further evidence to that excellent seaman William Nicholson of "the mistaken ideas of the people in the shipwright line in this, as in many other instances respecting a ship."

They arrived at St. Helena on April 30th; and as the bows still continued to work and strain very much, it was thought advisable to lighten the weights forward. "The

sheer- and spare anchors were sent down the main-hatchway into the hold, and the small and best bower anchors were brought as far aft as possible, with their flukes in the upper-deck port just abaft the chess-tree." That would bring them to the waist, well abaft the fore-castle. They left St. Helena on May 6th, and by a special Providence they had a pleasant passage and fairly good weather. The ship leaked less than they had anticipated, never needing pumping more than twice in the hour. They could not carry much sail for fear of straining her, but she wriggled her limp body through the seas somehow, though she worked and racked herself in a way that was terrible to behold. "With a head sea there was always fear that she might part in the middle, but it pleased God she held together which was as much as we could say, for nothing but the frappings could have held her together." On July 14th, they dropped anchor in Spithead, ten weeks after leaving St. Helena and seven months after they had sailed from Bombay. In spite of all his distractions Nicholson, Master and Navigator, kept careful account of the variations of the compass and all ocean currents observed throughout the voyage, and made his landfall at the Start within a mile or so.

When the ELIZABETH dropped anchor in Spithead she was ordered round to Chatham to be paid off, but it was not considered safe to send her there till something had been done to keep her together. It was all very well to send her on a six thousand mile voyage from the Cape, for if she had foundered in the Atlantic it might have passed as an ordinary accident of the sea; but the Channel was too near home, and her loss might have caused a scandal; so shipwrights and caulkers were sent

from Portsmouth Dockyard to do what might be necessary to carry her on to Chatham.

When the men from the Dockyard came on board the ELIZABETH they had an experience which was new to them. They found themselves on a ship which had practically come unfastened above the water-line and was held together by ropes, covered, decks and all, with pitched canvas, and hog-backed in the middle like Portsdown Hill. To add to their comfort they were warned that it would not be safe to take off any of the seventeen frappings which alone held her together. They looked at her, considered her, and at once insisted upon being taken ashore again. In their opinion their lives were not safe upon her as she lay in Spithead. As they declined the job entirely, the ship was sent up the harbour to be paid off, and the Admiralty sent down orders that she was to be broken up. Little labour was required; when the frappings were taken off she was ready to fall to pieces.

"She had been altogether eight years on her voyage to the East Indies and back," wrote Nichelson. Thus ended a good old ship that had done great service, and for which I

had great veneration, though I had so much trouble in her."

W. J. FLETCHER.

NOTE.

There was a curious similarity between this adventurous voyage of the ELIZABETH and that of Captain James Lancaster, the pioneer of our East Indian trade, in 1602. Lancaster sailed in 1601 upon his second voyage to India (the first undertaken by the newly-formed East India Company) in the DRAGON, of about eight hundred tons; she had formerly been the MALICE-SCOURGE, built for George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, who was one of the founders of the Company. The DRAGON sailed from Bantam, homeward bound, on February 20th, 1602. Midway between Madagascar and the Cape her rudder was carried away and she drifted nearly down to 40° south. Her consort, the HECATOR, (Captain Sanderhole, "an honest and good man, who loved the General well,") remained in company, though Lancaster urged him to make the best of his way home. The DRAGON's mizen-mast was taken out and passed over the stern to act as a steering machine; but being too heavy, it shook the ship dangerously. Then the carpenters cut it up and built a rudder; but all the irons, save two, had been carried away and there was nothing to hang it to. A temporary sling was improvised which enabled them to reach St. Helena, where Lancaster refitted his ship. He anchored in the Downs on September 11th, 1602.

A RUSSIAN PRISONER IN JAPAN.

WASSILI MIKHAILOVITCH GOLOWNIN is forgotten now ; yet he should not be, for at this moment, if never before, he deserves to be recalled to the memory of the world. He was a man who by accident, about a century ago, when Japan and Russia were cut off from one another nearly as completely as the worlds of the living and the dead, penetrated the mysteries of the secret land and gave them to the Western nations.

The gallant and accomplished Golownin, a captain in the Russian Navy, was captured by the Japanese in the year 1810, while peacefully surveying the coast of the neighbouring Kurile Islands, and held in durance for two years. It was then that he suffered and observed many strange things, which he afterwards set down in a book. His *NARRATIVE OF MY CAPTIVITY IN JAPAN* was translated from the original Russian into English, French, and German, so eager was the Western world for knowledge of that strange people of the East.

The circumstances of his detention were characteristic. Some years before, one Lieutenant Chwostoff, of the Russian Navy, found himself in Eastern seas, and in the lightness of his heart proceeded to rob and burn sundry Japanese villages ; he made free with their stores and laid waste their crops, with the result that many of the villagers died of hunger and cold. The Japanese bore this carefully in mind, and when the unsuspecting Golownin came feeling his way down the island from Kamtschatka on board the *DIANA*, they decoyed him ashore and clapped him into

gaol, together with a handful of his men.

The unfortunate Russians were treated with the utmost courtesy, but their hands and feet were bound extremely tightly and the knots inspected every quarter of an hour. It was explained to them that this was an honour accorded only to important prisoners. They were hurried over land and sea to Hakodate, then to Matamai, and afterwards to Nagasaki.

The Captain was shut up in a wooden cage six feet square by eight feet high, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. A Russian sailor was allowed to bear him company in case he might feel lonely. The cage was so frail that he was convinced he could, with the aid of a common knife, cut his way out in three hours ; but unfortunately he had no knife. The cages of the others were smaller, and stood in the middle of a large room. The prisoners had to crawl into them through little holes, and were almost in total darkness. For food they had boiled rice and soup made of warm water with grated radish in it, or bean-meal puddings with a sauce of rancid whale-oil, garlic and beans, and pickled cucumbers. They drank warm water, and occasionally, for a treat, bad tea without sugar.

When by good behaviour they had begun to win the confidence of their captors they were treated with increasing indulgence. They were allowed to wash themselves in a big tub of warm water ; but they were disgusted to find that they were all

expected to use the same water, looking upon such treatment "as below what is due even to common criminals." Presently, however, they were reassured to observe the superb Imperial soldiers contentedly following in the same tub. Then their dignity was saved, and "It is evident," notes the Captain, "that the Japanese entertained no disgust or horror of Christians, and do not, like other Asiatics, regard them as unclean."

The poor Captain's method of keeping a journal was ingenious and pathetic. He had no ink nor paper, of course; but when any comparatively agreeable incident happened to his party he pulled out a thread from the frill of his shirt and tied a knot in it; a disagreeable one he commemorated by knotting a black thread from his neckerchief; a green thread from the lining of his uniform coat signified an event neither joyous nor sorrowful. From time to time he would count over the knots and recall each event.

In 1806 Chwostoff had annexed the island of Saghalien on his own account. The copy of his proclamation was now produced, and the poor Russians saw themselves faced with death or eternal captivity as spies. To add to their horrors, it was discovered that one of their men, a native of the Kuriles, had been among a party of his countrymen seized by the Japanese in the previous year. To save their own necks, these Kuriles had stoutly declared that the Russians had forced them to enter Japan in order to pave the way for a subsequent invasion by seven ships. It was a complete lie, but the lying had now become so complicated that the mere simple truth was the last thing that Golownin's captors could be expected to believe. Moreover, their position was

not improved by the extraordinary achievements of the interpreter. The best that this well-meaning gentleman could make of an important Japanese judicial utterance was this: "Thou art a man—I am a man—such another is a man—say what sort of a man?"

The most striking point of the Captain's whole narrative is the intense and insatiable curiosity of the Japanese touching the ways of the Western barbarians, from whom they had for centuries intentionally cut themselves off. They were politely but unremittingly inquisitive. Their pertinacity was astonishing, their patience endless; they would cheerfully spend an hour over a single question, and every answer was taken down with the most minute exactness. Their laws, they said, required that they should seek information from all foreigners who visited them, and observe and write down everything, whether true or false, which might be told; afterwards they would compare the various accounts and separate truth from fiction.

The captives were required to produce dozens of drawings of Russian ships, sheep, goats, horses, asses, coaches, sledges, and the Czar's hat. Their autographs, or the Russian alphabet, or any kind of writing in the strange tongue, were required upon scores of fans.

Once when the Captain was asked to write something in Russian for a Japanese officer he wrote this: "The Russians who may hereafter come in force to this place are hereby informed that the Japanese in a treacherous and cowardly manner seized seven of their countrymen and without any cause imprisoned and kept them languishing in dungeons like the vilest criminals. These unfortunate Russians implore you to take a just vengeance on this faithless

people." It will be observed that he said nothing about Chwostoff. Unfortunately the Japanese officer took his fan to another of the Russians and asked him to translate what Golownin had written. "It is a very old song, which cannot easily be translated," said the ingenious Russian.

The Russian words that they spoke were carefully taken down to make a vocabulary. They were required to teach the language to a gentleman of the name of Murakami-Teske and to help him to draw up a statistical account of Russia and other European States. As a matter of fact, the Japanese had almost everything they desired to know in a copy of Tooke's *VIEW OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE*, but the poor captives were afraid to tell them so lest they should have to translate the whole book into Japanese.

"We were very willing," writes the Captain, "to communicate the moral tenets of the Christian religion, the Ten Commandments, and some notion of the Gospel. They told us that these principles were not peculiar to Christians but that they were common to all individuals who had white hearts, and that the Japanese themselves had long been familiar with them." What they were really anxious to know was why the Russian priests opened and shut a door several times during the same service, and what was contained in the goblets they brought out of the cupboards. It is much to be questioned if the good Golownin knew all that himself.

Some of their notions were curious. They considered that as an older Russian navigator had been seen to wear a powdered pigtail, while the new arrivals had short hair unpowdered, some change of religion must have taken place in Russia. When

told that there was positively no connection between Russian religion and Russian hair they laughed loudly.

The climax of irritating curiosity was reached when a deputy-governor named Otachi-Korki asked the Russians what they ate when they were sick. "Whatever the physicians prescribe," said they, "which is commonly broth made of fowls or chickens." Otachi-Korki copied down the recipe with great minuteness and observed that the Japanese could cook it also; but they did not, at least not for their prisoners.

The Russians naturally regarded their captors as an outlandish and barbarous people. Yet the material which Golownin gives us, although he was plainly not aware of its significance, shows that in some respects the civilisation of Japan was far in advance of the civilisation of Russia and indeed of Europe. He records what he is pleased to describe as a "very laughable circumstance." One day an old officer, sixty years of age, brought them three portraits of Japanese ladies, very richly dressed, intimating with much ceremonial courtesy that the captives might amuse themselves by looking at them when time hung heavily on their hands. But "indeed," says the Captain, "the figures were so wretchedly designed that they were calculated only to excite aversion and ridicule." They therefore got rid of them by presenting them to the interpreter, Kumaddschero. Now, there is every reason to believe that these pictures were by old Japanese masters and enormously valuable.

The Japanese were also unfeignedly astonished when they found that the Russian sailors could not write, a thing that every Japanese, even of the lowest class, could do.

On the other hand, comparing Golownin's description of the Russian

Empire with an old book which they possessed, "relating to our ancestors and not to us the Japanese, who adhere to their old laws and customs with extraordinary pertinacity, they were unable to conceive how a whole nation could have undergone so great a change in so short a period." This is curious, for one may well believe that the Japanese themselves had achieved a far greater change in a far shorter time. In fact, a strong if not the chief reason of the Japanese for keeping their captives so long appears to have been, not revenge or hostility, but sheer craving for information. While in captivity, it may be mentioned, Golownin heard the news of the burning of Moscow.

In the Captain's narrative we may trace the inception of the Japanese Intelligence Department, famous now all the world over. "Under pretence of curiosity," the Captain tell us, "they asked us the extent of our land and sea forces. We thought it advisable to give an exaggerated account of both. We increased the number of the fortresses and the amount of garrison in Siberia, and distributed at pleasure numerous fleets in the harbours of the coast of Okotzk, in Kamtschatka, and on the north-western coast of America."

Incidentally we are also treated to a diverting account of the subjection of the Kuriles by Japan. After a long and tiresome war, the Japanese made proposals of peace, which were joyfully accepted by the Kuriles. A public celebration of the happy event was arranged. Forty Kurile chiefs and a number of their bravest warriors were invited into a large house. The Kuriles, like many brave men before and after them, were fond of ardent liquors, with which they were vigorously plied. The Japanese also pretended to be drunk, and one by one excused themselves and withdrew. They then shut all the doors and murdered their guests by shooting them with arrows through apertures carefully prepared beforehand. The heads of the Kuriles were then cut off, salted, and despatched to the capital as trophies of the victory.

Once Golownin and his men managed to escape, but were recaptured. In the end, however, their comrades of the *DIANA* returned and dug them out. Everything ended happily, and "The Kurile Alexei, as a reward for his good conduct, was presented with a hanger and received instead of a pension twenty pounds of powder and forty pounds of shot."

RUSKIN AS AN ART-CRITIC.

It has been said that we should say nothing but what is good of the dead. This is one of those injunctions which we cannot always carry out to the letter, for there are some that have left us whom it is expedient neither to praise nor to forget. But there is a time when by a sort of general consent the rule is observed with especial strictness, and that is when a man has just died. For there is something in the nearness of death which shuts our eyes to a man's faults, and opens them to his virtues. And it is an incident of this that we look coldly upon those who have disparaged him; and thus in our observance of the rule in a particular general esteem than at the present case we sometimes forget its general application.

Ruskin, as an authority upon art, has perhaps never stood lower in the moment. The reason of this is that the artist of whose work he was the most distinguished and the most persistent adverse critic has lately died. People point with a scornful finger at the man who, though he was never tired of praising Turner, the father of impressionism, could call Whistler, the great impressionist, a coxcomb; and one writer, in *THE PALL MALL GAZETTE*, has even gone so far as to say, in effect, that loud praise from Ruskin was like faint praise from other men, and only a Turner could have survived it.

It is probably by this time pretty generally recognised that the debt that we owe to Ruskin is not primarily for what he did and said about art. It was as a moralist and a

philosopher that he was really great. Of course when a man of high intellectual powers devotes a large portion of his life to the study of a subject, it is inevitable that his labours must possess a certain value. We may even go further than that, and say that when a man of high intellectual powers chooses to write upon a subject, what he writes must possess a certain value; but it is quite possible that the kernel of the nut may be found in his digressions, or in light incidentally thrown upon other matters. Ruskin's writings upon art possess very great value; but their value is not for what they tell us about art, but for what they tell us about Ruskin. Every page of *MODERN PAINTERS* is worth reading, not because its author was a great art-critic, but because he was a great philosopher and moralist. No time is wasted which is spent in the company of the wise and good.

This was not, of course, at all Ruskin's own view of the matter. He looked upon the study and elucidation of art, if not indeed upon its practice, as his vocation. The time that he spent upon his philosophical writings he regarded as stolen by the force of circumstances from his proper pursuits, to the world's ultimate loss as well as his own. Had he not been filled with indignation against all the evils of the time in which he lived, we might never have had any of these writings. His feelings in approaching these subjects were those of a civilian who is suddenly called upon to take up arms in defence of his country, but who believes that

he can serve her much better in the peaceful following of his daily calling.

It is the first mild day of March [he says in one of the letters to Thomas Dixon], and by rights I ought to be out among the budding banks and hedges, outlining sprays of hawthorn and clusters of primroses. That is *my* right work; and it is not, in the inner gist of it, right nor good, for you or for anybody else, that Cruikshank with his great gift, and I with my weak, but yet thoroughly clear and definite one, should both of us be tormented by agony of indignation and compassion till we are forced to give up our peace and pleasure and power, and rush down into the streets and lanes of the city and do the little that is in the strength of our single hands against their uncleanness and iniquity . . . For my own part I mean these very letters to close my political work for many a day; and I write them not in any hope of their being at present listened to, but to disburthen my heart of the witness I have to bear, that I may be free to go back to my garden lawns, and paint birds and flowers there.

Now Ruskin himself was an upholder of the verdict of posterity upon a man's work, and the verdict of posterity upon him is that he was one of the greatest moralists that we have ever had, and absolutely insignificant as an artist. The mind which Mazzini called the most analytical in Europe entirely mistook its own vocation. But it is by no means always a bad thing for a man to mistake his vocation provided he does in fact do a good deal of the work for which his gifts really fit him. The best work is done almost unconsciously. As Ruskin himself said, "the most beautiful actions of the human body and the highest results of the human intelligence are conditions or achievements of quite unlaborious—nay, of recreative effort." A man may easily labour over much at what he conceives to be his proper occupation. He may work at it until he has lost

all individuality and all inspiration; and at the same time he may bring to something else, in which he feels strongly but thinks he is not especially concerned, the freshness and fire of genius. Art is to conceal art, especially from ourselves. The thing that a man is really fitted to do is the thing that he is impelled to do, not the thing that he has carefully and conscientiously studied how to do. That was the case with Ruskin. That impulse to rush down into the streets and lanes of the city was the true calling in his case. And it was all the better that he did not know it. His conscientious outlining of leaves and twigs prevented him from doing great work as an artist, but it probably conduced in no small degree to his doing great work as a philosopher. A simple manual occupation is, with quiet minds, helpful to calm and discerning thought.

All this is very well illustrated in Ruskin's criticism of art. His criticism of art was not only the criticism which you would have expected from a man who was a philosopher and not a painter, it was also the criticism which you would have expected from a man who believed himself to be a painter rather than a philosopher. There is one thing that Ruskin did with respect to art for which we owe him everlasting gratitude; he constantly asserted the importance of the connection of art with ethics. He recognised and emphasised the fact that the function which a work of art has to perform in relation to human beings is that they should be the better men for looking at it. That he was able to do this followed naturally from his clear insight into the fundamental laws of human nature. Ruskin recognised the profound truth of the not very paradoxical statement that a thing is of no use to a man unless it benefits

him. He recognised, for instance, that a poor man who is healthy and happy is more enviable than a rich man who is neither. That was the foundation of his attacks upon the political economists. He saw and stated that the important thing is not to understand the laws of human life as they affect our pockets, but to understand them as they affect ourselves. He saw that a man may get more benefit from a thing that costs twopence than from another thing that costs a thousand pounds. And he accordingly asserted that price is not the real test of value. The effect of *MUNERA PULVERIS* and *UNTO THIS LAST* was not to show that political economy was wrong; it was to show that it was an affair of comparatively small importance. Because in these books Ruskin took account of human feeling, which is just as necessary and just as common a thing as the human body or human reason, he has been persistently derided as a sentimentalist. That is illogical. You might as well call a man an acrobat because he had written a treatise on anatomy. Some day, however, it will be realised that he was treating, quite dispassionately, the most important of the sciences.

The fact that appeared to Ruskin to give the key to human conduct was that nothing is really of value to a man unless it bring health to his body or exercise and development to his mind and feelings. There may be physical experience which is agreeable but does not tend to increase health; it is of no use to the body. There may be mental occupations which are agreeable, but do not tend to increase mental power; they are of no use to the mind. There may be experiences of feeling which are agreeable and yet do not tend to increase morality; they are of no use to the feelings. And what is of no use to the body,

the mind, or the feelings is of no value to man. The agreeableness of these experiences is illusory, and would never be felt but for disordered and perverted instinct. That, we take it, was the gospel of Ruskin, as it was the gospel of the founder of Christianity. It is the most solid science you can have.

Being then a great philosopher Ruskin had of course a very great qualification for understanding the significance of painting. Philosophy, in the sense of an accurate understanding of the principles which should guide human conduct, may almost be said to embrace all the other sciences. It teaches us the true significance of mathematics, chemistry, physics, and the rest. That is a philosophy in which a child may be more proficient than the most learned professor. Ruskin had a great deal of this philosophy, and it is therefore not surprising that he was able to say something of great importance about art. Had he lived in an ideal world he would have been able to say things of greater importance still; but because he did not live in an ideal world his very greatness as a philosopher was in some respects an obstacle to him. Such was the power over Ruskin of his own genius for the understanding of the problem of human conduct, and so intense was his desire to impart an understanding of it to others, that he was led to look upon the bettering of the lives of men as a supreme object to which all human effort of every kind ought to be directed. The result was that he regarded the study of art almost as a branch of the study of morals; nay more,—he regarded it as a means to the inculcating of moral principles. The closing words of the introduction to *THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE* are a remarkable illustration of this.

I have ventured, at the risk of giving to some passages the appearance of irreverence, to take the higher line of argument wherever it appeared clearly traceable; and this, I would ask the reader especially to observe, not merely because I think it is the best mode of reaching ultimate truth; still less because I think the subject of more importance than many others; but because every subject should surely, at a period like the present, be taken up in this spirit, or not at all. The aspect of the years that approach us is as solemn as it is full of mystery; and the weight of evil against which we have to contend is increasing like the letting out of water. It is no time for the idleness of metaphysics, or the entertainment of the arts. The blasphemies of the earth are sounding louder and its miseries heaped heavier every day: and if, in the midst of the exertion which every good man is called upon to put forth for their repression or relief, it is lawful to ask for a thought for a moment, for a lifting of the finger, in any direction but that of the immediate and overwhelming need, it is at least incumbent upon us to approach the questions on which we would engage him in the spirit which has become the habit of his mind, and in the hope that neither his zeal nor his usefulness may be checked by the withdrawal of an hour, which has shown him how even those things which seemed mechanical, indifferent, or contemptible depend for their perfection upon the acknowledgement of the principles of faith, truth and obedience, for which it has become the occupation of his life to contend.

It is scarcely too much to say that this amounts to a confession of prejudice. It is one thing to investigate art by the light of a profound understanding of human nature, and find that its significance for men is that it tends to make them moral; it is another thing to start with the intention of making men moral, and then enter upon an investigation of art with the determination that it shall conduce to that end. Ruskin's desire to make art a means to morals was so intense that it spoiled the simplicity and accuracy of his insight

into its ethical power. He did not approach the subject with a single and impartial mind. He set to work to collect and enumerate all the methods by which a picture could make an ethical suggestion. He applied himself to the detection of possibilities of moral influence with the ingenuity and the concentration of a Sherlock Holmes. The result was that he lost his sense of the supremacy of the main aim of art, and magnified the importance of minor incidents which form little part of its real concern.

But Ruskin's desire to reform men's lives was not the only cause of his looking upon art as the handmaid of morals. There can be no doubt that the tendency was in great measure fostered by his own practice of painting. The great moralist found in painting a channel for the exercise of patience and reverence. When he was painting he felt that he was expressing his individuality, but he did not realise that he was expressing the individuality of a moralist, not of a painter. Ruskin altogether exaggerated the connection between merit in a painting and virtue in the artist. He seems almost to have thought that you have only to stand up to an easel in a spirit of patience, reverence, and humility in order to produce a great picture. The truth of course is that the virtue must be in the subject, not in the artist. What is required of the artist is, not that he have in himself virtue, but that he be able to see it. Let us suppose that a child is sitting engaged in some mechanical occupation,—sorting bristles we will say; and let us suppose that she is shedding over the dull task all the glory of a divine humility and patience. A painter comes in, sees her beauty, and paints her. It is he that produces the work of art, not

the child. He worships and she worships also ; but he alone is engaged in representing what he worships. What Ruskin really worshipped when he was outlining a tree was not the tree but the virtue of patience. It is not enough that a painter should worship ; he must worship what he paints. It is conceivable that under the influence of the worship of patience a man might paint a picture having no resemblance to anything we have ever seen, but which to him mysteriously represented patience. It may be that Ruskin would have done this, and carried the power of art into new worlds altogether, if he had only been a painter by vocation.

There is a certain peculiarity of man that is often forgotten nowadays ; namely, that he receives emotional and ethical impressions not only through his intellect but also through all his senses. Certain sights and sounds are pleasing and enlivening to our feelings ; we do not know why ; it is not necessary or possible that we should know why. The peculiar power of painting is this,—that it is able to appeal directly from the eye to the emotions. Just as there are certain scenes, so there are certain pictures which are capable of exercising and elevating our feelings, and of doing so without the intervention of the intellect. The real mission of the graphic arts is this peculiar mission, this mission which is not shared by literature or music, to appeal straight from the eye to the emotions. It is with an art as with a man ; the thing that it really has to do is the thing that it alone can do.

Ruskin was so anxious to make art a means to morals that he lost sight of the importance of this. He did not indeed fail to see that beauty has nothing to do with the intellect.

from some forms and colours and not from others, is no more to be asked or answered, than why we like sugar and dislike wormwood. The utmost subtlety of investigation will only lead us to ultimate instincts and principles of human nature, for which no further reason can be given than the simple will of the Deity that we should be so created If a person receiving even the noblest ideas of simple beauty be asked why he likes the object exciting them, he will not be able to give any distinct reason, nor to trace in his mind any formed thought to which he can appeal as a source of pleasure.

Ruskin did not fail to see that beauty has nothing to do with the intellect, but he did not assign its proper importance to beauty, which occupied far too small a place in his scheme of the functions of art. Nor was this surprising. It was not likely that a man who was investigating art with a view to the inculcation of cherished principles would assign overwhelming importance to that particular element about which, of its very nature, there is nothing to be said. That is what has always stood in the way of the proper recognition of the direct influence of art upon the feelings. The peculiarity of a purely emotional impression is that it altogether eludes language. Thought can be expressed in language and naturally formulates itself in language ; feeling cannot be expressed in language at all. That is why the intellectual element, if there be one, in any piece of work, is such a god-send to critics ; and that is why the intellect is so often dragged in to meddle with business in which it has no concern.

To appeal to the intellect was, in Ruskin's view, a far more important part of the aim of art than beauty. "Those ideas are the noblest subjects of art," he tells us, "which are the subjects of distinct intellectual perception and action, and which are therefore worthy of the name of

Why we receive pleasure [he writes]

thoughts." He attached great importance to accurate resemblance of Nature, the evidence of power and even of labour in the artist, and the representation of facts from which the mind can read a pathetic or enlivening story.

Take [he says, in his chapter on *Greatness in Art*] one of the most perfect poems or pictures (I use the words as synonymous) which modern times have seen: the "Old Shepherd's Chief-mourner." Here the exquisite execution of the glossy and crisp hair of the dog, the bright sharp touching of the green bough beside it, the clear painting of the wood of the coffin and the folds of the blanket, are language—language clear and expressive in the highest degree. But the close pressure of the dog's breast against the wood, the convulsive clinging of the paws, which has dragged the blanket off the trestle, the total powerlessness of the head laid, close and motionless, upon its folds, the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopelessness, the rigidity of repose which marks that there has been no motion, no change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck on the coffin lid, the quietness and gloom of the chamber, the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely has been the life, how unwatched the departure, of him who is now laid solitary in his sleep; these are all thoughts—thoughts by which the picture is separated at once from hundreds of equal merit as far as mere painting goes, by which it ranks as a work of high art, and stamps its author, not as the mere imitator of the texture of a skin or the fold of a drapery, but as the Man of Mind.

Again, we are asked to admire similar qualities in Turner's BUILDING OF CARTHAGE.

The principal object in the foreground is a group of children sailing toy boats. The exquisite choice of this incident, as expressive of the ruling passion which was to be the source of future greatness, in preference to the tumult of busy stonemasons, or arming soldiers, is quite as appreciable when it is told as when it is

seen, it has nothing to do with the technicalities of painting; a scratch of the pen would have conveyed the idea and spoken to the intellect as much as the elaborate realisations of colour. Such a thought as this is something far above all art; it is epic poetry of the highest order.

It was of course inevitable that a man who attached great value to such matters as these should come into conflict with painters of the modern impressionist school. It is well known to be difficult to define with precision the characteristics of impressionism; but there are one or two principles which form acknowledged articles in the impressionist creed, and some of these are that it is not the function of a picture to tell a story, that it is not the duty of the artist to copy Nature, and that details and minor gradations should often be sacrificed to the general effect, or for the sake of the more vivid expression of what is important. But perhaps the cardinal doctrine of the school is the distinction between truth of aspect and truth of fact. The impressionist tells us that the artist should paint what he sees, not what he knows to be there. What Ruskin thought upon the matter may be illustrated by a quotation from the ELEMENTS OF DRAWING. "It may perfectly well happen that in Nature the arrangement of boughs should be less distinct than your outline will make it, but it is better in this kind of sketch to mark the facts clearly. The temptation is always to be slovenly and careless; and the outline is like a bridle, and forces our indolence into attention and precision." The moral motive is clear enough here; one is almost reminded of Mrs. Turner's Cautionary Stories.

It is a curious thing that nearly all those writers upon art who most strongly praise impressionism, and

therefore decried Ruskin, agree with him on one point; and that is the very point where they might most reasonably have assailed him. They connect an ethical aim in art with an appeal to the intellect. Ruskin and his opponents were at one in this fundamental error; and differed only in their deductions from it. He, enamoured of the ethical aim, laid too much stress upon appeals to the intellect; they, seeing the triviality of appeals to the intellect, refused to acknowledge the ethical aim. If Ruskin could have been persuaded that beauty pure and simple is what above all influences ethics, he might

have seen the merit of impressionism. If the upholders of impressionism could have been persuaded that ethics demand beauty and not fact, they might have been reconciled to ethics. But they have always been imbued with the notion that a picture with a moral effect must be a picture of angels and saints and haloes. The best advice we can give to these people is to read the philosophy of Ruskin. And when they have read it they will find, not that they must accept his views on art, but that they will understand, with new clearness, what are the real grounds of their own.

LIONEL W. CLARKE.

THE MAGYAR AND HIS LAND.

My Happy Valley is not so far as the crow flies from Vienna or Buda-Pesth, and yet it is whole centuries away from the world of modern society, buried, so to speak, in the heart of the most westerly of all the Balkan States, for the Balkan States begin at Brück on the Austro-Hungarian frontier, and not at Semlin, which is over against Belgrade. "Hungary," says the young hopeful in reply to his governess, "is a bit of Austria, capital Buda-Pesth on the Danube. Chief exports corn, sugar, &c." There never was a more indefinite definition, for what is a land without inhabitants? It is the Magyar and his untraceable ancestry that make Hungary the most wonderful country in Europe.

You may ride a long summer day through virgin forest where only the deer know the tracks; you may, if you like, wander among hills whose summits never have been and never will be scaled, so steep and sheer rise the rocks; you may bury your name and your country and your history in long-forgotten villages where no civilisation has come since the Turk rode raging through the land; or you may listen in the dusk to legends of the great days when Kinizsy built his tower and Irma died for love of him, when Szigliget was yet the stoutest stronghold in Europe, and Csobancz defied Ali and all his powers. Nay, while the gipsy-girls sing of old Hungary and make you dream of troubadours, you may watch the fires gleam that are to keep off ghost and goblin, or see some white-haired patriarch bow his head to the rising sun.

And then you will pack your trunk and drive twenty, thirty miles to a tiny station on a branch line and be plunged, ere yet you have realised it, into London and modern England. But, if you want to know the Magyar as he is and as the world will know him when this present Imperial shadow has passed, you must travel, so to speak, three hundred years back, be content to drink pure wine and eat bread baked in an outdoor kiln, to drive in an ox-cart over roads as innocent of flint or gravel as the cart is innocent of springs. You arrive, let us suggest, in the late sunset of a July day. The slow white oxen with their wonderfully patient eyes and bowed heads, the very type of humility, will draw you without goad or rein straight to the little farm-house that I wot of, and there you shall be cured in the silence and clean air of my Happy Valley from all the nerve-strain and heart-sickness, diseases of body, mind, and spirit that have cursed your work-a-day world. So let me tell you a little of my Happy Valley and its inhabitants, that you may know whether it is good for your present sickness to go apart a little while and hear no more the crashing orchestras of Covent Garden, but the wild untaught crying and laughing of the Hungarian gipsy-music, caught by ear and instinct of the musician from the summer voices of field and forest, or the winter moaning that sounds so far across the snow.

And first the village is a ruin among ruins. There is not a village in all the country-side that has not

its tree-hidden church, bare walls now save where the kindly creepers cover them, to show how the Crescent dealt in its century-long riot through the land; and every ruin has its legend and its superstition, though too often its history is as buried as itself. A little way from my valley, for example, is Vazsony called Nagy the Great. *Lucus a non lucendo* you would say if you could see it, for it is but a little place, whose low white houses cling lovingly to the wooded hill-side, dominated by the ruined tower of Kinizay the Miller. Perhaps the most famous miller in history was he, for he doffed the white cap to take a warrior's helmet, and put off his helmet only to don a coronet. You can see him and his wife above the door of the church he built offering their coronets to our Lady of Victory. To prove the tale, they show still the mill where he worked, sunken indeed to the low estate of a rubbish cellar, but the mill beyond doubt which sent him out once on a day to be Turco-Martel, the Hammer of the Turks. He was a hammer of the Czechs and Croats too if the truth were told, but nowadays you must not remember those details.

They told me the story one clear evening of June as we sat on the ruined ramparts of his castle and watched the smoke curl, as it did four centuries ago, through the window of the dwelling-place destitute as ever of chimneys. The scene was the Kinizay bridge yonder, one of those places where once in a year you get such a dramatic effect as only the Great Dramatist can produce. Just at that moment, when the harvest-moon is at its fullest, the clear cold light shines on the white stone of the tower as on driven snow, while the western face is blood-red in the after-glow of the sunset. Slowly the colours develope and fade.

The silver is changed as by some alchemist into a pale gold, but the glorious colours of the west mingle with it and modify it till the white road is such a miracle of mosaic that you wonder if it is indeed Nature and not the very climax of theatric art. The crimson merges into purple and the purple into violet, and all along the valley the glint of the moon marks a marvellous line upon the stream, on whose banks the dark straight poplars guide the eye on and on into the sunset. And in the last gleam of such a sunset, spent with his long ride King Matthias, the Raven-Knight, rode with a handful of his Black Horsemen across the bridge.

"Wine!" he cried. "Who will give me a cup of wine?" It was a natural enough cry, and the modern traveller will be as welcome to use the words as ever was the King, for there is no peasant in this land of vines who has not his cask of vintage stored in some cool cellar. Moreover, the first and often the last article of the Magyar creed is hospitality, and he has nothing of Arpad in his veins who will not give a cup of wine to the thirsty pilgrim. The Miller hastened to fulfil the King's command, and brought him wine, and good wine, for next to Tokay the wine of Badacson has always been the best in Hungary; but the Miller served it as 'twas never served before or since. He took the mill-stone from its place and set on it a jar of wine, like those of Cana in Galilee, and raising all above his head so offered it to the King. "The miller's flagon, Sire," said he, "and on the miller's salver." "By Heaven," replied the King, "by Heaven, this miller is the mightiest man in my kingdom!" "Save one, Sire," said the Miller. "In my hand is the stone and the flagon; in the King's hand is the

millar too!" And he got upon a horse and rode out with Matthias, eastward to the wars. And this tower of Kinizsy and all the land about Vazsony were the King's present to his miller, whom he made Captain and Prince and to whom he gave the fairest and noblest lady in the land.

But not all the ruins hereabout have such legends attached to them. Just visible from the Kinizsy-Turm is the Barati convent in its little circle of oak and pine, the Gothic cloister which was built for Irma the peasant-woman whom Kinizsy forgot when he went to serve the King. As Matthias rode away a peasant-girl craved a favour of him, and he, dreaming no doubt of largesse, lightly granted it before she asked; but Irma, as her name was, begged only that when Kinizsy's service was done he should come back to Vazsony and to her. The King smiled, and gave Irma a ring bidding her send it when peace was in the land, and if Kinizsy were alive he should return that day. Now on the day that peace was in the land, the self-same day that Kinizsy got his bride, did Irma send the ring. There was little choice for Matthias, for then and since then an oath is binding in Hungary as much as that crimson bond of blood-brothership which binds man to man in all the Balkan world. So Kinizsy, to save the King's oath, came back with his bride post-haste to Vazsony and coming to the little cottage where Irma lived, the young bride went in alone; only to return some few short minutes later crying for very sympathy. The peasant-woman had asked neither reward nor recognition, only that a place might be built for her where she could live alone always and look out morning and evening toward the castle and pray for her sometime lover and his bride. And the Princess said :

" 'Bitter' is your name and bitter your inheritance, yet will I build you a convent which shall be the grave of bitterness." Now the peasants call the Barati ruin the "Grave of Bitterness (*Keseruseg Sirja*)" to this day.

I would not question the truth or possibility of the story (you know how a name may beget a legend), for the village maidens still go sometimes on a summer evening to the ruins of that beautiful chapel, and talk softly of Irma; and it is much better to leave such feelings of reverence undisturbed, since in spite of the three churches and four creeds the reverence of my Happy Valley stops, alas, short at saints and heroes. Superstitions they have in abundance, and you mark the best Christian of them all shudder a little when the Tree-spirit lights his fires in the marshes, or the curious mirage sits in the steaming heat of the sky. Sun-worship, too, they have not quite forgotten, and it is curious to note the mixture of Christianity and Paganism which prompts the good Catholics to cross themselves when a shadow passes athwart the sunshine. I knew a little Magyar maiden who sought at midnight for the herbs to make a potion, though whether a love-potion or other I cannot say for she would never tell me; perhaps she sought fern-seed to walk invisible. She needs no more potions, poor little soul, for she died of a fever that was brought on by drinking bad water in one of the mountain villages. Almost the last thing she told me before she went to that village, was one of those jests of the Miller that the people still cherish. The King wished him once to undertake a journey to Turkey itself as his ambassador. "But they will never respect a flag of truce that I carry," said Kinizsy, "for I have done them too much harm." "If they touch a

hair of you," replied the King, "I will have a life for every hair, and if they kill you I will make you a sepulchre of their heads." "Small benefit to me, Sire," retorted the Miller, "if none of their heads chance to fit my body."

But Mariaka has gone, and I shall hear no more of the Kinizsy legends that she loved.

Customs linger long in these quiet places of the earth, and little progress or development marks the valley. A recent fire drove many of my friends to camp in the open fields, but it did not teach them to rebuild their houses more securely. Along the cracked and burnt walls they are erecting little piles of brick which will support the wooden beams of the roof, and the interstices will be filled in with rough-cast and mud; a good smoky fire will soon restore the homeliness of the interior as the whitewash colours in harmony with the rest of the cottage. The Magyar peasant has very little to lose in the way of chattels, and he does not trouble himself too much when misfortune comes, for it comes too often to be any new thing to him. Year by year he is being ousted by the Germans, Slovaks, Poles and so forth, whom the alien proprietors, Jews for the most part, are bringing into the country; there is a fitting from all the country-side now, for year by year the Magyar finds less and less inheritance in David, and goes away to America and the rich harvest-lands of the New World.

The saddest sign of this decay is the little village of Leanyfalu, just an evening's stroll across the hill. The Village of Fair Maidens is its name but it belies it, for there are but a few beggars left in it who eke out a precarious existence by baking pots in the quaint mud-ovens, and a handful of unkempt goose-girls who must forsooth do duty for the bevy

of beauties who once gave the village its pretty name.

Hungarian names, by the way, are almost always pretty, and they fall most daintily from the tongue when once it has mastered the insidious initial-accent and the difficult vowels. Aranka (the golden girl) and Pusztaleány (heather-child) are examples, and you may find others as dainty in the graveyard on the hill. That is itself a beauty of my valley. The graves lie pell-mell among the white mulberries and the stunted oaks where the long rank grass and wealth of wild flowers flourish unchecked over them; for the most part they own but a broken wooden cross to mark them or even a low cairn of basalt stones such as the peasants point to and call Irma's grave; but they are clean-swept by the four winds of heaven, and the scent-laden breezes of the valley, and they look eastward to the rising sun. Silence reigns supreme among them save for the distant Angelus at its appointed hours, or far down the valley the bells of the white cows. Upon some of these little low wooden memorials you may note foreign names and inscriptions of German and Serb, Slav and Pole; but there stands one cross of stone that faces away from the sun and bears the inscription that it is so glad a thing to see here in the buried East: *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.* There is no record left of this one Irish woman who found her way to my Happy Valley and rests in peace. She lies unlike the others with feet not eastward toward the day, but north-west toward the forest-circled hills beyond the valley, toward Ireland and home. *Sacred to the Memory of "Sister Mary" born at Cork, Ireland, January 5th, 1814, departed this life November 9th, 1880. Blessed are the Dead which die in the*

Lord. And underneath the pedestal the Magyars have added their tribute to the stranger within their gates: "*Nyugodjék Bekeben* (Mayest thou rest in eternal peace)." That inscription tells more of the real creed of Hungary than all their parish priests can tell for them. The only resurrection to which most of them look forward is a resurrection of the kingdom and the power and the glory of Hungary under the rule of another Stephen, *Coronatus ille quem sepelierunt*. Only so would they admit any reality in the cry, "*Eljen a Kiraly* (Long live the King)!"

But you must not suppose that ruin and death are the watchwords of the valley. Spite of all the slow decay and quicker poverty which have been allotted to the real Magyars since King Lewis died at Mohaco, and still more since a profitless Imperialism set to work to crush the National spirit which it could not assimilate, the Magyar can be, and usually is, a very child in his ability to drown the voices of sorrow and discomfort in the music that he loves. There is no band of harvesters that goes out to work among the bearded wheat, no line of women, gay in kerchiefs of every hue, that goes out to clean the lines of maize and beet, which will not, when the long week is done, dance till dawn to the music of the gipsy-band. Now and again one of the churches keeps its name-day, or dedication-festival, and men and women that never darkened church-doors, nor ever will, assemble in the evening of the Saturday in the open shed of unhewn logs under the dim light of reeking oil-lamps to dance and dance till in the sun-shine of Sunday they crawl exhausted home to bed. There is no such dancing in all Europe as this, not in Italy nor Spain and never in England; and though you have heard Blue Hun-

garian Bands play mock-Magyar music at your favourite London restaurant, or have even seen a gay phalanx present the Hungarian dances in some ballet of the Empire in London or the Orpheum in Vienna, yet you know nothing of Magyar music or the Magyar dance till you have heard it and seen it, perhaps even danced it, at a *bucsu* or village-festival in Hungary. The most important *bucsu* is in Csinga-thal, a mining village in the next valley; for the mine-inspector holds a ball to which the elite are invited while the rank and file enjoy themselves in the great wooden shed outside. Be careful if you go there, for the Inspector's daughter has a friend who long since sought and found fortune in America, and recently she paid the friend a visit, so sometimes the English you fondly hope is an unknown tongue will provoke a hesitating but decidedly English answer. *Experto crede!* and never forget that in the most uncivilised regions of Hungary,—in the wilds of the Bakonyer wald as in the peasant cottages of Transylvania—you may by some accident hear the only international language of the world. Before dancing one must eat, and after eating one must drink. They will serve a peppered hash called *gulyas* or the red and burning *paprikahashnel* which is peculiar to the country, though sometimes in Vienna or elsewhere you get a mixture which masquerades under this name.

The genuine *gulyas* thirst may be quenched with copious draughts of the local vintage, but afterward, if your host be of some position, the long green glasses will be brought out and to the ashamed night will go up the Magyar drinking-song, the full-voiced chorus of Tokay. Probably your nationality will be quickly known and the gipsy-conductor will

beg you to whistle an English dance, while some enthusiastic Magyar calls "*Fehér Bor, Angolok* (White wine, Englishman)!" Be persuaded and do not attempt to whistle, or you will be ashamed by the quickness with which the gipsies will pick up less what you whistle than what you meant to whistle.

Then when all are well primed and some affectionate giant is seated on the floor with his arm round the neck of the first violin, who, quite accustomed to it, fiddles serenely on, when the lights in the supper-room are languishing and the table presents a wreckage of fruit-stones and empty bottles, of biscuits and broken bread, the company adjourns to the shed to dash wildly into the awful Magyar two-step, the fastest polka in the world. To rest when once caught in that whirlpool is impossible and to breathe very nearly so; the dowagers, no wallflowers but as keen as the rest, mock the efforts of the hapless stranger to keep up the pace, and still the bows scream faster across the strings. Seize any opening that is granted, clutch your partner by the arms and fight your way through the inferno of dancing maniacs to the cool night air and the blessed silence of the trees. One custom corrupts, and not even a Magyar can dance the two-step for ever; therefore there will presently be a pause, and after the pause a soft sighing music like the wind in the trees on a summer night, a music infectious and full of reminiscence of glorious moments in the moonlight on an English lawn, music like a child's laugh or a bride's kiss, intoxicating and cosmopolitan. What is it and what does it remind one of? Search a feeble musical memory, ransack it and worry brain and head to recall it and then,—

"*Angolok, Angolok, Csardas!*" The

clue is given or ever it has been found in the memory, for this is the crown and completion of the experience, the wild, wicked, lascivious and exhausting *Csardas*. No more of the racing two-step or of the chasing couples, only a rhythmic monstrous roll from side to side like an oily ground-swell in mid-ocean, only the untaught swing that is an inheritance of the people, only the slow surge of the voiceless couples moving no inch from their places but swinging from one arm to the other, quickening or slowing the swing as the music flows or ebbs. This is the first movement of the *Csardas* in its own forest-home. Suddenly, and without a note of warning modulation, the key is changed and the bows race wildly again, and the couples tightly clasped in each other's arms whirl like teetotums still without changing their ground till you turn away sick and giddy merely from watching them. Such is the second movement, and following it the violins hurl the dancers back for an instant into the old lascivious swing which melts into the third movement and wickedest of all. The women, giddy as it would seem after the second movement, fling their arms about the necks of their partners and submit to be twisted and turned this way and that in every variety of contortion till the scene presented is rather that of some Cairo hell than of a village festival in Christian Europe of the twentieth century. The heat and smell are indescribable, but although several dancers are carried fainting into the open, the survivors dance on, for this is the longest movement of all and all are consummated in the end of it. The music gives one long wail as of a rocket hurled shrieking through the void; the dancers steady themselves for one instant, and then clasp each other tight, tight, tight, and through all the room begins a

shiver, a shaking, quivering, shivering movement accompanied by the slightest possible shuffling of the feet. Yes, the end of the Csardas is the dance of the temple at Eryx, mad, monstrous, incredible!

"Let us go, let us go! In Heaven's name,—enough!"

Once in my Happy Valley I saw a cruel contrast to that Csardas. As I jumped down from my post of vantage among the musicians on their rickety platform, up the track from the village came slowly a lumbering cart drawn by its yoke of white oxen. On the seat in front sat a woman sobbing and by her side a Magyar peasant, his hat drawn down over his eyes and in his hand a thick unpolished stick. My companion looked up as she heard the wheels, and with a little cry said: "It is Mariska and her husband. They are going away from the country because the new landlord has brought Germans with him, and there is no more work now." She slipped from my side and went back to speak to the musicians, then, returning, bade me wait and listen. Slowly the unhappy cortege came up the hill and still the wild music of the Csardas came from the shed. Now they were opposite to us, and in the grey dawn I marked that the woman's face was drawn and hard. My companion, tender of heart as all her countrywomen, was softly crying. Then at last as the cart passed the musicians in the shed, in the midst of the last movement of the dance, the music broke short off, and as the dancers stopped in surprise there broke out upon the sudden silence the Hungarian sorrow-song, that terrible last chorus of the Magyar leaving home. The man buried his face in his hands, and the voices of those who had caught up the music, the long, low sobbing of the stringed instruments, were choked and silenced.

And beyond the valley, above the fir-crowned hills, glorious and golden burst the summer sun.

Recollections of Hungary must always be tinged with a certain gloom which not all the sunny skies and equally sunny temperament of the Magyars can dispel; for they have no present history, and all their past chivalry and glory seem so completely a closed volume. Under the guise of alliance they are really the vanquished subjects of Austria whose aim is to denationalise the country in order to convert it into a military granary for the support of the Imperial army. There is a fixed ground-tax which in good years swallows up a quarter of the total yield of the peasant's allotment, and in bad years exceeds that total so as to leave a heavy deficit, to be met after the following harvest besides the next year's tax.

It is not difficult in such circumstances to understand that the real Hungarians are vanishing from the land, and that the strangers who are brought in under a species of serfdom, while they occupy their dwellings and sometimes adopt their language, are no longer the sons of the land, bound by centuries of tradition and romance, as strong as religion, to respect the honourable name they bear and to cling passionately to their guaranteed rights. Complaints of the grievous taxation are made to those who will hear, but in voices that betoken a broken spirit, and a mortal hatred which, given the opportunity, would result in a massacre more to be expected of Arpad's warriors of nine hundred years ago than of the brow-beaten Magyars of to-day. *Qui vivra verra!* But here and there you may hear, as in at least one cottage of my valley, the old old legend of David, of Charlemagne, of Roland, of King Arthur, though here they

call this one hero of the hundred names St. Stephen.

Merlin—

Hath spoken also, not in jest, and sworn

Tho' men may wound him, that he will not die,

But pass, again to come; and then or now

Utterly smite the heathen underfoot—

For this Merlin is the voice of national hope crying that, in spite of all, Arthur or Stephen, David or Roland, is not dead but will return. For the legendary incarnation of strength and goodness which in Hungary takes the name of St. Stephen is but the representative of the national spirit and cannot be admitted dead so long as one genuine descendant of the old Magyars lives to prove it living.

Watch the people as they pass the figure of St. Stephen on the bridge. It is tawdry, old, and dilapidated, carrying in the storm-beaten face and the broken hands, that bear now a faded ring of wild flowers, no resemblance, scarcely even a memory of the great King who, like Charlemagne,

Clothed in majesty appeared

Not what men saw but what they feared,

whose strong heart and strong arm wrought for him a kingdom, founded, not like that of his forefather Arpad on violence and rapine, but on principles of equity, justice, and Christian mercy. A woman passes, carrying on her head a bundle of green maize for the oxen, but she passes with merely the stoop and conventional crossing which show that to her at least St. Stephen is no more than one of the gallery of the beatified whom her religion teaches her thus to acknowledge. She is a Croatian, one of the country which they have been trying so long to Magyarise as a set-off to

the Germanisation of Hungary, and her interest in the country depends solely on its providing her with bread and lodging. Following her, you notice the slouching Slovakian with his faded black hat and greasy coat, who passes with eyes set steadily towards the Herrschaft whence he obtains to-day his monthly corn-dole. He is one of the imported strangers who serves the alien landlord six days a week, and in harvest a seventh if the corn-bailiff sees fit, for a wage of some hundred pounds of corn a month and a little fire-wood,—life indeed and food for self and family instead of destitution, but none the less a slave's portion in all except the name. Once in a while he and his fellow serfs refuse to work on the seventh day, and then he is greeted by the shining muzzles of the police rifles and politely informed that strikes are not allowed in harvest-time. And if you do not believe that there is any hardship in his life, ask bailiff and watchman and owner why the revolvers hidden in their hip-pockets are loaded night and day. As for the Slovakian, he takes no notice of the Patron Saint in whose land he is a stranger and whose subjects his master has dispossessed. Slav and Slovak, Pole and Czech, German and Serb, they pass one by one, disdainful, forgetful, or lightly acquiescing in the hollow beatification which their religion has conferred. Last comes a wicker cart drawn by two white oxen, but the driver stops as he reaches the bridge, and without movement of hand or hat acknowledges by his silence the eternal hope that is in him that his King Arthur will return and that soon. Mark him and mark him well! For this is Arpad and the son of Arpad, a poor owner now of some small tract of moorland from which he forces a hard subsistence, but once through his ancestors master

of many servants and lord of goodly castles, the heroic defender of Szigliget and Czobancz.

But that a real Magyar resurrection can take place one may well doubt, seeing that the Magyar is a rover by ancestry and by every inherited tendency, so that the probability of his ever making a good farmer is very slight. The whole history of the nation is a history of ceaseless movement or ceaseless fighting, the very history of the sea surging up to swallow new land or recover lost possessions and as often retiring baffled. The inheritance of the Magyar is the sword, and his spirit is essentially that of the inquisitive explorer, desiring not to confirm a conquest won or to secure an inherited possession but to push on, like Ulysses,

Beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.

That is the feeling of the Magyar, even as it is the spirit of this my valley. But the desire for new experience is most prominent to-day not in the emigrant tendency which is more compulsory than voluntary, but in the gambling spirit which possesses the people. It is not true that they are covetous gamblers. The real Magyar very rarely gambles for love of the game, but chiefly for the excitement of looking at his cards or more often at the little slip of paper which carries the fortune of the evening. Few evenings in the valley pass without some tombola or other lottery being organised, and the risk and the prizes are alike exiguous, for the chief gain goes to the Jewish publican or *vendeglo*-keeper who lends his room and sells the drink, and frequently presents the prize. They will sit for hours sometimes counting the numbers on the little slips of

paper which they draw, and in the end one of them will triumphantly present his fair companion with the great prize of the evening, a basket of red roses. But the gambling evenings are not always so harmless; only a little time ago the green hill-side received another guest, who fell at the hand of his best friend in a quarrel provoked by this same lotto-game.

Also the gambling spirit brought the Turks into Szigliget, if one may trust the legend that is told. Hear it here, on the rough parapet of Kinizay's rampart, and judge if gambling even for worthless stakes is always without danger.

Szigliget is, or was, since very little remains, a strong fortress built on an absolutely precipitous rock and commanding the only route which at that time led through the marshes along the shores of the lake and so up into the Tapolcza valley. Strictly speaking it was a worthless position, for the route it commanded is even now a mere track very little used except by peasants and a few visitors, and the Turks might quite well have left it alone. However, they made up their minds to reduce all the fortress in the Tapolcza pass and valley, and accordingly assembled a goodly force in the broad and rich fields between Csobancz and Tapolcza. It was the principle on which Alexander spent so long a time in reducing Tyre, namely that of leaving no *point d'appui* in rear of his advance. The Turks, then, spent most of a hot summer in destroying corn and vines and fruit-trees and in burning and demolishing villages, churches, and when possible castles, making an occasional prisoner or cutting off an expedition from one of the strongholds and putting their captives to death with the most ghastly tortures.—They show at Gulacs—but there, what need to write it? Read the

Armenian reports and the atrocities of the Kurds, and substitute the Balkan districts for the names concerned. Late in the autumn Szigliget opened its huge iron portcullis to admit a riding-party who, losing their way from somewhere near St. Gyorgy, arrived on a dark night, having just escaped the clutches of a Turkish patrol. There were three gentlemen and two ladies with some armed servants in the party, the gentlemen being the Bishop of Veszprem, the Abbot of Zinz, and General Dubco, and the ladies Lady Fekete and a nun, who were proceeding under escort to the fortified cloister of Vazsony. Count Falva, then holding Szigliget, welcomed the addition to his fighting force which the retinue gave, but was sorely put to it to show a brave face when the ladies entered the sloping courtyard. Never a big place, Szigliget was at this time filled to its capacity with the squires and their armed retainers who had fled from the lake district, and in the existing condition of things in the fortress, the presence of women-folk was very little desired by them, more especially as they brought extra mouths to feed without a corresponding increase of the fighting, or rather foraging, strength of the garrisons. However in the end they settled down fairly comfortably, and some of the men found that ladies' fingers are no bad substitute for rough and steel-hardened hands when wounds are got in roving expeditions; in fact Count Falva and General Dubco had both of them cause to congratulate themselves on this account before the month was well out.

October brought a closer investment, for some of the Turkish troops moved down to Badacson and Gulacs, so that there remained only the useless road westwards across the marsh. And now the rain began to fall in

torrents, and the inmates were driven to such recreations as they could devise within walls. A sort of ring-quoits was the favourite game, played with leaden discs which were thrown on to wooden pegs stuck into the mortar of the wall. Of course bets were made on the players and on the game, and the ruder spirits compelled the poor nun to join the company. Lady Fekete, a pretty and, for her time, an accomplished woman, set the example of gaiety in spite of circumstances, for Hungarian women were not, and are not, averse to joining their male companions in any amusement that may be toward; indeed Lady Fekete is said to have been as good a hand at the wine-cup as are some of her less distinguished sisters of to-day. Suffice it, however, that near the end of a stormy day, which had vacillated between sun and shower and closed with a terrific and unseasonable thunder-storm, a game of quoits had been not long in progress during a dry interval when someone suggested that Lady Fekete should call the stakes by which all the players must abide. Now long companionship with a pretty woman in a semi-beleaguered fortress has almost inevitable results, and some spirit of mischief caused Lady Fekete to offer as the prize of one game, one kiss from her perfect lips. It needs only to add that the General who had assumed the military command and Count Falva, the dispossessed, were rivals both for the prize and for my lady's favour, and the constant reader of legend and romance will know that, towards nightfall when the wine was red, the inevitable quarrel took place between the rivals. In the true spirit of medieval chivalry which, we are apt to forget, was not a monopoly of the males, Lady Fekete intervened to prevent bloodshed in a manner spontaneous, no doubt, but

probably historic. Dazed, perhaps, by excitement, but certainly raised to the last pitch of recklessness by the glowing Magyar blood within her, the most excitable blood in the world, she threw her jewelled ring on the table exclaiming: "Leave your silly squabbles over nothing. There is something to struggle for, or rather play for, for who wins the first game to-morrow wins that ring, and wins its owner too if he can fit it again on her finger!" Then woman-like she went to her room and, growing calm, prayed that the winner might be Count Falva.

Count Falva lost, and in the evening the General came to claim his reward, but Lady Fekete put her hands behind her back and answered: "Claim it twelve hours hence, and if you can fulfil my condition then I will grant your claim."

The Magyar repents his impetuosity so soon as his blood grows cool, and my lady had tossed and turned the long night through worrying and wondering what she should do if the event should prove, as she feared, unfortunate for her.

Now the oath of a Magyar is more sacred than the most solemn covenant, but like other people, if there is a gap betwixt the letters, he will in the last resort slip through it. This lady of high lineage was the last to deny her obligation, and therefore the promise must be fulfilled and the prize awarded unless it were impossible. "Claim it a few hours hence," said she, well knowing that a few hours hence she meant that it should be impossible.

There was no moon when she set about her hazardous enterprise, only a light drizzling rain, cold and irritating, which made all the more welcome the cup of warm spiced wine which she sent to the guards at the gate, "Lest they fall sick in this

weather and then are we without their defence." At midnight she left her room and slipping quietly through the low dining-hall made her way down the narrow, rock-cut stairway to the inner guard that looks northward, the only accessible face of Szigliget. Yet two hours must pass before the guard would be changed, and the present guards slept heavily beside the low iron gate that gave admittance to the Knight's Way, a subterranean water-way through the rock to the bottom of the cliff where the dripping water had made stalactites of wonderful form all down the slippery passage. Lady Fekete gently loosed the key from the waistband of the captain of the watch, greased it and opened the gate, but as she did so a noise behind warned her that someone was afoot, and forthwith she sped lightly down the passage, and opening the further gate which is hidden in thick undergrowth she fled hurriedly into the darkness, not marking the lean watcher who, from his crouching position among the rank reeds in the ditch, sprang suddenly up as she vanished and gave the sharp low call of the magpie. Lady Fekete had fled from Szigliget and left the gates of the Knight's passage open.

There is but one consolation and that is that though she reached Csobancz in safety, that fortress was compelled to capitulate a month later for want of water and the Turks, having given a safe conduct to all, waylaid them in the valley of Kapoles and slew them all, as they had slain every one of the garrison of Szigliget. I said that the prize offered for that gambling-game in Szigliget was worthless, and I do not think that the epithet will be disputed.

But do you suppose that my simple friends will profit by the morals of their own legends? Not a whit, I

assure you, for the simplest people are the last to learn even by personal experience. Ask Doctor Schwarz, yon cheery and good-natured fellow who is standing by his little green gate. Over and over again the marsh-fever, or that deadly typhoid, has carried off the strongest of them because they will not attend to his prescriptions or observe the most elementary rules of health, and the reason you may seek in the little old cottage at the end of the village. There lives a mightier power as they think than all the science in the world, just a harmless woman, old and wrinkled, and yet the ruler of ten thousand spirits who must obey her will. Charm and amulet these people have not known, but they trust to this ancient prayer-woman, or *javasassony*, as they call her, whose invocations bring disease and disaster and whose invocations alone can remove it. The churches may ring their bells and science may plead by pamphlets, but so long as the people remain distrustful of all other influence, remain uneducated by that gentle but persistent doctrine which has overcome England, so long will the Witch of Vazsony remain a power in the land. I know an old prayer-man, too, who lives at Veszprem under the very shadow of the bishop's palace and wields ten thousand times more

influence among the poor than will ever that impossible conjunction of territorial wealth and ecclesiastical dignity whose privilege it is to set the crown on the King's head. The Litany of the Hungarian peasants is addressed not to the Throne of Grace but to the humble representative of the powers of the earth and of the air. Against the Tree-spirit and against the lightning, against sickness and disaster, they equally implore her aid; and for the exercise of this supernatural power they pay her two mites which make one farthing!

Mayhap you have slept peacefully in my green and beautiful valley while my peasant-friends have told you their griefs, their legends, and their superstitions; mayhap you have listened and caught some echo of the spirit of the land, and it may even be that you will be willing to brave again the long and tiring journey to the Happy Valley. I can but assure you that if, and when, you come young and old will greet you with that most beautiful Hungarian greeting, "*Isten Hozott* (The Lord has brought you here)." Come! The black thoroughbreds are harnessed to do you this last honour. The harvest-moon shines gloriously down the path between the chestnut-trees, and it is time to say good-bye.

C. TOWER.

Veszprem, Hungary.

OUR FATHERS WHO BORE US.

It was a fine evening in the summer of 18—. The sun was sinking behind the lofty range of B—shire Downs, and gilding with its last rays the ancient towers of F— Abbey. On a slight eminence in the vicinage of the town Miss Arabella S— was seated at an easel, endeavouring to catch the fleeting tints of the sunset, when a young man of genteel appearance made his approach.

"Miss S— by all that's unexpected!" he cried, raising his hat and holding out his delicate, jewelled hand.

"Lord B—? Impossible!" exclaimed the startled artist, as she returned his greeting. "They told me you were at the county ball at W—, with Colonel C— and Lady B—."

"How could I be at W— when F— contains my adorable enchantress?" said his Lordship in low tremulous tones. "Surely Miss S— cannot expect to remain hidden in so fashionable a resort as F—?"

"Pray leave me, Lord B—," the young lady entreated with agitation. "You know not the perils in which your presence may involve us. Think of your vows to Heaven and your promise to Miss C—! Think of your enemies at O—!"

"Well, I'm dashed!" I exclaimed with feeble humour as I rose to replace the dusty volume of MORAL MISCELLANIES in my grandmother's bookshelves. "We have certainly changed all that, even if we are decadents. What was her period, late Georgian or very early Victorian? Probably the former. Anonymous? No: *By Miss Fanny Mordaunt, Authoress of THE EARL'S INHERITANCE*. Thank Heaven we no longer invest our characters and localities with the cheap mystery of capitals and dashes, as if we were printers' devils! Ah, *A Story founded on Fact*, in a footnote. That was their notion of

realism; I wonder what they'd say to ours."

I have never liked old libraries, and in fact prefer to get my extraneous books from modern public collections, in spite of fines and the proletarian thumb. Your ancient literary catacomb smells of mummies, and is apt to nourish ghosts. I had hardly returned the MORAL MISCELLANIES than, glancing across the room, I beheld a lady of strange aspect gazing at me with dignified but ominous interest. She exhibited the high waist, puffed sleeves, white cap, and ear-submerging locks, of what we may call the middle-distance of the past. Her feet were encased in slippers (laced over the instep); her face was of an agreeable colour; her teeth were excellent, and her eyes vivid but charged with potential fire. I stared open-mouthed, impolitely perhaps, but not unnaturally.

"Whatever improvements you may have accomplished in the art of novel-writing," the lady began, speaking with a clear but slightly old-fashioned enunciation, "your manners are gone sadly retrograde."

"Pardon me, Madam," I entreated, making a profound obeisance. "Allow me to offer you a chair."

I drew an old piece of Sheraton from an alcove, and she seated herself.

"You do your best," she said; "but the old genteel air is quite gone out. You are amateurish, like a shopkeeper aping a gentleman."

I flushed at the insult; it was plain that the lady was incensed. "I regret that I am without the

masculine graces of your age," I said, "but we have no time now for their cultivation."

"I should imagine not," she answered tartly. "Well," she continued with a sigh, "as you did not know the old manner you can't be expected to feel its loss; but it conferred a distinction which I perceive now to be wholly lacking. In my day it took three generations to make a gentleman; now I hear they are turned out to order, like a pair of bespoke boots."

Immensely confused, for never before had my deficiencies been hurled in my teeth with such brutality, I floundered for vindications of my epoch; but my critic resumed: "So you object to what you call my realism, or rather want of it? I suppose you would have written everything out in full: 'Miss Seymour,' 'Lord Bartizan,' 'Funnell Abbey,' 'Colonel Clash,' and 'Lady Horbury'?"

I staggered: plainly this was Miss Mordaunt herself, and I had put my foot in it with a vengeance. But my first words did not mend matters. "Eavesdroppers rarely hear good of themselves," I said hastily.

"Eavesdroppers, indeed!" the spectral authoress exclaimed with contempt. "It is you that are the eavesdropper. This library is my prescriptive haunt; it is one of the few yet remaining in the country in which my once famous and fashionable novels are preserved. There they are, above your head."

I looked up. There, in musty leather backs, stood a round dozen of them, from *THE EARL'S INHERITANCE* and *MISALLIANCE TO HIGH LIFE TO-DAY* and the *THE NEW DEMI-MONDE*. I had never observed them before.

"But your criticism is grossly unfair as well as impertinent," the lady went on, extracting a delicate vinaigrette

from a small bag hung on her wrist, and applying it to her nose. "The tale which you have censured was written when I was a mere chit, and it can hardly be expected to display the finish of my mature genius. Allow me to inform you that I was the rival of Mrs. Gore and Lady Blessington; I was admired by the splendid d'Orsay, read by the young D'Israeli and Bulwer, and quoted by the American exquisite, N. P. Willis. But what might you be, if I may enquire? A publisher, I should think from the freedom of your strictures."

I assured her that no such good fortune was mine.

"An editor, possibly?" she asked, with evident distrust.

Even that tempered felicity was not my share.

"Ah, I see, you are a critic!" she exclaimed, after a glance at my somewhat careless attire,—I always wear old clothes when at work, especially in libraries. "Now it's explained. You are one of that miserable Grub Street tribe who, having failed ignominiously in the higher walks of literature, fall foul of their more gifted and more fortunate rivals. I perceive that the times are not really changed, after all."

To be shut up in the dusky library of an old country-house with the ghost of a once popular but long dethroned lady novelist, is not a cheerful experience. Dreading to think what extremities she might resort to if not placated, I essayed the task of conciliation with all haste.

"Madam," I said in my most agreeable tones, "when I have read your delightful romances, as I shall be vastly pleased to do now I have met you, criticism will exhale in admiration." I drew my bow at a venture, but my arrow hit the mark.

"We did not say *vastly pleased* in my time," she corrected, smiling.

"I beg your pardon," I began.

"It is plain," she went on, "that you take me for my Christian-name-sake of the eighteenth century, Fanny Burney, who depicted fashionable life in the later years of Dr. Johnson and his associates; but my chief vogue was in the Regency. I was, in fact, one of the founders of your nineteenth century school of fashionable fiction."

I was more rejoiced at her sudden amiability than at the information, for a vindictive ghost may prove a dangerous neighbour. She now looked at me with curious enquiry. "I hear that short tales are now very much in the fashion," she said, "and that periodical publications are surprisingly increased. I hear also that illustration by means of engravings and woodcuts has become enormously popular."

In this field I was more at home, and gave her a succinct and roseate account of the growth of the *storyette* and the current picture-magazine. The short story, I assured her, was one of the triumphs of the age. I applauded its pith and point, its champagne-like effervescence, its coruscation, its mosaic finish and completeness, its realism. Had she heard of our latest discovery in physical science, radium? Well, the modern short story might be called the radium of fiction, if she would excuse a heated and ebullient metaphor. I exaggerated the truth, no doubt, but I was unnerved and shaken by my unusual experience. It was satisfactory, however, to observe that the lady seemed deeply interested, though smiling at my enthusiasm.

"I suppose you refer to those slight narrative compositions that fill only a score or two of pages in a book or a periodical," she said thoughtfully, "like the MORAL TALES of my older contemporary, Miss Edgeworth?"

"Madam," I said, "so far from filling the space you mention they are frequently compressed into a single page, and occasionally into half a page."

I could have sworn that my ghostly interlocutor said "La!" in spite of her high breeding; but her curiosity was plainly stimulated. Her good-humour, also, was now complete, and our talk flowed smoothly.

"The defects you were pleased to notice in my youthful performance," she said, again sniffing at her vinaigrette, "were common to amateur novelists in my time. Perhaps it was thought more genteel to disguise familiar places and titles by using only their initials; but it doubtless implied a culpable poverty of invention. When I had made my *début* as a portrayer of fashionable manners and morals I abandoned the practice, as you will see when you peruse my later works."

"Of course," I hastened to say, "we all have to serve our apprenticeship."

"But," she continued with some appearance of diffidence, "you made use of the term *realism*, one which was not commonly in vogue with my contemporaries, though its meaning seems tolerably clear. Mr. Wordsworth professed to have introduced it in poetical compositions, which as you are aware were once popular; and Mr. Dickens, who was beginning to write when I was disembodied, adopted the practice in his descriptions of low life; but I gathered from your recent remarks that you have made some advance even upon their methods."

"My dear Madam," I said with excitement, "they hadn't really grasped the idea. At least Wordsworth hadn't, in spite of all his Betty Foyes and Alice Fells. Dickens, of course, went farther, but even he did not go beyond verisimilitude. The

truth is that genuine, out-and-out realism is the invention or the discovery of our own age, like the short story." I spoke with force.

"Surely you do not present low life as it really is? the lady asked with a slight shudder. "I presume you drape it in some sort of glamour or sentiment of romance."

"Not a bit; we gave up the drapery business decades ago," I answered smartly. "Our canons now prescribe actuality; we are photographic or nothing; we hold up the mirror to life as it is, and never soften the picture. Only thus can the true form and pressure of the time be shown."

If I was a little rhetorical, my nerves were still far from steady. My listener put on an offended air. "Am I to understand, Sir, that we did not hold up the mirror with equal fidelity," she said; "and that *our* depiction of life and character was false because we acted on the old maxim that Art improves Nature?"

"Oh," I proclaimed recklessly, "it is notorious that the late Georgian novelists, especially the fashionable ones, were stilted and artificial. Compare them with those of our time, A—, B—, and C—, for instance [here I named several of my most popular contemporaries and rivals], particularly in the matter of their dialogues."

"Sir!" the lady cried with flashing eyes, "do you mean that I—"

"Present company always excepted," I reminded her in haste, feeling myself grow pale.

She laughed merrily at my alarm, a rippling human cachination. "It is evident that you are all wonderfully proud of your skill in dishing up the talk and manners of the alley,—*gutter-broth* it was called in my day—and that of uncouth peasants and artizans," she said, again restoring

herself with smelling-salts. "But I can assure you it is no discovery of your age. We could do it quite as effectively when we chose, only our taste forbade too great intimacy with the lives and habits of low persons. But, as you say, you have changed all that. To show you, however, that your vaunted realism is in no degree better than ours, and nothing new, I will read you an extract from my moral friend and acquaintance, Miss Edgeworth."

She had secured the volume and regained her seat before I could move. Then, after another sarcastic reference to my defective gallantry, she read the well-known apology of the Dublin shoeblack for murdering his mate:—

"Why, my lard, as I was going pas the Royal Exchange I meets Billy. 'Billy,' says I, 'will you skey a copper?' 'Done,' says he. 'Done,' says I, and done and done's enough between two jantlemen. with that I ranged them fair and even. With my hook-em-snivy—up they go—'Music!' says he—'Soull!' says I, and down they come three brown massards. 'By the holy you fleshed 'em,' says he. 'You lie,' says I. With that he ups with a lump of a two-year-old and lets drive at me. I out's with my bread-earner, and gives it him up to Lamphrey in the bread-basket."

"There is your low life done to a T. And now I will select another specimen of a less murderous and more amusing kind," she continued, possessing herself of a second book. "It is from my once popular Scottish contemporary, Miss Ferrier; she is discoursing in a language now I am told very much in the vogue, and in the character of an old gentlewoman of her day.

"Hae, bairn—tak a cookie—tak it up—what are you feared for? it'll no bite ye. Here's t'ye, Glenfern, an' your wife an' your wean; puir tead, it's no had a very chancy cotset, weel a wat. Canna

ye sit still a wee, man, an' let me speer after my auld freens at Glenfern? Hoo's Grizzy, an' Jacky, an' Nicky? aye warkin' awa at the peels an' the drogs—he, he! I ne'er swallowed a peel nor gied a doit for drogs a' my days, an' see an ony o' them'll rin a race wi' me when they're naur five score."

"Here," she said, "is the beginning of your famous Kailyard School, and considerably more vigorous in its infancy than in its old age."

I was astonished at the skill of her attack, which had something almost Japanese in its agility; but my protests of unfairness were only half-framed when she darted to a shelf of ancient newspapers, and withdrew an old Gazette of the First Gentleman's reign, her own most prolific period. "Here," she said, on once more regaining her seat, "is an example of the light table-talk of a man of genius and world-wide fame, hit off to the life. I trust you will find it neither stilted nor artificial. But although published in my own time it refers to an incident seventy years earlier, a breakfast-meeting with the great composer, Handel. That glorious musician (to whom you owe the MESSIAH, the DEAD MARCH, and other immortal pieces) having slept supperless by his physician's command, crosses the Thames to his friend Mr. Zachary Hardcastle in the Temple, and is moved to admiration by the sight of food:—

"Upon my word, that is a picture of a ham!" he exclaims to the assembled company, which includes the poet, Colley Cibber, and certain famous fellow-musicians. "It is very bold of me to come and break my fast with you uninvited, and I have brought along with me a notable appetite; for the water of old Father Thames, is it not a fine bracer of the appetite?"

"Pray, did you come with oars or scullers, Mr. Handel?" asks one of the famous musicians.

"How can you demand of me that

silly question, Dr. Pepusch?" answers Handel, in his German-English. "What can it concern you whether I have one waterman or two watermans, whether I pay one shilling or two? *Diavolo!* I cannot go here, I cannot go there, but someone shall send it to some newspaper, as how Mr. George Frederick Handel did go sometimes last week to break his fast with Mr. Zao. Hardcastle; but it shall be my fault if it shall be put in print whether I was rowed by one waterman or by two watermans."

"In conclusion," said my instructress, "I can only give you his lively outburst on his former professional associates and enemies, for the account though vivid is of some length."

"Gustus," he cries to an old friend at the table, "do you not remember as it was almost only of yesterday, that she-devil, Cuzzoni, and that other precious daughter of iniquity, Beelzebub's spoiled child, the pretty-faced Faustina? O! the mad rage that I have to answer for, what with one and the other of these fine ladies' airs and graces. Again, do you not remember that upstart puppy, Senesino, and the coxcomb, Farinelli? Next, again, my sometime notable rival, Master Bononcini, and old Porpora? Ha, ha, ha! all at war with me, and all at war with themselves. Such a confusion of rivalships, and double-facedness, and hypocrisy, and malice, that would make a comical subject for a poem in rhymes, or a piece for the stage, as I hope to be saved!"

She laughed again as she ended. It is impossible for me to describe her admirable rendering of these extracts; despite a somewhat obsolete pronunciation, it was the revelation of an art long perished, like the proper reading of poetry.

"I could find you thirty more on the same shelf," she said; "and yet you suppose realism to be the invention of your own age!"

I swelled angrily with objections. These were mere exotic instances, oases in a desert, exceptions that

proved the rule. But she waived me aside.

"You wondered," she said, "in your facetious censure of my poor amateur tale, what we Georgians thought of your modern realism, and I will tell you. I have read many of the pieces in your new picture-magazines, and know what it is,—it is like the old Dutch paintings, all detail and no real life. This will surprise you, for you think it is all life; but my censure is just, for life is feeling, and your realism is without real feeling. The old ponderous moral critics of our time used to complain that we were *blasé*, sophisticated, artificial, worn-out; but even the most hardened and affected of us,—even the graceless wits and dandies of the Regency—had feelings, emotions, passions, loves, and hopes and fears, that could not always be hidden. We had sentiment and sensibility; words that you Edwardians have no occasion for, for the real things are dead. You are clever, minute, painful; you have the corruscation that you love; but you,—and your young ladies that play hockey and golf—have about as much feeling as an iron kettle, or one of your big locomotives, or—"

"Madam," I interrupted sharply, "you generalise without the facts, and with prejudice. Give me concrete examples, modern instances." I was irritated and careless of her ire.

"Here is one," she said, taking a recent magazine from the table beside her. "It is a short story of an intrigue among people whom I infer from their conversation to be bargees or ship-chandlers, by one Reginald Franey, an author who exhibits all the defects of taste and sentiment that I have named. I presume—"

This was more than I could bear,—the story was my own! It had cost me a week on Limehouse Reach, getting up the necessary local colour and profanity.

"Madam, your presumption," I began, but was stopped by a singular change in her appearance. The afternoon sun shot a ray into the hitherto shadowed corner in which she sat, and to my horror I perceived the frame of her chair and the covers of the books behind her show plainly through her person, high waist, puffed sleeves, frilled cap and all! In an instant, however, her form had dissolved into the dusty, mote-filled air through which the sunbeam ploughed its path. I stepped to the low window, and looked out; there was nothing to be seen but the old-fashioned garden, with its formal flower-beds, antique dial, and a resplendent peacock strutting on the sunny lawn. I grasped the window-ledge for support: then the tea-bell rang.

"My dear Reginald," said my grandmother, as I joined her in the drawing-room at the recuperative feast, "you are as white as a ghost and I declare as cold! You shouldn't stay so long in the library; it isn't good for your health."

"My dear grandmother," I replied as she filled my cup, "you are right. The place is haunted by all kinds of ghosts, some of them,—the female ones especially—the most infernally impudent and conceited that I ever met in my life. I should have it turned out and scrubbed with carbolic, and a brand-new installation of electric lights put in. That might teach them to mind their manners and their own business."

REGINALD FRANEY.

THE LAST INCARNATION.

*He stood upon a weedy bank, and sang
To trembling leaves and sparkles in the stream ;
And as he sang I heard his choir of selves.*

*He sang the incarnations of a soul
Freed from the clay of graves dug in the stars
And lost beneath the highways of the earth.*

*His choir of selves awoke him, and I saw
Distress upon a thin face dimly young.
The man was thinking : " If my foot had slipped. . . "*

*He had forgotten all the song I heard,
And I remember but its sense and tune,
And these few chords of triumph and despair.*

Ages have rolled o'er me. I am too old
To count my life by gravestones that are years,
To mourn my life for its frustrated plans.
Ages have rolled o'er me. I am too old.

So old am I that I have done with fears,
And when my living sins revolve in dance
Or glower with ruby eyes in heads of jet,
I laugh to think what impish armies lie
Unnoticed in the graves I occupy—
A million graves, and each an oubliette.

The eve that trembles like a voice in tears
Tells me that spring is on the world again.
The old grows young, but this thought interferes
"Twixt joy and my enjoyment. It is tolled
Knell-like from heights that scarce the clouds attain,
While the stream glories in the sun's red gold
And hidden birds sing, high on leafy spears :
Ages that now are nothing saw me old.

A new joy flashes ; and suspected pain,
Chilling the windless air like a spirit's shiver,
Wins the world's face the pathos that is man's,
And in the eyes of that forlorn outliver
Of joy whose spirit haunts the scene he scans.

I falter not : my voice is clear and bold,
For though all beauty shames me, I am old
And strongly calm as is the lethal river.
I, elder brother of the footworn earth,
Am wise by contact with the wise All-giver
Whose wisdom stabs like interstellar cold.

It stabbed me ; and I felt within me die,
With one acclaiming pang too fierce and brief
To be distinguished from an ecstasy,
Passion and hope, suspicion and belief.
Wisdom is mine instead : thereby I know
A force is hidden in me as seed in mould
Which shall destroy me at the shock of birth.
That force I sing to wake it. Let it grow !
And for a sign that over me have rolled
Ages that bore whole nations to and fro,
I tell you that the doom it speeds is worth,
For one thing that I know it means, all mirth
Of youth and drunkenness. I am so old.

W. H. C.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

THE collection of war news has been for years a special branch of journalism. There is never any lack of eager claimants for admission to its ranks,—men of daring, resource, and ability, who are attracted by the fascination of war, and by a desire to play a part, however humble, in the most awful, grim, and tragic drama enacted on the human stage. The chief qualifications for this hard and adventurous life are physical strength and mental vigour. The War Correspondent must have a frame of iron, with nerves of steel, the capacity to subsist on a meagre supply of inferior food for days in good condition, and to sleep at night in the open. He must have sound sense and rapid judgment, a quick observant eye, capable of taking in the ever-shifting scenes and changing incidents of a field of battle, and a capacity to convey his impressions readily and vividly to paper.

Henry Crabbe Robinson was probably the first War Correspondent. In 1808 he was sent by *THE TIMES* to the Peninsula as its special correspondent, to report the progress of the British Army under Sir John Moore. He landed at Corunna whence he forwarded a series of letters headed *SHORES OF THE BAY OF BISCAY*. His business, as he tells in his diary, was to collect news and forward it by every vessel that left the port. Perhaps his work would be best described as that of a Foreign Correspondent. He reported the progress of the expedition from its base at Corunna. The battle of Corunna fought on January 16th, 1809, and the death of Moore on

the field from a cannon shot, was described in *THE TIMES* by Robinson. He did not, however, actually see the engagement; but he heard the cannonading, and saw the wounded and the French prisoners brought into Corunna.

The first journalist who best answers the description of a War Correspondent as the term is now understood,—that is to say, the representative of a newspaper who accompanies an army in the field and sends his communications from the scene of hostilities,—was Charles Lewis Gruneisen, who represented *THE MORNING POST* in Spain during the Carlist War of 1837. A sub-editor in the foreign department of *THE MORNING POST* he had interested himself in the question of the succession to the Spanish Throne, and became acquainted with supporters of Don Carlos in London. In March, 1837, he was asked by the manager of *THE MORNING POST* whether he would undertake to accompany the Carlist army in their proposed march on Madrid as Correspondent. "Without a moment's hesitation," he says, "I accepted the mission and two hours sufficed to take my instructions at the office and to get my passport and I was off with the night mail from Dover." He joined the head-quarters of Don Carlos, and in the letters which he sent to his newspaper he described the battles of the campaign as an actual eye-witness.

Still, the custom of newspapers sending representatives with armies in the field, may be said to really date only from the Crimean War in

the middle of the nineteenth century. Till then the public gained its information of the progress and varying fortunes of a campaign from belated official despatches, supplemented by extracts from private letters from officers engaged in the war, which were published by the newspapers. The first War Correspondent to obtain renown was Mr. (now Sir) William Howard Russell, who represented *THE TIMES* in the Crimea; and so it has come to pass that he is popularly regarded as the first of the War Correspondents. His position with the troops, being unrecognised by the military authorities, was attended by many discomforts and inconveniences. His movements were not restricted in the slightest degree; on the contrary he had perfect freedom of action, could go where he pleased, and write what he pleased. But he was unable to procure rations for himself or forage for his horse from the provisioning department of the army. On informing the authorities in Printing House Square of his awkward position, he received a letter to the effect that the Government at home had directed the military authorities in the field to give him every possible facility. He immediately called upon Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief. "I sent in my card," he writes. "Lord Raglan was very much engaged; but I was received by Colonel Steele, who listened to my request for transport and rations with an expression on his face, half of annoyance, half of amusement, and in the end informed me most courteously that there was not the smallest chance of my obtaining what I desired." Throughout the campaign, therefore, Mr. Russell had to victual and clothe himself and provide forage for his horse as best he could. A ham cost him £5, a turkey £5, a little pot of marmalade 5/-, a

pair of boots £6. But the trouble was not so much the high prices of provisions and clothing as their meagre and uncertain supply. What a queer figure he must have presented, mounted on a fiddle-headed, ewe-necked horse, dressed in all sorts of odds and ends, including a commissariat officer's cap with a broad gold band, a rifleman's patrol jacket, breeches and Blucher boots with huge brass spurs, riding here and there, as he pleased, over the field of battle. The army viewed with mingled amusement and amazement the proceedings of this newspaper man, coolly writing in his note-book while shot and shell were whizzing and bursting round him.

Archibald Forbes, of *THE DAILY NEWS*, however, was the first to see the possibilities of the telegraph in the rapid despatch of war news and to startle the breakfast-tables of the kingdom with the description of yesterday's battle. He it was, too, who recognised that it is no part of the duty of the War Correspondent to describe in detail the tactical or strategical movements of the rival forces on the field of conflict. That kind of work may very properly be left to military men in the Service magazines. What the general public look for in the newspapers is not technical records of the military operations, but bright, graphic, vivid pictures of the war; its thrilling episodes, its pathetic incidents, its glories and its disasters, with interesting narratives of personal experiences and adventures. That is exactly what Forbes supplied. What for instance, could be better, from his and his readers' point of view, than this description of the last moments of Gravelotte, when the battle was not yet lost nor won, and when the triumph of Germany was still undecided?

The strain of the crisis was sickening as we waited for the issue in a sort of rapt spasm of sombre silence. The old King sat with his back against a wall on a ladder, one end of which rested on a broken gun-carriage, the other on a dead horse. Bismarck, with an elaborate assumption of coolness which his restlessness belied, made pretence to be reading letters. The roar of the close battle swelled and deepened, till the very ground trembled beneath us. The night fell like a pall, but the blaze of an adjacent conflagration lit up the anxious group here by the churchyard wall. From out the medley of broken troops littering the slope in front rose suddenly a great shout, that grew in volume, as it rolled nearer. The hoofs of a galloping horse rattled on the causeway. A moment later Moltke, his face for once quivering with excitement, sprang from the saddle, and, running towards the King, cried out: "It is good for us; we have restored the position, and the victory is with your Majesty!" The King sprang to his feet with a fervent "God be thanked!" and then burst into tears.

The War Correspondent has often, in the discharge of his duty, to run as great a risk of being killed or wounded as any soldier in the fighting line. Forbes in the later years of his career wrote:

Before far-reaching rifled fire-arms were brought into use it was quite easy to see a battle without getting into the range of fire. But this is no longer possible, and in the future will be still more impossible. With guns of precision that carry six miles, with mobile artillery having a range of more than three miles, and with rifles that kill, without benefit of clergy, at two miles, the War Correspondent may as well stay at home with his mother unless he has hardened his heart to take his full share of the risks of the battle-field. Indeed, if he has determined to look narrowly into the turbulent heart of each successive paroxysm of the bloody struggle,—and it is only by doing this that he can now make for himself a genuine and abiding reputation—he must lay his account for enduring more risks than fall to the lot of the average soldier.

One of the finest achievements of a War Correspondent was that of Holt White, a representative of *THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE*, in the Franco-Prussian War. He witnessed the battle of Sedan from the Prussian head-quarters on Thursday, September 1st, 1870. At its conclusion he rode to Brussels, but there the post-office authorities refused to transmit his despatch to London, and even threatened to arrest him for saying that the French had been defeated. He then went on to Calais, crossed to Dover by special steamer, and took a special train to London, where he arrived at five o'clock on Saturday morning. Next day there was a description of the battle, six columns long, in *THE TRIBUNE*. It was not till Tuesday that the London newspapers had accounts of the conflict from their correspondents. But the most famous deeds of physical endurance in the race for news between War Correspondents are told of Archibald Forbes. In the Servian War of 1876, Semlin, the nearest telegraph station, was one hundred and twenty miles distant from the scene of the battle. So soon as Forbes knew the result he rode off, and all night long he kept at a gallop, changing horses every fifteen miles. At Semlin he had one long drink of beer, and then at once sat down to the task of writing, hour after hour, against time, the tidings of which he was the bearer. After he had written the story of the battle and put it on the wires, he lay down in his clothes and slept twenty hours without waking. He had witnessed the battle which lasted six hours, ridden one hundred and twenty miles, and written and despatched a telegraphic message four columns in length to *THE DAILY NEWS*, all in the space of thirty hours. During the Graeco-Turkish

War THE MORNING POST was first out with important news from the seat of war. This triumph was due to the use of the bicycle by their special correspondent Wilfred Pollock. After the decisive battle of Domoko had been won by the Turks, the Greeks made no attempt to hold their strong position at the Phourka Pass, and all the English correspondents raced to Athens, straining every nerve to be the first to despatch the important news. They were all taken by a Greek steamer to Chalcis, where they arrived at midnight. Pollock had a bicycle, and while the others were engaged in bidding against each other for the speediest means of transit, he was well on his way to Athens, which he reached over six hours in advance of his closest rivals, so that his paper had a full day's start with the news.

But reporting a war is not only arduous and hazardous work for the War Correspondent; it is also the most costly form of newspaper enterprise. Narratives of battle must nowadays be served up red hot. The method of sending home news by post, which was necessarily employed, before the advent of submarine cables, during the Crimean Campaign and the Indian Mutiny, would never satisfy the desire for speedy intelligence from the seat of war, which the existence of a network of telegraph wires covering almost the entire world has aroused in newspaper readers. The telegraphing of war news must therefore be employed on the most lavish scale. Press messages are transmitted within the United Kingdom at a charge of one shilling for seventy-five words before six o'clock in the evening, and after that hour, when the pressure of business telegrams is over, one hundred words are sent for the same sum. At the lower scale the cost of telegraphing a news-

paper column, which contains two thousand words, would be twenty shillings; but that would pay for only eleven words from Korea or Japan. Within the European telegraphic system the average charge for Press messages is fourpence or fivepence a word; it is sixpence halfpenny a word from Turkey, and sevenpence a word from Greece, and to and from America news is also cabled at the rate of fivepence a word. From South Africa the rate for ordinary messages is four shillings a word, and for Press messages one shilling and threepence a word. But during the Boer War the correspondents were so eager to be ahead of each other that they had their messages sent at the high rate so as to avoid delay, as ordinary messages take precedence of Press messages. The ordinary rate for telegraphing from Japan or Korea is seven shillings and sixpence a word; Press cables are sent for one shilling and elevenpence a word. Even with this reduction a newspaper often finds that its account for its own special news of the struggle between Russia and Japan amounts in the week to £1,000 or £1,200, irrespective of the cablegrams of the News Agencies for which it has to pay also substantial sums. Besides, there is an amount of almost inevitable waste. Some of the costly cables sent to London by zealous correspondents cannot be used for one reason or another. A striking illustration of how money may be wasted was furnished recently when the special correspondent of a London paper cabled a long message from Tokio at a cost of £200. The message was an important one, worth even this great expenditure of money, and the correspondent was perfectly justified in sending it; but the very same message had previously been issued by the Japanese Legation in

London, and consequently the £200 was literally thrown into the waste-paper basket. It will, therefore, be seen that when war breaks out in a distant part of the world, a London newspaper specially represented at the front must be prepared to spend lavishly on telegraphing alone, if it is to maintain a reputation for enterprise.

Of course, most newspapers published in the Provinces are not represented at the front by their own exclusive correspondents. They rely on the News Agencies for their war intelligence, and they obtain it by co-operation at a comparatively small cost. But the London morning papers, and the leading journals of the Provinces, are bound to be independently represented at the seat of war. Indeed, a leading paper will have six or more special correspondents scattered over the area of war, and each of these, in salary, travelling, and other personal expenses, represents an outlay of at least £2,000 a year; and when, as often happens, it is necessary to use special war-boats, a large addition is made to the expenses. During the war between America and Spain *THE NEW YORK HERALD* spent £2,000 a week on a small fleet of despatch-boats to report the progress of the conflict at sea.

The newspapers willingly incur the enormous extra expenditure which a war involves, though it brings them very little benefit in return. Every journal is content to pay anything within its resources; but in recent wars the elaborate and costly arrangements of the Press for the collection of intelligence have been rendered almost nugatory. The conditions of War Correspondents have changed entirely since the Crimean Campaign, or even since the Franco-Prussian War. In some things the change has

been for the better. The War Correspondent is now recognised by all the Powers. He is regularly attached to the army which he accompanies in the field, takes rank as an officer, is under military law, and is allowed to draw food for himself and his servant and forage for his horse from the Commissariat department. Of course he relies on his own resources, so far as possible, for his provisions and transport, and when circumstances compel him to resort to the Army Commissariat he pays for what he receives. In the Boer War the cost to the Correspondent for rations was five shilling a day for himself, four shillings for each servant, and five shillings for each horse. Undoubtedly, so far as personal comfort and convenience is concerned, the lot of the War Correspondent has been greatly improved; but, at the same time, his freedom of action in the field, his zeal and enterprise in the interest of his newspaper, his independence in describing scenes and incidents of the campaign, have been immensely restricted. A new military official, ominously called the Censor, has been invented to superintend the work of the War Correspondent. He is appointed by the General commanding at the front, and it is his duty to read, curtail, pass, or refuse to pass, any and every message, private or otherwise, to newspapers or individuals which is handed in at the field telegraph-office.

The main object of this vigilant and strict censorship of communications from the front is, of course, to prevent details which it might be undesirable to make public from coming to the knowledge of the enemy. It was impossible, of course, that the freedom of comment allowed to Mr. Russell in the Crimea should be continued to his successors. The War Correspondent cannot be, in the

nature of things, a welcome guest to the commanding officer, who naturally prefers to conduct the campaign in the dark, or at least to restrict the public knowledge of affairs to what he himself thinks fit to say in his own official despatches. Even Mr. Russell was regarded by the commanding officers in the Crimea with dislike and distrust. In his work, *THE GREAT WAR WITH RUSSIA*, he writes:

As I cleared the 80th Regiment, and was about fifty yards in front of the 55th Regiment, an officer rode out from a group and said, "General Pennefather wants to know who you are, and what you are doing here." I answered to the best of my ability; but the aide-de-camp said, "I think you had better come and see the General yourself." And so I did. "By, —, sir," exclaimed the General, when I had told him all I knew about myself, "I'd as soon see the devil. What on earth do you know of this kind of work, and what will you do when we get into action?" "Well, General," I answered, "it is quite true I have very little acquaintance with the business, but I expect there are a great many here with no greater knowledge of it than myself." He laughed. "Bedad, you're right. You're an Irishman, I'll be bound."

The feeling that the War Correspondent is a nuisance developed in later campaigns. During the early part of General Sheridan's operations in 1864 against the Confederate forces under General Jubal Early in the Shenandoah Valley, a War Correspondent named Forrester William fell into disgrace with the Federal commander, owing to some of his outspoken comments on the campaign. After one of these articles had appeared, he met Sheridan, who remarked, "So you have been making fun of me in your — newspaper!" "Fun, General?" "Yes; you told all about those confounded ambulances and paid no sort of respect to the commander of the army in which you are suffered to live." "There

was no exaggeration in my story, sir: you must admit that." "Admit h—ll!" cried Sheridan. "This business has got to stop. You are ordered to leave my department within twenty-four hours." "Well, General, you have just been made Commander of the United States Military Department," said the Correspondent. "Even if I go back to New York, I shall still be within the lines of your command." "Oh, go to the d—ll if you like! I don't care where you go," said Sheridan in anger. To which the Correspondent replied: "All right, General; but I am afraid I shall not be out of your department even with his Satanic Majesty." "Gentlemen, there is too much writing," said General Blumenthal to the English correspondents in the Franco-German War. "If this goes on, somebody will be shot. Will you come to breakfast, gentlemen?" This story describes, tersely and with humour, the present attitude of the military authorities everywhere towards the War Correspondent. The hospitality of the army is at his service; but he must not write.

There is a work called *THE SOLDIERS' POCKET-BOOK FOR FIELD SERVICE* which is very popular in the Army. It was written by Lord Wolseley in 1869 as a practical manual of the duties of a soldier in time of war, the books on the subject issued by the War Office being considered purely theoretical. Here is an extract from the latest edition of the book.

Travelling gentlemen, newspaper correspondents, and all that race of drones are an encumbrance to an army; they eat the rations of fighting men and do no work at all. Their numbers should be restricted as much as possible.

In pointing out the service which

spies can be made to render by spreading false news of the army in the field, Lord Wolseley also says :

The General Officer in Command should so keep his counsel that his army and even the staff round him should be not only in ignorance of his real intentions, but convinced that he aims at totally different objects from what are his true ones. Without saying so directly you can lead your army to believe anything; and as a rule in all civilised nations what is believed by the army will very soon be credited by the enemy, having reached him by means of spies, or through the medium of those newly invented curses to armies. I mean Newspaper Correspondents.

Under the heading *Use of Electric Telegraph*, Lord Wolseley, it must be acknowledged, gives unanswerable reasons, from the military point of view, for the censorship.

It is essential that all wires in the theatre of war should be in military possession, and that every telegraph office should be worked by military operators, no message being allowed over the wires from correspondents, officers or others, until it had been read and signed by the Press Censor. All important news from a seat of war is nowadays sent home by telegraph, and my experience tells me how necessary, for the sake of accuracy, if for no other reason, it is that all telegrams with news should be read over, and all sensational matter erased from them. Some men love to dwell on horrors, which, in many instances, are the creation of an imaginative brain that may be, perhaps, somewhat overwrought. It would be easy in many phases of every campaign to send home telegraphic messages that would create a panic without doing any good whatever. Not only should every telegram, but every page of it, and every correction made in it, should be signed by the Press Censor before any telegraphic operator should be authorised to send it forward.

However, Lord Wolseley recognises that so long as the British public's craze for sensational news remains as

it is now, the British General must tolerate the presence in the field of the newspaper correspondent. The following testimony to the reasonable and considerate manner in which the Censorship was exercised in his lordship's campaigns, is quoted from Mr. Henry Pearse, an experienced War Correspondent :

When Sir Garnet Wolseley wrote of war correspondents as "those curses of modern armies in the field," he was not reasoning from any actual experiences, but rather conjuring up a picture of the pass to which things might come if a whole host of correspondents were to follow troops on a campaign, and be free to telegraph under no control save that of their own sense of responsibility. To the credit of the distinguished soldier I have just mentioned, it must be said that he,—the first to impose military censorship on correspondents in a campaign—was most scrupulous in his exercise of the powers it conferred. For myself, and for others who served on Lord Wolseley's staff in the Nile Expedition, I can say, without hesitation and without fear of contradiction, that the duties of censorship then were performed with absolute impartiality and a courteous desire to free the necessary formality from everything that might well make it irksome. Comments, however unfavourable, were allowed to pass intact so long as they did not violate the ordinary rules of discretion, or convey any meaning that might be subversive of discipline. Censorship in that form cannot be regarded as a hardship, or anything more than a disagreeable necessity.

Yet we have been told by another War Correspondent, who went through the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, that owing to the Censorship he was compelled to confine his despatches to fine writing about the stars and the refracted rays of the burning desert. He had a peremptory telegram from his editor to give up stargazing and send home news; and on showing the message to the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolseley replied with a smile: "That is most

unreasonable of the editor. You could not write about anything so safe as the stars."

It is conceivable that, in certain circumstances, an indiscreet War Correspondent might, in the absence of a censorship, publish matter which in the interest of the army ought not to be disclosed. For instance, he might prematurely disclose some part of the plan of campaign, or reveal details of fortifications and defences, or the weak points and shortcomings in supplies and transport; and the information might reach the enemy in time to enable them to take advantage of it. During the Crimean War Mr. Russell, in his letters to *THE TIMES*, exposed the stupidity and incapacity displayed in the management of the campaign, the disorganisation of the commissariat department, and the terrible sufferings which, as a consequence, the army endured. We now know from Kinglake's *HISTORY OF THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA*, that Lord Raglan wrote to the War Office at home, complaining that the newspaper letters written from his own head-quarters' camp, conveyed the very kind of information of the state and condition of the troops which the enemy most required. Mr. Russell also mentions that, during the siege of Sebastopol,—

Lord Raglan sent the Judge-Advocate O'Maine, who was a personal friend of mine, to my tent to point out that, in a letter which I had sent to *THE TIMES*, information was given to the enemy of a most compromising character,—namely, the use made of a windmill within our lines as a magazine for the storage of gunpowder and projectiles. I replied that my letter was written before the bombardment, the first bombardment of October 17th, 1854, which everyone then in camp expected would have been followed by the immediate fall of Sebastopol, and that when the letter was written I believed that the place would have been in our hands long before the

despatch could have reached London, and certainly long before the paper containing it could have returned to the Crimea.

It is a curious fact that the first idea of a censorship should have emanated from a War Correspondent, for Mr. Russell goes on to relate :

I said that I was sorry that the calculation of the hypothesis was unfounded, and added : "So little am I inclined to take responsibility upon military matters of that kind, that I will in future submit,—or I am quite prepared to send—my letters to head-quarters before they are posted, to be read by Lord Raglan, or any officer he may chose to appoint; but, in that case, I shall be obliged to state to the editor that, in order to avoid doing a mischief to the military situation I have been obliged to take this course." That offer was declined.

Under Sir Colin Campbell in India matters went better. On joining the Army before Cawnpore in February, 1858, Mr. Russell was at once admitted to an interview with the Commander-in-Chief, and found him most cordial and frank. "Now, Mr. Russell," said Sir Colin, "I'll be candid with you. We shall make a compact. You shall know everything that is going on. You shall see all my reports, and get every information that I have myself, on the condition that you do not mention it in camp or let it be known in any way, except in your letters to England." "I accept the condition, sir," was the answer; "and I promise you it shall be faithfully observed." The conditions under which war is waged have, however, changed since then; it must also be added that there are correspondents and correspondents.

In the prospectus of *THE DAILY GRAPHIC* there was published a vivid picture intended as a prophetic illustration of the methods of the War Correspondent of the future. He was

depicted seated in a light wheeled carriage, galloping furiously amid a storm of shot and shell over a battlefield and unwinding, as he proceeded, a telegraphic wire which, connected with the nearest field telegraph-station, brought him into direct communication with the office in London, and thus enabled him to transmit a thrilling account of the dreadful fray from its roaring, sanguinary centre. But that prophetic illustration is destined never to be realised. The invention of deadly weapons of appalling range and precision and the far-reaching extent of a modern battlefield, have rendered that striking picture impossible of realisation. Never again, perhaps, will the War Correspondent bring his readers, as it were, to an eminence overlooking the scene of the conflict, as he was so often successful in doing during the Franco-Prussian War, and show them masses of men mad with the ferocity of war blazing at each other at close range or using the bayonet and clubbed rifle in a hand-to-hand conflict. In the battles of the Boer War the advancing British line was thinly extended along miles of ground, and the bullets came from invisible foes in hills and ravines. General Buller's words, in his memorable despatch announcing his check at Colenso and his inability to relieve Ladysmith in December, 1899, are most remarkable: "I do not think we saw a gun or a Boer all day; but the fire brought to bear on us was very heavy." How is the War Correspondent successfully to grasp the salient incidents of a situation so bewildering?

But of all the tremendous difficulties which the new conditions of warfare have produced to hamper the correspondent in his work, the worst is the muzzle in the hands of the Censor. The public now gets just

such war intelligence as the commanding officer thinks fit to give. If things are going smoothly the censorship is relaxed: the correspondent is permitted to chronicle victories in any terms and at any length he pleases; but in periods of difficulty and stress only the very baldest statements of fact are allowed to go through. Press despatches embody then not what the correspondents want to say, but what the General wishes to have said. At all times the messages of the correspondents are only passed after the last word about an action has been telegraphed home by the officer in command.

The correspondents who went through the Boer War returned home full of indignation of the rigorousness, inconsistency, and capriciousness of the censorship, especially in the latter stages of the campaign when Lord Kitchener was Commander-in-Chief—and with many curious and amusing stories of their experiences. *THE TIMES* representative writes:

On one occasion I had submitted a telegram to a censor at 12 o'clock mid-day, and had had the satisfaction of seeing it "passed" and, as I supposed, on its way to the instrument. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon I received a visit from the censor, who informed me that there was more to be read into my telegram than appeared at first sight, and he did not "quite like it." We read that telegram over together, but could not discover any clause on which to fasten the official veto. What was to be done? The conscientious censor was silent and re-read the telegram. At last a solution of the difficulty was found. Would I consent to the alteration of two words, "no doubt" to "doubtless"? I consented, and the telegram was despatched. Yet, again, a telegram was delayed in order to point out to me, some time after I had left the telegraph office, that, as it stood, my message "would not do." I could not think of any suitable alteration. The censor (a

different one from that just mentioned), however, had a suggestion ready. He objected to the phrase "vigorous prosecution of hostilities"; would I substitute "energetic continuation of the war"? I did. Had the campaign lasted another three months, it would have been incumbent on the War Office to issue a manual entitled *HINTS ON STYLE AND DICTION FOR WAR CORRESPONDENTS*.

It is useless to call in question the right of belligerents to exercise the most stringent control over news transmitted from the seat of war. Nations do not go to war for the sake of the newspapers. Military considerations must be paramount to the desire of the newspapers to keep their readers quickly and fully informed of the progress of a campaign, and despite the complaints and grumblings of the correspondents, officers commanding in the field will take what measures they deem necessary to ensure the secrecy of their plans, and that only their own particular gloss shall appear on the news that is published. Indeed, the Russians and Japanese have both taken measures which tend to the abolition of the War Correspondent altogether. We read in a despatch from Moscow: "The newspaper correspondents accredited to the Russian forces left here for Mukden yesterday. They bind themselves not to divulge news respecting the results of engagements with the enemy or the losses suffered by the Russians or information which may awaken public uneasiness."

THE TIMES made arrangements for the first use of wireless telegraphy in war correspondence. It chartered the British steamer *HAIMUN*, of eighteen hundred tons, on which the De Forest wireless telegraph apparatus was installed, to cruise in the Yellow Sea under the British flag with its Special Correspondent, as a basis of observation and as a mobile telegraph-station, from which news

might be transferred uncensored from the high sea to the receiving station at Wei-hai-Wei on British territory, and thence forwarded by cable, still free of the blue pencil of the Censor, Russian or Japanese, to London. But the Japanese have objected to the cruising of the *HAIMUN* within the parts of the sea in which they have established an effective blockade, and the Russians, with an even greater lack of sympathy for the public, have threatened to treat THE TIMES correspondent as a spy if he should be arrested within the zone of the operations of their fleet.

War Correspondents went out in swarms to Tokio, on the way, as they thought, to the front; but they were left stranded, high and dry in the Japanese capital. They were allowed to learn as little as possible of the progress of the war. Here is an amusing despatch from THE TIMES representative:

General Fukushima, of the General Staff, to-day informed the foreign correspondents here that yesterday a force began to land on the Liantung Peninsula. The correspondents asked the General where and in what strength the landing was being effected. General Fukushima merely smiled, whereupon the correspondents asked again: "Are they landing in the east, west, north, or south?" "Out of the skies, from heaven," replied the General.

The silence of the Russo-Japanese war is really appalling. We are told by the correspondents that at one point the roar of guns are heard in the distance, and that at another columns of smoke are seen ascending. That is all we learn until the bald official despatches arrive from Tokio and St. Petersburg. Does this denote the end of war correspondence by newspaper representatives? "I was at its birth," said Sir William Russell recently. "Now I am at its grave-side."

BUREAUCRATIC LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

PARODYING a famous resolution passed by the House of Commons a century ago, our local rates have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished. Stated in general terms, the amount raised by rates has more than doubled within twenty-five years. Formerly, they amounted to about one-sixth of the rental; now, they are nearly one-half, in most places, while in some they exceed that proportion. The incidence varies with localities, according to the amount of pauperism and to the enterprise, or temerity, of local officials in undertaking constructive works and in embarking on municipal trading. In the London area the annual impost ranges from five shillings and twopence at Surbiton, to six shillings at Wimbledon, seven at Hornsey, eight and fourpence at Enfield, nine and threepence at Leyton, ten and twopence at West Ham, and ten and sixpence at Edmonton, with intervening amounts for other districts. This is the case, notwithstanding the system of equalisation of rates for Poor-Law purposes. The average for the whole of London has grown within a little more than a decade from four and a penny to six and twopence in the pound on the assessment.

In provincial towns the discrepancy is also marked. In Liverpool the rates are six and tenpence, in Portsmouth six and fourpence, in Manchester six and twopence, with a special shilling rate for that white elephant the Ship Canal, which amount is levied on owners of property. The local rates in Derby are five and ninepence, in

Stockport five and fivepence, in Newcastle four and tenpence, and in Barrow-in-Furness four and eightpence. Taking the whole of England and Wales, the average in 1875 was three and fourpence; it is now over five and a penny. Assessments have largely increased. In the metropolis the rateable value has grown in twenty-five years from twenty-one millions to thirty-eight millions, and the amount raised is nearly thirteen millions, against five and a half. In other words, while the former is eighty per cent. more, the amount actually raised has increased one hundred and thirty-five per cent., owing to the enhancement in rateable value. Nor is this all. Payments out of the Exchequer, that is, from the proceeds of Imperial taxes, in aid of local administration, amounted to eleven millions in 1902-3, the date of the last Return. Of this, no less a sum than a million and a half was levied in the form of additional duties on intoxicating liquors.

It must be remembered, also, that, in addition to direct payments in the guise of subsidies or grants-in-aid from the taxes, the public has to bear the heavy and growing burden of rates and taxes levied upon the railways of the United Kingdom. The sum was no less than £4,228,000 in 1902, the date of the last completed Return. The levy has nearly doubled in ten years, though the increase in mileage is comparatively insignificant. Every parish through which a railway passes exacts a heavy toll, and the tendency is to increase the burden upon such corporations, so as to re-

lieve other owners and occupiers of property. Costly litigation is perpetually waged between the companies and the local authorities, especially at quinquennial valuations, over the amount of assessments. One effect of these disputes, and of the heavy imposts for rates, is to lessen the dividends by increasing the fixed charges. Another, and to a much more serious extent, is that the cost of conveying passengers and goods is enhanced. Hence all who use the lines have to suffer. In three cases, where no dividends were paid on the ordinary stock, the companies contributed £280,000 to rates and taxes. Beyond all this, there is the perpetual dead-weight on unproductive capital, arising from the extortions of great landowners, who, according to the late Mr. Samuel Laing, M.P., used their legislative influence to exact fifty millions more than the market value of the land acquired.

The latest summary of Local Taxation Returns for England and Wales was issued in April, 1904, and deals with 28,322 separate local authorities. They received during the year £121,554,966, or nearly ten millions more than in the preceding year. Of this sum, 38·2 per cent. came from rates, 10·3 per cent. from Imperial taxes allocated, 12·6 per cent. from water, gas, electricity and tramway undertakings, and 28·3 from loans. This item is significant and monitory. Sir Samuel Provis, Secretary to the Local Government Board, when giving evidence in June, 1903, before the Joint Committee of Lords and Commons on Municipal Trading, stated that the local debts of England and Wales were £316,704,000. The latest Return, it should be said, gives them as £343,416,582. He added that they were £92,820,000 in 1875, which sum was nearly doubled (£173,207,000) in 1885, and

further expanded to £262,617,000 in 1895. Stated in another form, the local indebtedness rose from £3 18s. 3d. per head in 1875 to £9 16s. 5d. in 1903, just as the average amount of rates levied increased within the same period from 16s. 2d. to £1 8s. 6d. per head. Including Scotland and Ireland, the returns for which are incomplete, the gross total exceeds four hundred millions, or more than half the amount of the National Debt.

In certain cases, however, the local debt per head is largely in excess of the average. In Huddersfield it is £31 10s., in Manchester £30 15s., in Birmingham £23, in Halifax £21 15s., in Blackburn £21, in Nottingham £18 15s., in Stockport £18, in Bolton £17 5s., in Leeds £16 15s., and in Liverpool £16. Some of these places have an unenviable notoriety for the amount of their indebtedness. Manchester leads the van with nearly seventeen millions, followed by Glasgow with twelve and a quarter, by Birmingham with twelve, and by Liverpool with eleven millions. Leeds has seven and a quarter millions, Sheffield five and three-quarters, Bradford five, Nottingham four and a half, Leicester three and a third, Bolton three, and a number of other places range down to a million. One aspect is somewhat ominous for lenders, who, naturally, look to the rates as security. Viewed in relation to assessable value, the debts exceed it six and a half times at Huddersfield; they are more than fivefold at Birmingham, Blackburn, Halifax, Manchester, and Rochdale; fourfold at Bolton, Bradford, Leeds, Nottingham, Oldham, Sheffield, and Stockport; while the debt is twice or thrice the assessable value in many other places.

The growing desire of municipal authorities to embark on trading undertakings is responsible for about

one-half of the aggregate indebtedness in England and Wales. The exact proportion is 48·5 per cent. This subject has been exhaustively discussed of late in the columns of *THE TIMES* and elsewhere, and need not be entered upon here. The other moiety of debt has been incurred for Poor Law purposes, asylums, municipal buildings, highways, street improvements, and sewage works. The points specially demanding attention are that fatal facilities are given for borrowing; that the Local Government Board, instead of being a check upon expenditure, stimulates and enforces it; that perfunctory enquiries are held; and that the time permitted for repayment is unreasonably restricted. Thirty years is the usual limit, which is extended to forty or fifty for certain purposes and in special circumstances. But a much longer period should be allowed in matters of permanent improvement, as in great structural works, and especially in the acquisition of land. The present generation, and even the one succeeding, should bear only its own fair quota towards the cost of what will be an abiding benefit for a century or longer. Owing to the limitations as to the period fixed for loans, about one-sixth of the amount of the rates is absorbed by interest and in repayment of the principal by instalments.

The charge that the Local Government Board fosters and compels outlay for local purposes is a serious one; it is part of a much wider question that demands notice. The modern tendency is for the controlling departments in Whitehall to become more and more bureaucratic and oligarchic. Clauses are foisted into Acts of Parliament by which permanent officialism arrogates legislative as well as executive functions. Provisional orders, rules of procedure,

methods of appointments, scales of remuneration and of pensions, forms of accounts, sanitary and building regulations, and incessant interference with the minutiae of daily routine, have all the force of law. In the War Office and the Admiralty, in the Customs and Inland Revenue Departments, in the Board of Trade and in the Post Office, in the Treasury and in the Board of Education, in the Home Office and in every branch of the Civil Service, illustrations are furnished of the excessive tendency to centralise. The official mind is in danger of being given over to a caste feeling as real and intense as that prevalent in India. An appetite for authority is insatiable; the more grist supplied to the official mill, the more does it want to grind. Information is requested, complaints are forwarded for remarks, interrogatories are administered, petty infractions of Standing Orders are indicated, minutes without end are drafted, schemes are devised, and rules laid down on an endless diversity of subjects. The latest exhibition of this tendency is supplied in the Licensing Bill, introduced into the House of Commons on April 20th, 1904. It is therein provided that, should the compensation awarded by Quarter Sessions for a suppressed licence not be accepted, the Inland Revenue Department shall settle the amount and divide it among the recipients.

This is the general trend of modern officialism. The Board of Trade, for example, which is an impersonal body whose members never meet, takes cognisance of such miscellaneous matters as railways and fisheries, bankruptcy and patents, labour and trade marks, the winding-up of companies and the registry of seamen, standards, and harbours. It employs numerous well-paid inspectors and statistical officers, in

addition to a large clerical staff. Edicts are issued for the construction of light railways, for the regulation of motor-cars, for disputes arising between capital and labour, and for a variety of questions affecting commerce and industry on land and sea. The mercantile world is by no means enamoured with the official system, especially in bankruptcy, where, it is alleged, the delays are interminable and the expenses out of all proportion to the financial results secured for creditors. When derelict limited companies are once suffered to drift into the stagnant pool of officialism, they usually remain there, water-logged, until there is nothing left to divide. Delinquents on a huge scale are often permitted to escape, but an example is sometimes made of the smaller fry. The scandalous cases of the Balfour, the Hooley, and the Whitaker Wright groups of companies are painfully fresh in public memory.

The Home Office furnishes many illustrations in its dealings with factories and workshops, with explosives and mines, with prisons, reformatories, and industrial schools, and with its other far-reaching powers. One instance must suffice. In 1900 the pay of the Metropolitan Police was increased £70,000 per annum by a stroke of the official pen, without any mention being made of it in Parliament, and of course without any reference to the unfortunate rate-payers who have to find the money. With the exception of the square mile in the limits of the City Corporation, nearly six millions of Londoners are denied any control over the quasi-military force for which they are required to pay. They cannot exercise even the slight measure of authority permitted to a number of petty provincial boroughs. The cost of the Metropolitan Police, number-

ing about fifteen thousand, is now over two millions per annum, and the disbursement rests solely with the officials of the Home Office, acting in the name of the Home Secretary. This is exclusive of £173,539, the cost of the City of London Police. During the last few months a grant of three shillings a week has been made in the same way to constables not living in the numerous and hideous police barracks that have been erected, because of the enhanced rents of small houses in certain parts of London. In like manner, a period of twenty-five years was fixed, virtually by an edict of the Home Office, and embodied in a Statute in 1890, as entitling a constable to claim a pension, which, in the case of the lowest grade, is one pound a week. As the age of men joining is usually from twenty to twenty-five, it follows that some hundreds retire every year, at a time of life when they are in their prime; with the result that they compete on unfair terms for numerous posts with civilians who have no pensions, but who find the money. The total number of police pensioners in the Metropolitan force, according to the Return last year, was 6,612, and the cost was £389,093. The Home Office also keeps a tight check upon the Municipal and County Constabulary, 28,496 in number, by means of the Exchequer contributions, amounting to £1,211,534, out of a total cost of £3,194,563. This is in addition to £375,298 for pensions, nearly half of which comes from the Exchequer grants. These can be withheld by official caprice, and are used to carry out semi-military ideas, and to create a force which ought to be kept strictly and solely under the control of local authorities. Yet the Home Office is, or professes to be, powerless to protect the public in cases of police

tyranny, or to protect constables against vindictive superiors; startling instances of both of which wrongs have recently appeared in the columns of *THE TIMES*.

This inspection craze, like the examination craze, has become a positive nuisance. The country is in danger of being inspected to death. Soon we shall be unable to perform the simplest daily functions without having first obtained an official permission. We are threatened with a return, under other forms, to the Plantagenet times when the price of food, the style of dress, the rates of pay and hours of work, the conditions of manufactures and trades, the forms of belief, and the modes of worship were prescribed by authority, and the least divergence was severely punished. Sir Arthur Helps, himself an official person, but of the wiser sort, has some judicious remarks on this score in the sixth chapter of *THOUGHTS UPON GOVERNMENT*, which the modern spirit of bureaucracy would do well to lay to heart. The concluding sentences may be quoted, after the lapse of thirty-three years :

When you come to look at the thing closely, "central authority" means four or five clever and able men, with a staff of secretaries and clerks, and perhaps with a body of inspectors, who are skilled persons in their several departments of knowledge. But, taken altogether, an office which has perhaps a great name and great authority, is, after all, not a body competent to rule or manage local affairs in detail, and can only give judicious advice, and, in rare cases, judicious aid, to the local authority, which must do the work which properly belongs to it.

If these sagacious and practical counsels had been followed in recent policy, we should have been spared such incidents as the fourteen members of the Shoreditch Borough Council who were surcharged £6,198 last September by the auditor of the

Local Government Board, because, in the exercise of their judgment, and acting, as they honestly believed, in the interests of the ratepayers, they reduced by that sum the amount proposed to be raised by the Financial Committee, and therefore the expenditure was in excess. Nor would the necessary and beneficent work of the London County Council be cramped and hindered, and sometimes frustrated, by unseemly contests with Government departments, and by vexatious and expensive opposition before Parliamentary Committees. During the first fourteen years of its existence the Council had to expend no less than £263,836 in Parliamentary procedure, and various works of public utility have had to be modified, postponed, or abandoned, on account of official indifference or antagonism. In like manner, we have had the notorious Cockerton decision, now known to have been designed as a prelude to the Education Act of 1902. That Act put an end to the anomalous functions of the Vice-President of the Council, and the conflicting authority of the Science and Art Department, and created, in name, a Board of Education, which is the latest apotheosis of permanent officialism and triumph of bureaucracy. Several eminent public servants were pensioned off, as unsuited for the purposes of reaction; and the country beholds the new system, naked and not ashamed.

Besides the two main grievances urged by Nonconformists, of payment without due control, and of the exclusion of teachers from so many schools, there is the grave objection that the Act is being administered in the narrowest bureaucratic spirit. This is always characteristic of class rule, and is the great enemy of democratic government. The carefully considered decisions of School

Boards (recently swept away) as to sites or necessary details of management, have often been contemptuously over-ruled by paid permanent officials, writing in the name of "My Lords," or as "the Education Department." They now sign themselves "the Board of Education," and their treatment of various Welsh County Councils, in capriciously postponing "the appointed day," because of refusals to submit to bureaucratic rule, shows what the country has to expect. Ruthlessly has the Revised Code, annually issued by the Whitehall satraps, over-ridden the opinions of experienced educationists as to the subjects to be taught in the schools, the time to be allotted to each, and every detail of school management. Such treatment disgusted and alienated many sincere friends of education. If School Boards failed to accomplish what was expected, although their genuine and beneficent work cannot be forgotten, it was because the best members became weary of the red-tape of officialism. Practical matters on which they decided, after taking counsel with experienced teachers, were continually condemned or ignored by My Lords on the whim of officials.

An outward and visible sign of the enormous increase of centralisation is the growth of the huge caravanserais of Government offices in Westminster. Millions of money have been swallowed up in bricks and mortar in this way during the last quarter of a century, and there appears to be no limit. The clerical staff displays marvellous elasticity, and the expense of administration and supervision is alarming. The cost of the departments having the control of local affairs is as follows: Local Government Board £221,907, Home Office £156,490, Board of Trade £314,395, Board of Agriculture £113,288, Board of Education £171,634, Charity Commission

£50,312, Lunacy Commission £15,061, Public Works Loan Board £10,698, Woods and Forests £21,860, and Works and Public Buildings £67,200. In Scotland the administrative expenses of the Education Department are £57,982, and of the Local Government Board £15,157. In Ireland the latter body absorbs £62,690, the Education Department £25,097, and the Public Works Board £38,053; making a grand total of a million and a quarter. Without attempting to enter further upon the wide inquiry as to how far other departments of State are obnoxious to the charge of excessive bureaucracy, it will suffice to show that it is exemplified in an astounding degree by the Local Government Board, known before 1871 as the Poor Law Board. Its old functions are perpetuated and greatly extended under the new designation. Local administrators, elected by the ratepayers, are hampered and restrained by Consolidated Orders, which, like the Revised Codes of the Board of Education, and the regulations of the Boards of Trade and of Agriculture and those of the Charity Commissioners, are being perpetually changed, and always in the direction of more control. To a very large extent Guardians and Rural Councils merely have to register and carry into effect the decrees of Whitehall. Everything has to be done after a prescribed pattern.

Nominally, the Local Government Board consists of a President, associated with the Lord President of the Council, the Secretaries of State, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Lord Privy Seal. They never meet as a Board, and never have met. The President, who does not preside, is a mere figurehead who vacates his post with every change of Ministry. The permanent officials set and keep in motion the machinery; and some high-placed personage, speaking in the

name of a verbal abstraction, but armed with absolute powers, dictates to local authorities throughout the kingdom, who are inspected, circumscribed, controlled, audited, counselled, directed, and checked in endless ways. A large corps of inspectors and auditors is maintained, with excellent salaries and a generous allowance for expenses. Their powers are considerable, not to say autocratic, and though an appeal lies to the Board (meaning thereby, it must be reiterated, the permanent officials) the "fellow feeling" which "makes us wondrous kind," cannot fail to operate. Nothing is alleged against them personally. They are honourable gentlemen, zealous and efficient in the public service; but the official mind, in every ruling department, seems to be profoundly convinced that the people of the United Kingdom exist to be regulated, examined, minutated, written upon, added up, and taxed.

The enormous powers of the Local Government Board were enlarged by the County Council Act of 1888, and by the Act of 1899 dividing the metropolis into boroughs. These and similar measures are fenced round, weighted down, and permeated by the controlling action of this phantom Board, and, in a smaller degree, by the Home Office and the Treasury. Power is given to determine boundaries, to fix the number of aldermen and councillors, and to prescribe rules as to elections. Provisional orders of a sweeping character are made, transferring powers under Local Acts, or from other authorities and Government departments. By a single stroke of the official pen nearly fifty additional functions were imposed on the County Councils, to their great bewilderment. In the Act creating those bodies, seventy times over do such phrases occur as: "under the direction of the Local Government Board," or "in such

manner as the Board shall prescribe," or "with the previous consent of the Local Government Board." At every turn its acquiescence or certificate, or that of the Treasury, or of a Secretary of State, is required. In like manner the London Government Act of 1899 is largely operative under similar control, or by an Order in Council, which places supreme authority in the hands of a secret and irresponsible body, who, once appointed, are practically there for life.

Interferences and enforcements on the part of the Local Government Board are seen in a marked degree in the construction of huge and costly workhouses, infirmaries, asylums, and hospitals which are disfiguring the landscape all over the country. The buildings and all the appointments are completed regardless of cost. The money is drawn from the pockets of the ratepayers, who have no voice in the matter. Numerous instances and proofs of this might be cited. A concrete illustration is supplied by the County Borough of Croydon, which has just been compelled, under pressure, to erect at Warlingham a new lunatic asylum, or, as official pedantry designates it, a Mental Hospital. This was opened last July, with much parade and self-glorification, by the local authorities and their officials. The hundred and forty thousand inhabitants of the borough, who have to provide the money, are not so jubilant. The original idea was to spend about £120,000; after some four years of work, with repeated additions and modifications, the amount actually expended up to the present time is £236,159, and it is anticipated that the total cost will be a quarter of a million. The Local Government Board and the Lunacy Commissioners have insisted on the latest whims and crazes, and the ratepayers, like the patient ass in the fable, must bear the burden

as best they can. It is a poor consolation to them to be told that the place is far larger than the local requirements are likely to be for many years to come, and that outside patients can be taken in at a fixed charge. The spot selected is three miles from any railway station, thus adding immensely to the cost of construction, and entailing heavy charges for the future in the conveyance of patients and stores. Among the items of outlay are purchase of land £4,614, erection of buildings, £178,224, electric lighting £7,158, fencing £3,107, water, roads, sewage, and laying out grounds £15,660, cricket and recreation grounds £500, green-houses £428, tell-tale clocks and telephones £1,053, water-softening plant £857, furnishing and farm equipment £14,563, architect's commission £5,250, quantity surveyor's charges £2,587, clerk of the works £1,294, and so forth. It is to be hoped that the ratepayers enjoy having to pay the enormous bills; but Croydon is not singular in this respect.

Some time ago the favourite craze in Whitehall was for huge barrack schools for pauper children, several parishes being grouped for the purpose. One pet show place was Anerley, near the Crystal Palace, where the North Surrey District Schools accommodated about eight hundred children at a cost for each of thirteen shillings a week, including charges of every kind. Thousands of struggling ratepayers have not more than twice or thrice that sum on which to support themselves and their families. Another place of the kind was at Sutton, in Surrey, where nearly two thousand pauper children were cared for in a similar style and at a similar expense. That scheme has now been abandoned, the place sold, at a frightful loss, and the group of the Unions dissolved. But for years the Local

Government Board doggedly refused to make any change, resisted all reform, interposed an inexorable *Non possumus* to every suggestion, would not sanction the boarding-out system, and compelled Guardians to build more schools of the prescribed pattern. After repeated outbreaks of ophthalmia and other diseases, and after the ruinous cost and the worse than inutility of barrack life for children had been demonstrated, the high officials, while tolerating the system of boarding-out, are now favouring village schools on the family system, which threaten to be as costly as the barracks, and to perpetuate the pauper taint by isolating the children in a separate colony.

In some cases Boards of Guardians have wisely erected scattered cottage homes, each under the care of a foster-mother, where twenty or thirty boys and girls of various ages are properly housed and fed, dressed like other children of their class, and sent to the public schools daily. Perhaps this plan is the best, next to boarding-out properly supervised. But the official trend is now in favour of huge village communities, surrounded by a wall or a ring fence, and away from the ordinary channels of life. The result may be shown by a single instance. The Poplar Guardians, acting under the influence from Whitehall, have resolved to spend £144,000 (which probably means a good deal more) on the erection of village school buildings at Hutton, near Shenfield in Essex. These are to take the place of the condemned barrack schools at Forest Gate, and accommodation is to be provided for seven hundred children. Other Boards of Guardians have been incited to adopt a similar course. Such District Schools as remain are costly monuments of official folly. The creation of village communities

for pauper children, under the stimulus of the Whitehall authorities, has involved an initial outlay for land, buildings, and furnishing that ranges from £130 to £280 per head. This involves, of course, the provision of a numerous and expensive staff. The weekly cost, in some cases, is as much as twenty-three shillings per head, inclusive of all charges.

It might be reasonably supposed that local bodies, popularly elected, are best qualified to judge of the requirements of their respective neighbourhoods. So long as certain broad principles and general rules are observed, common-sense suggests that details should be left to the localities. Such, however, is not the practice. The elaborate Consolidated Orders are subject to ceaseless modifications and expansions, and to the glossaries of an interminable correspondence. Boards of Guardians and Urban and Rural Councils are kept in the tightest leading-strings. All their appointments must be submitted for approval and confirmation, and the most trivial regulation has to be framed after the rigid official pattern. Local knowledge, personal character, and collective experience must bend to the ukase issued. No change is permitted in the customary day or hour of meeting, in the dietary scale, in minor points of internal administration, in the maintenance of discipline, in the appointment or dismissal of officers, in salaries, pensions, or allowance, or in a score of other matters, without express permission. Only by such consent can incompetent or recalcitrant officials be got rid of, and even then the tendency is to insist upon a generous gratuity or pension. Officials are encouraged to appeal to the Local Government Board from the Guardians who have to provide the money for any emoluments assigned.

This subject of pay and allowance needs to be seriously considered. Relieving officers, for instance, are not usually drawn from a class of men who would be able to earn from three to four pounds a week in any ordinary pursuit, yet, after receiving such a salary, they can claim so many sixtieths of it, according to their length of service, though much of it may have been in other Unions. The scale is fixed by the Local Government Board, and Guardians have no option. The effect is to create a number of lucrative freeholds for life, although the recipients may be capable of years of further service. Masters and mistresses of workhouses, also, confidently look to the same source when they find it convenient to retire, although they may be in the prime of life, or when their relations with the Guardians who appointed them become strained. Medical officers of workhouses and infirmaries, having been in receipt of no inconsiderable salaries and fees, sometimes with houses, conservatories, gas, coals, and other perquisites, and no rates or taxes, come to regard a retiring allowance as their right, though they do not relinquish private practice.

The remuneration of public vaccinators has become a scandal. Appointed by the Guardians, they are subject to no local control. They can, and do, initiate police-court proceedings without the consent of their nominal masters, and even contrary to their wishes. The scale of payment is fixed by the Local Government Board, and, under recent small-pox panics, and the demand for re-vaccination, it swells to outrageous proportions. The public vaccinator is entitled to one shilling for every child registered or residing in his district who has not died or been vaccinated before the age of four months, or been exempted on medical or legal grounds.

A further fee of half-a-crown is payable by the Guardians for every person vaccinated at the public station, which is increased to five shillings when performed at home. The same scale holds good when scores or hundreds are treated in a day, and the effect is to enormously increase the amounts paid. In Marylebone one doctor recently claimed £2,249 for a single quarter. In Birmingham a doctor's fees rose from £279 to £1,549 last year. In South Shields Union the amount jumped within a year from £110 to £1,080, and it is the same in numberless places throughout the country.

Municipal officers, Poor Law clerks, relieving officers, sanitary inspectors, medical officers of health, day-school teachers and other functionaries, have formed themselves into powerful Trade Unions for mutual defence and for common attack upon the ratepayers' purse. No fewer than 36,870 persons, according to the Census of 1901, are employed by Municipal, Parish, and other Local and County bodies. In addition, a large but unknown number are partly employed. In cases of appeal against unjust assessment or against tyrannical acts on the part of officials, the costs, when the appeal is successful, fall, not upon the official wrong-doers, but upon the rates.

Complaints are often heard that persons of position and intelligence will not undertake the irksome and thankless duties of Poor Law Guardians and Parish Councillors, that many ratepayers are indifferent, and that fussy, incompetent, self-seeking men get themselves elected on such Boards, and on Town and Urban Councils, with an eye to serving their own in-

terests. Nothing but a strong sense of public duty can overcome the dislike felt by many for a task which is unpleasant and difficult in the best of circumstances. Add to these the petty interference with reasonable liberty of action, constant anxiety not to infringe any of the Consolidated or Provisional Orders, occasional conflicts with inspectors (not always gracious or considerate), endless correspondence with head-quarters on minute points of detail, perpetual liability to be surcharged for expenses legitimately incurred, and then no surprise need be felt that persons of self-respect and of conscious ability often decline to subject themselves to such worry and annoyance. A widespread feeling of dissatisfaction prevails throughout the country with the way in which the permanent officials treat the local authorities. It is a grave mistake to confer so much power upon any bureaucracy. Cabinet Ministers and private Members of Parliament in charge of important administrative or social measures, need to possess clear and decided opinions, and to be men of great force of character, in order to curb the tendency to excessive centralisation. Again admitting that many permanent clerks in Government departments are estimable, intelligent, and well-meaning according to their lights, they are not, as a rule, liberal-minded or open to conviction, willing to change or in sympathy with the masses. To hand over local affairs to a bureaucracy is utterly opposed to the spirit of the age, and it substitutes an insidious form of personal rule for representative government "of the people, by the people, for the people."

W. H. S. AUBREY.

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THE QUEEN'S MAN.

A ROMANCE OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

CHAPTER XIII.

JASPER TILNEY was cautious enough in locking up his prisoners, but in other ways he and his household were as careless as they were wild. Young Dick Marlowe rode hard without meeting a soul along the highway and through the fields, and arrived before the rambling old house to find the courtyard-gates open and not a man to be seen. He dashed in without drawing rein, only received by the loud angry barking of a dozen dogs, several of which rushed upon him fiercely. Throwing himself off his horse, he laid about him smartly with a whip he had snatched from Master Toste's stable. Then, warned by the noise, a serving-man came out on the steps that led to the great door.

Dick demanded to see Master Tilney in a manner all the more proud and swaggering that he was practically unarmed, having nothing defensive about him but this same whip and a small dagger at his belt.

"Ay, Master Tilney is within. Who wants him?" said the man, staring at the lonely young rider with curiosity and contempt.

"Go to your master, varlet," said Dick, "and tell him that Master Marlowe has come to visit him."

"Marlowe," the man repeated, staring harder. He turned and went back into the hall.

"Mannerless knave!" said Dick, and bounded up the steps after him.

Within the doors there was a clattering of trenchers and tin cups, as well as of hoarse voices that ceased as their owners listened to hear who was without, and why the dogs were barking.

"'Tis a young fellow riding alone, who asks for your worship," said the serving-man. "He calls himself Marlowe — Master Marlowe. He looks for all the world like a popinjay."

"Why 'tis the Popinjay!" shouted Jasper Tilney from the upper table where he sat with some of his Fellowship, the servants dining below, for the ways of King's Hall were old-fashioned. "The Popinjay," he repeated, and laughed loudly. "A bold rascal, truly! Fetch him in, Robin; he shall dine with us. Alone, say you?"

One of his friends began to growl, "We want no more Marlowes here." Another wondered if the lad had brought a ransom. All stared under fierce brows at young Richard, as he strode from the outer sunshine into the hall, where a great blazing fire lit up the long crowded tables, the blackened walls hung with arms and trophies, the heavy, cobwebbed beams of the dark roof.

Here were servants, male and female, men-at-arms, then those who passed for gentlemen, the wild Fellow-

ship of King's Hall, with Jasper Tilney himself, handsome, soldier-like, but fierce and savage-looking, standing up in the midst. Dick, a petted boy never away from his mother, had come from the refined civilisation of Swanlea to the simpler life of Ruddiford Castle, and there had met with what he thought hardships; but at King's Hall he reached a lower deep than he had known. Flourishing his cap in his hand, holding his curled head high, with eager eyes searching for Alice, yet glad in his heart not to find her in such company, he pranced up the hall, down which his host now came to meet him.

"Pretty babe! Look at his curls, and his cheeks like a lady's.—Not old enough to wear a sword, I say!—How did he get free of his mother's girdle!"

Such remarks as these attended the Popinjay, loudly enough to deepen the flush on his young face. Jasper stood squarely in front of him, devouring him with his eyes, which were not altogether unfriendly.

"You have ridden from Ruddiford!" he asked abruptly. "Your business with me—I can guess it—but sit you down first and eat with us. Here, Leonard, give your seat to this gentleman."

Leonard grunted, rising slowly from his place at the master's right hand. "Can the babe feed himself!" he muttered grimly in his beard.

"Sir, I thank you," said Richard to Jasper. "I have come to you on more errands than one." Jasper smiled slightly and nodded. Dick went on, not without a glance at the uninviting table, with its coarse lumps of bread, bowls of cabbage, and piles of repulsive-looking fish: "Of your kindness, Sir, let me share my brother Lord Marlowe's dinner in his prison."

Jasper stared and hesitated.

"Young man," growled Leonard, "you will get no better fare there. Bethink you, it is Lent, and we do not pamper our prisoners. We be all under the rule of Holy Church and Doctor Curley, the Vicar."

"Peace, Leonard," Jasper said impatiently. "Come your ways, then, Master Marlowe."

With a rough hand on Dick's shoulder, he led him to the staircase at the back of the hall. They mounted the rugged steps together, while those in the hall laughed as they went.

"Another of the brood—If I were Jasper—" such words reached Dick's quick young ears, but did not frighten him. This man Tilney did not seem to him odious or cruel. In his heart Dick rather admired the spirit of the rejected suitor who, as he now understood (for Alice had told him of her brother's ambition), had so daringly laid hands on his rival. Harry must be freed, of course, and such a marriage for Meg must always have been impossible; but Jasper need not be punished, thought this young judge, forgetting how utterly the house of Marlowe was now in Jasper's power. He was Alice's brother, and that changed the universe. The wild freebooter, in Dick's eyes, was almost brother and friend.

They climbed the full height of the stairs, and reached a narrow gallery of rat-eaten boards, where the roof slanted on their heads, and two or three low doors were fastened with enormous bolts. There Jasper turned suddenly on his companion. "And why do you risk yourself under my roof, young Sir!" he said.

"For two reasons, Master Tilney,—if there be risk, which I do not see," Dick answered, looking him boldly in the eyes. "I have come to ask your sister's hand in marriage,

and to demand my brother's freedom. You are not surprised by one request or the other. Where is your sister? I did not see her." Dick flushed, and his young eyes fell under Jasper's mocking stare.

"Truly," Jasper said, "you can do no less than ask her in marriage, as you were the means of sending her from Ruddiford Castle home to this dog-hole. Did you expect, then, to find her sitting among my Fellowship below?"

"Nay, I rejoiced to find her not there. But where is she?" Dick said, and his eyes wandered from one of those forbidding doors to another.

Jasper laughed. "She is safe," he said; "not under my roof, but not far away. No such hurry, my friend. You shall marry her"—with a tremendous oath—"you shall marry Alice Tilney, foolish sprig as you are, if my Lord your brother and my Lady your mother and all the powers of Lancaster and York say *No* together. I was debating how to catch you, Master Popinjay. You have put yourself into my hands, and if you be not in earnest, the worse for you. Alice, little fool, is mad on you, and swears she will have no other."

Dick smiled and shook his curls. "On my honour as a gentleman, I ask nothing better than to marry your sister, Master Tilney. I am of age to choose for myself."

"As to choice, you have none in the matter," Jasper answered coldly. "Now I leave you with my Lord for a time. But remember, his freedom, which you ask, depends on himself. He will swear a certain thing to me, or he will die and rot in the garret here."

"Nothing against his honour?" said Dick, grandly.

"That is for him to judge. He hath

not listened to me; he may listen to you. Give him good counsel."

Jasper stooped to the bolts on Harry's door, drew them back and pushed it open. At his nod and sign Dick walked into the room, which the morning sun lighted pleasantly and warmed a little.

Harry Marlowe was standing in the window, basking in the sun, and the remains of his miserable meal were on the table. As the door opened and shut, he did not at first take the trouble to turn his head. But being conscious that somebody was in the room, somebody smitten suddenly with a shyness that amounted to awe, and a silent agony, at sight of the poor prisoner, he looked round and saw the Popinjay.

Thin, white, and worn, wrapped in a long furred gown that Jasper had brought him, the noble Baron who had ridden away in December from Swanlea was hardly to be recognised. His dark hair was touched with grey; the last few days had done that, the days since he had seen Lady Marlowe's train passing along the valley. He had known something of despair, as day after day, hour after hour, went by, and there seemed to be no search, no rescue for him. Terrible pictures had been with him day and night; he began to be tempted to distrust everyone, even his step-mother's loyalty (for he knew he had offended her), even Meg's strength of mind, though never her love. Was there no way, none, out of this horrible labyrinth? None, it seemed, except by way of a promise he would not give, for the breaking of it would soil his honour for evermore.

"Dick, Dick!" Harry cried aloud; and as the boy ran forward and threw his arms about him, passionate tears of love and pity streaming from his eyes, the prisoner almost fainted from

the shock of surprise and joy. But in a few moments he recovered himself, and holding Dick at arm's length, asked him wildly if he came from Ruddiford.

"Ay, dear brother, from Ruddiford, and I bring a hundred messages from your lady-love," cried the Popinjay, swallowing his tears. "It was her wish to ride with me, to visit you and set you free—but we could not—a matter of a horse—and other things that I must tell you."

Harry laughed joyfully. "Dick, thou hast forgiven me, lad! Could mortal man resist? Didst think me disloyal? But you had not seen her, and you were a boy, it seems to me—a man now! whence the change?"

"Love, my brother, has wrought the change," said Dick, with a magnificent air. "Forgive you! Ay, and thank you, my Lord! But tell me, Harry, and quickly, what is this promise that Jasper Tilney asks of you, as the price of freedom?"

The prisoner's brow was clouded again. He let Dick's confession pass, at which the boy was slightly mortified. "A promise I will never give," he said. "Enough of me. What news from the war? What news of the Queen?"

"Why," Dick said, "I left Ruddiford rejoicing; good old Sir William mad with joy, crawling from his chair to proclaim it, trumpets sounding, bells ringing. Ask me for no more than the bare truth, for this is all I can tell you—the Queen victorious at St. Albans, the King free, Warwick fled. I do not know"—he was thinking of his mother, and debating—should he tell Harry all that would certainly displease him? He hesitated, and was silent.

Harry, flushed with joy once more, poured out questions, and Dick, while answering them as best as he could, went on thinking: "Poor Meg, sweet

Meg! The Queen's man, now as ever! Would Alice take a heart so divided? As for me, I care little for either of their Roses; give me thy sweet love, Alice—"

The boy's sudden absence of mind might have puzzled Harry Marlowe a little, had his thoughts been free to notice it. But their talk was suddenly and strangely interrupted.

There were sounds at the end of the room, where another garret joined Harry's, and the crazy dividing wall, roughly panelled, sloped against the empty fireplace. There were blows on the wall, as of some heavy instrument. Two rats rushed up from their hole under the broken hearthstone, and raced along the floor; birds screamed and fluttered in the chimney. There was a cracking and rending of wood, a rattling fall of plaster. A square yard of rotten panelling smashed forward in a cloud of dust upon the floor, and while the two men stood gazing, a slight hooded figure, armed with an iron bar, dived through the wreckage and rose to its height before them. Alice Tilney, flushed and dishevelled, found herself in Dick Marlowe's arms.

"By all that's holy, my Popinjay! Who is this lady, and what does it all mean?"

Harry stood and gazed at the couple, while Dick devoured his newfound love with kisses, and Alice struggled vainly to escape from him. "For shame, Sir! for shame, let me go!" she said hurriedly. "How came you here?"

"Nay, how came *you* here, my pretty house-breaker?" cried Dick. "Are you lodged next door? By heaven, your brother said you were not under this roof!"

"Peace, peace! I have a message to deliver."

She turned to Harry and made him a formal curtesy. "My Lord Mar-

lowe will not remember me," she said.

"Nay, fair lady, your pardon! I saw you at Ruddiford Castle on Christmas Eve. And I have heard your brother talk of you."

"You have a royal memory," Alice said, smiling. "Then give me credit for being a trusty messenger."

As she spoke, she held out Margaret's little letter. Harry bent his knee as he took it, and touched it with his lips. As he turned away to the window, and slowly traced the trembling characters, Alice watched him till her smile died; she drew in her breath with a quick sigh. It was with a pang of repentance that she thought of Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. Who had helped in the taking of this noble captive, if not she, bound then by a false loyalty and a love on which she now looked back with horror! But now she had done her best on the other side. She shivered with terror and gladness, thinking how nearly Lady Marlowe had made her a messenger of death. The Popinjay little knew what was in his love's mind, as with childish jealousy he tried to win back her attention. He put his arm round her neck and gently turned her head, so that she must look at him and not at Harry, absorbed with Meg's letter. Then he kissed her again and again.

"Oh, what brought you to this wild place?" she whispered, as soon as he would let her speak.

"Wild indeed! and I have had no dinner," said Dick, laughing in careless delight. "His worship offered me a seat and a trencher down below, but I liked neither the food nor the company. I asked to dine with Harry, but lo! nothing but bones. Explain now, how come you to be here? Faith, I'm dying to know!"

"Tell your story first," she said; "then you shall have mine. I am

mazed, Dick. Did your Lady Mother send you? She knows then that he is here?"

"'Twas Meg who told her. She came to her this very morning."

"She knew before that," Alice thought; but she only murmured, "Go on," and Dick in a low voice told her of his adventure with Margaret, and how she desired that Lord Marlowe should not return to Ruddiford.

"She is right," Alice said. "But if he were set free, no such counsel would keep him from her."

"He must and will be set free," Dick said confidently. "What—can Jasper give you to me in marriage, and keep my brother here like a rat in a hole? What is this he talks about promises? 'Tis not reasonable."

"Marriage!" Alice murmured, blushing scarlet. "'Tis true, last night, he was very angry, and swore he would catch you and marry us out of hand. But that cannot be—"

"Why not? Kiss me, love, and away with these sad looks. Now tell me quick, how did you reach us? I was ready with my dagger when you began to break in. I thought 'twas some rascal murderer on his way to Harry."

Alice laughed. "Jasper would not have me in the house," she said, "and so he sent me to dwell with our old Vicar, Doctor Curley, and his housekeeper, a good old dame who was once on a time my nurse. Well, you must know, when Jasper and I were children, we used to climb from the priest's house to the church roof, and there is one place where the boughs of a yew-tree make a bridge between the church and the great ivy on our wall. This too we climbed, and many an hour we spent on the roof of the house while folks went calling round the fields for us, and many a nest we found among the

chimneys. 'Tis not the first time I have scrambled down into this garret through the dormer window — the bars have fallen away, but a strong one lay ready to hand—and when I found my Lord was imprisoned here, with only lath and plaster between—”

“On my soul, you are a maid of spirit! I love you all the more. But we shall be married, hark you! Jasper's words to me—‘You shall marry her,’ says he, ‘if all the powers say nay.’”

“What is this about marrying, Richard?” Lord Marlowe's voice, stern and strong for a prisoner, broke in suddenly on the lovers' talk. “Enough of this trifling, foolish boy,” he said. “Come and talk of graver things—of public affairs—but first, Master Tilney must and shall set me free now, for I will ride to Ruddiford, if the gates of hell are between. Tell me first, Dick—You two, my friends, why do you look one upon another? There is some evil news, and you have not told me.”

“Listen, brother,” Dick said.

Harry flung himself into a chair, holding his hand over his heart, where Meg's letter lay. Dick had just begun, “'Tis Mistress Roden's desire that when you are free, you should ride straight to the Queen and not return to Ruddiford”—when Jasper burst the door roughly open and marched in, followed by two men carrying chains.

The horrible rattle turned Alice pale, and made young Dick's eyes burn and his colour rise. Only Harry, slightly turning his head, looked at the men with an unmoved countenance.

Jasper's wild eyes rested on the group, and he laughed coarsely, and swore an angry oath.

“'Tis time you two were wed,” he growled. “If 'twere worth while,

sister, I would shut you up where this old jackdaw play of yours would be stopped with a vengeance. Watch your wife, Master Marlowe, or she may break walls and climb roofs too often to please you. Now, the church is ready, the priest is waiting, and in a fine fluster too, for the bride was in his charge, and he and his dame have lost her. No gay dressing, Alice—face and hands rusty—no repentance, Master Popinjay—'tis too late now. Fasten those chains to my Lord's wrists; he shall witness the marriage, and after that we will make our bargain, he and I.”

To this both Harry and Dick had hasty answers to make. The younger, furious at the very sight of the chains, took them violently from the man who held them, and flung them across the room; the elder, without noticing the treatment intended for himself, said a few plain and angry words to Master Tilney as to forcing a marriage on his young brother without his mother's consent or his own. The chains remained where Dick threw them; but Harry's remonstrances were wasted on the air. Jasper roughly linked his arm in his, and led his prisoner down the stairs, across the court and the churchyard, in at a low side-door of the church. Harry's head swam as he passed through the fresh cool air, and he leaned a little heavily on his enemy's arm.

The light struck down through the stately painted windows, and played in many colours on the armed crowd in the choir. The Fellowship were there in force, and their manners in the church were not much better than in the hall. The old priest, with his white hair and rich vestments, was ready to marry Alice Tilney, the only female descendant of the ancient house who had helped to build the church, whose tombs, freshly cut and coloured, adorned its chancel, to the

pretty boy whose mother had meant him to be the Lord of Ruddiford.

It was the strangest wedding ever known at King's Hall, a haunt of bachelors where weddings were few. Doctor Curley muttered his part through as quickly as he might, far from satisfied with what he was doing, fearing some vengeance from the Marlowe family, but incapable of disobeying Master Tilney. By an odd inconsistency, he and the Fellowship were strong supporters of the Church, regular at mass and at confession. It was a queer old man who had the charge of these tough consciences ; but a less accommodating priest would not have remained a month in peace at King's Hall.

Jasper had promised the priest that Lord Marlowe should be there, and there he was ; pale, dishevelled, the strangest guest at a wedding, with angry eyes which yet softened when they fell on either the bridegroom or the bride. He and Jasper stood close together behind them, the nearest relations, the chief witnesses, and then came the motley throng, the population of King's Hall ; women of a far lower type than the men ; even dogs that crawled in behind their masters.

Suddenly, in the very middle of the service, a noise in the churchyard announced a fresh arrival. The south door opened and shut with a clang ; and a man came swiftly up the aisle, and pushed his way to the very front of the congregation. Alice started and looked round, at the very moment when her hand lay in Richard Marlowe's. Her eyes met those of Antonio.

The Fellowship knew him, and a low laugh ran round. Jasper gave him a furious glance, stretched out his hand and laid it on Lord Marlowe's shoulder. What was the Italian doing here ? Had he any designs on his prisoner ?

"Stay a moment, Sir Vicar," said Antonio. "What do you here all of you ? This is not a lawful marriage. Master Marlowe, you are not of an age to marry without my Lady your mother's consent. Think of her wrath, Sir ; think of your family."

"The chief of my family is here," said Dick. "Go on, Sir Priest. This fellow has no authority from my mother, for she knows nothing."

"Nay, Richard, the chief of your family is here by constraint," Harry began, yet half unwillingly ; but Antonio hurried on, even pressing close up to the bridegroom and laying on him a hand which he shook off angrily. "Sir, my Lady has sent me to search for you. I pray you, Sir, for her sake ; and Mistress Alice knows—"

He looked her in the face with an extraordinary expression. She trembled and turned away. Had this man ever loved her, as she, foolish girl, had loved him ? Was it hatred, threatening, triumph — what was it that gleamed in his pale face, now that his own mischievous intrigue had reached an end she could not believe he had intended ? What would become of her, if he pushed himself between her and Richard now ? She shrank back with a slight cry. Her brother turned to Leonard, and signed to him to take his place beside Lord Marlowe. "Go on with your work, Father," he said, and grasped Antonio by the collar.

The Fellowship laughed aloud, as their leader strode down the church, dragging the Italian with him. Once more the heavy doors swung open, and Antonio was flung out upon the grass of the churchyard, with a parting kick to speed his departure. All this Jasper did without a word, then clanged the door back and bolted it in the faces of the men who had come with Antonio.

There was no further interruption to Alice Tilney's wedding.

After the improvised wedding feast, which Doctor Curley declined to attend, Jasper Tilney left his friends to carouse as they pleased, and led the young couple to Lord Marlowe's room, to which he had been at once taken back, the hole made by Alice's entrance having already been roughly mended.

"And now for our bargain," he said, glancing with a mocking smile at Richard, who was absorbed in gazing at his bride. Alice herself looked more terrified than happy. "You two brothers," he said, "you two Marlowes, are in my power; but reason tells you I cannot afford to let you both go free. You, my Lord, may ride to the Queen, or to Ruddiford, or wherever you will; I shall bind you by no promise. I shall then keep this boy brother of yours, and his new wife, snug and safe at King's Hall. And on the day that I hear of your Lordship's marriage with Mistress Margaret Roden on that day shall my pretty hostage, this Popinjay, be hung by his neck to that beam yonder."

"Jasper! And you my brother!" Alice screamed, while Dick, brave boy as he was, turned white to the lips.

"Pray to Lord Marlowe, not to me," her brother answered coldly. "If he makes his choice to stay with me, I will send you two off with an honourable escort,—back to your Lady Mother, if you please; but I counsel you, Popinjay, if you are a man, to go further. For I do suspect, in spite of St. Albans, that the banner of York will shortly be flying on Ruddiford tower."

"How dare you say so, Master Tilney?" Harry Marlowe cried.

"I dare, my Lord, because my men have this very morning caught

a messenger going from Lady Marlowe to Edward of York. Unluckily, there were two rascals, and one escaped. Will you have your arms, my Lord? My best horse is at your service."

"Nay, Harry, let me go; I will ride straight to the Queen," young Dick cried wildly.

Alice stood like a stone. Jasper laughed, and Harry looked from one to another. Liberty, the service of the Queen, the sight of Meg,—the possession of Meg, the death of the Popinjay,—to rot in prison for months, years, while this Jasper lived and the war went rolling on. Harry's choice was a hard one.

CHAPTER XIV.

WILD rumours were flying about the country. Some said the Red Rose was victorious everywhere, some that Queen Margaret's triumph would be short, and that England as a whole was on Edward of York's side. As to the rights and wrongs of the conflict, nobody knew much about them, and truly they were anything but clear. Men were led by personal reasons to throw in their lot with one cause or the other. If the House of York had a strictly legitimate title, that of Lancaster had been called to the throne by the national will in the person of Henry the Fourth.

Free of Jasper's heavy hand, and of all the restraints of King's Hall and Ruddiford, young Dick Marlowe and his bride rode south like two wild birds set free. Jasper had given them good horses and a small guard; Alice was a hardy girl and a fearless horsewoman, used from her childhood to hunting and hawking in the merry Midlands. Dick's notion was to ride straight to Swanlea, and to leave her there while he, with as many men as he could muster, hurried to place him-

self and his troop at Queen Margaret's service; thus, though a poor substitute for his elder brother, he could do Harry's will and serve the cause he believed in. In Dick's mind he owed life and love and all to Harry, who had chosen to stay in his dreary prison and to let the boy go free. It was the best way after all, since Jasper's conditions were so hard and horrible. And as luckily Jasper took the Red Rose side (a useless champion enough, as Harry did not scruple to point out to him,) he was willing that Dick Marlowe should ride and fight where he pleased. One thing Jasper cared about, and one alone; he would marry Margaret Roden. And this he would do from no such love as Lord Marlowe, or even humbler men, bore her, but from the passionate ambition to see himself, when Sir William died, master not only of a beautiful wife, but of Ruddiford Castle and the great estates that joined his own, thus becoming the foremost gentleman in all the country-side.

Jasper was a strange creature, and this worldly ambition was the strongest point in his character. He was well pleased to find the occasion of marrying his sister Alice to Lord Marlowe's brother; it was an honourable alliance for the Tilneys, and it removed one of his likely rivals with Margaret. Dick, silly boy, was in love with Alice, but that was neither here nor there; his mother could easily have forced the match on, her mind being set upon it. Jasper plumed himself on a good day's work; and not the least pleasant part of it, to him, had been the flinging of Master Antonio out of the church door. He would have no cunning foreigners meddling with his family matters—not he! If he had known all that Antonio and Alice could have told him, the Tilney pride might have exacted worse punishment than a kick and a shaking.

Antonio lurked in the woods near King's Hall till he saw Dick Marlowe's little troop riding away southward. Then, not without a shiver at his heart, he went back to Ruddiford.

There had been a white heat of fury in the castle that morning, when Lady Marlowe found her captives gone, and when she heard from Antonio, the unwilling witness, that her son had ridden off to King's Hall to follow Alice and find his brother. It was the more enraging that she had actually seen him go. Without troubling herself to return to Sir William, telling herself that he was in his dotage, she despatched Antonio in high haste to fetch Richard back. As to Harry, she said nothing; she was too angry to play a part. Neither, during those hours, did she hold any communication with Meg. Meeting her in the gallery, walking beside Sir Thomas Pye in earnest conversation, she passed them both without a glance, or any notice of their respectful salutations.

Meg looked up, anxious-eyed, into the thin and grave face of her old friend. He took her hand and pressed it, murmuring a few Latin words: "*Angelis suis mandavit de te: ut custodiant te in omnibus viis tuis* (He has given His angels charge concerning thee, that they shall keep thee in all thy ways)." It was an assurance of protection against the woman passing there, her to whom Sir William Roden had confided his grandchild's future; as such, it sounded strangely.

Antonio then, pale and strained, came back to the castle and prepared to face the lioness robbed of her young. Although he had had no real love for her, Alice had been a pretty toy, a useful tool, and it was not without a qualm that he saw her removed from him for ever. At the same time he knew that Dick's mar-

riage was all in his favour, defeating Lady Marlowe's intention and spoiling her plan; and it was with real relief that he had seen the bridal troop ride away south, not north. He did not want those two at Ruddiford. Whatever my Lady chose to do for the sake of herself and the White Rose (and he suspected what he hardly dared think), any such matter, in which she might force his compliance, would be easier with Dick and Alice away. And he saw himself as Meg's one resource, the only man in the castle who had both a heart to love her and a brain to defend her. It looked as if Jasper meant to keep Lord Marlowe in safe durance,—so much the better for Antonio. He could almost forgive the brutal squire his ill-treatment, with the thought that he was playing his game for him. But yet, with all his hopes, Antonio trembled as he entered Lady Marlowe's presence.

He told her all he had seen. She listened, very pale and quiet, biting her lips, pressing her nails into the palms of her hands. She paced the room without a word, while he waited, and watched her curiously, admiringly, with courage and fear oddly mixed together. It seemed to him that the crisis of his life was upon him. This desperate woman might drag him to destruction; no, he defied her in his heart; she should rather be the stepping-stone to the height of his desire.

She came back and sat in her chair, while he knelt on her footstool. She looked at him, frowning, as if for the moment it was difficult to collect her thoughts. At last she said: "I would I were rid of that Jasper Tilney. He mocks at my counsel and stands in my way."

"What has he done against your Ladyship's counsel?" said Antonio surprised.

"It concerned his prisoner," she said. "One of these days, I doubt, he will set him free to spoil all my designs for Ruddiford."

"And your counsel?" Antonio murmured.

"Any but a fool," she said, "would have understood and followed it. I sent him a written word by that sister of his,—whom I wish I had touched with my little dagger! The girl delivered it, I suppose—she had no reason to think—and it was sealed."

Had Alice delivered it? Antonio wondered, but he said: "I cannot say; Jasper Tilney is a strange man."

"He may obey it yet," Lady Marlowe said, "now that Richard is safe away." She ground her teeth and struck her clenched fist on her knee. "Antonio, I fear that Tilney," she said, "and all these jealous old greybeards here; I fear them all; the priest worse than any, and that cursed little leech who would not sell you the ratsbane. I owe him for his horse, ay, a great sum; but, listen,—" she bent towards him with a terrible look—"there is one, the greatest obstacle of all. Were he away—in the confusion—with my appointed guardianship—and the Yorkist troops will not be long in coming—yet who knows! The Queen's troops may be before them. Antonio, I must possess the castle. If not by fair means,—Dick's marriage with her—then, I swear, by foul means. Yet the Rose is white enough,—a shower will wash off the old, pale stain." She laughed. "Ruddiford must be for York," she said. "I will not rest till the banner of York waves on the tower,—and you will help me, Antonio!"

Their eyes met, saying things that the honest air of old Ruddiford would hardly have borne to hear.

Gazing steadily at her, he slowly shook his head.

"Why do you look upon me so?" she said.

"You would have me compass the death of my master,—my old master—father and friend!" he whispered under his breath.

"Who is faithful to a master in these days?" murmured Isabel.

"Father, mother against son, husband against wife, sister against brother! Father, you say, and friend! 'Twas he himself told me of your birth,—or no birth—a thing left in the gutter to be picked up by a passer-by. A pretty father and friend, to tell such a tale of the beautiful youth who has served him so long and well. Come," she went on, as she saw him wince, "is it for Mistress Margaret's sake you hesitate! She will soon be comforted. I shall find her a husband in the ranks of York. I am her guardian, I will answer for her." She smiled maliciously.

Antonio leaped to his feet and withdrew from her a few paces. Her eyes slowly followed him.

"Ratebane, Antonio mine," she said, or breathed, so that he only just caught the words. "If the apothecary refused it to you, it was that he mistrusted you; take it from him by force. Mix it in the food; I will tell thee how—"

Again Antonio shook his head. "If I did, Simon Toote would know; he would betray me," he said. He caught his breath, staring at her wildly.

"By my faith," she said, "you are more fool than knave. I must find a better instrument. Or do you make this pother for your own advantage? Well, you shall have money and jewels, and you shall rule Ruddiford under me, and grind what you can out of townspeople and tenants.

You shall run free; I will drive my willing horse with a loose rein. As to the greybeards, they shall not trouble us long. It may be well, when you fetch the ratsbane, to leave the vile apothecary dead on his own hearth-stone."

"Madam, madam, I am not a murderer!" Antonio whispered, turning ghastly pale.

"No, you are a coward," she said. "You were not afraid to set a gang upon Lord Marlowe, who might have killed him. But when it is a matter of using your own hands, for your own advantage and mine—'Madam, he is my friend'—'Madam, he would betray me'—'Madam, I am not a murderer.'" She mocked him. "By all that's holy, wretched boy, you will kill my enemies, or be killed!"

The threat seemed manifestly false, and called back his courage. He was himself surprised that it had failed him for a moment, and now he laughed in her face. "Ay, kill me, Madam," he said; "and then, work out your plans single-handed. I will prove to you that I am no coward, and more knave than fool." He laughed again. "I'll put a price on my fidelity. This right hand is yours, to do your bidding; I will destroy your enemies and give you Ruddiford, but not for money or jewels or power, Madam, though I will have those thrown into my bargain. I will have the greatest prize of all, without whom the world to me is nothing." His voice softened and his eyes burned. "You cannot now marry Mistress Roden to your son; marry her to me."

"To you, dog!" Lady Marlowe screamed, and laughed shrilly. "And you talk, hypocrite, of your father and friend! Would not such an insult be worse to him than a thousand of the deaths I shall give him! A nameless

beggar's brat from the streets of Naples!"

"Men have carved their own fortunes before now, Madam," Antonio said calmly. "And it was but yesterday, when you charged me with this despairing love of mine, that you called it a pretty ambition. God knows, if I have such a prize from your hand, I shall have earned it hardly. And consider, Ruddiford will be yours, York's, and I shall owe you more, far more, than to those who have tended me and brought me up here. I shall owe you the satisfaction my life craves for."

"Ha!" Isabel looked him in the face, scornful and laughing, "Ha, Sir Antonio! a knighthood from King Edward, fourth of the name—that will be your worship's next desire. And I counsel you to bear your wife's name and arms, since you have none of your own. What would she say, think you, to this sweet bargain,—a low-born knave for a husband, his hands stained with her grandfather's blood?"

"Her consent need not be asked," said Antonio; his eyes fell for an instant, and he smiled. "As a child she loved me well enough," he said; "she shall love me again."

"Beautiful as an angel of Satan," Lady Marlowe said, "there are women, Antonio, who might love you indeed in a sort, forgetting alike your birth and your character. There are those who would love you as a plaything, as a pet animal, while others might be caught by your devilish cleverness, as in a net. But you know, and I know, that Margaret Roden is not one of these. She would hate you eternally; your touch would be death to her. And remember, Lord Marlowe lives. So long as he is captive, you might live and thrive—but after—"

Antonio shrugged his shoulders, and tossed his dark head. "Madam, even these risks do not terrify me."

"Silence, beast of the earth!" she

said. "They are knocking without,—listen."

There was indeed a distant sound in the outer gallery. It was now twilight; across the farther window of the room, half shadowed with ivy, a great owl sailed, hooting long and loud. It was seldom that his voice was heard at such an hour, so near the walls, or when the folk of the castle were still awake and moving. For a moment there was terror in both faces, as the wretches looked upon each other.

"Fore God, you are making a sick child of me, with those rolling eyes of yours!" cried Isabel. "Go, open the door."

"Is it a bargain, Madam?" Antonio hissed leaning towards her.

"I make no bargains with a slave," she said coldly. "I ask nothing of you, miserable boy; I command. Bring me ratsbane, or you die. Leave the rest to me; take my counsel, and forget your madness. Ah!" as the knocking became louder. "Will you go?"

A servant brought a message from Sir William Roden, begging Lady Marlowe to honour him with her presence. She immediately proceeded to his room above the hall, while Antonio, darting round by the galleries, slipped in by another way and waited behind the hangings. He would not go with her openly, though indeed his master had desired him to wait upon her Ladyship, paying her all honour and carrying out her wishes. Sir William had known of the mission to King's Hall in pursuit of Master Richard and of its failure; he now desired to express his anger and commiseration. It touched his honour that young Marlowe should have fled from his house and married against his mother's will. He was very angry with Mistress Alice for leading the young fellow so astray, and talked bravely of sharp punishment for the

wild brother who had forced on the marriage. And this, he now knew, was only one of Jasper Tilney's crimes. There was indeed a double, treble apology due to Lady Marlowe. His good old soul was troubled within him, for he fancied that in the interview with her Ladyship that morning he had been hardly courteous or kind. No danger indeed that Dick, the rascal, would be forced as a husband on his sweet Meg.

Isabel, fierce-eyed but stately, and far more self-controlled than in the morning's visit, sat and faced Sir William and those about him. There was a mocking twist of her handsome mouth, for the knight's suite was characteristic.

Margaret stood in her old place, the place where Harry had seen her and asked her in marriage, close to her grandfather's shoulder with her hand resting there. Behind her, to her right, the Vicar was sitting, and on each side of him stood the brothers, the faithful allies, Timothy and Simon. Little Simon's round face was like a harvest moon, red and shining as the firelight played on it; he grinned, almost in enjoyment of the imbroglio that he had helped to make, through no fault of his own. Timothy's lantern jaws were pulled to their longest: he felt the loss of a good horse, never likely to return from King's Hall, nor, he feared, to be paid for; and he dreaded that Lady Marlowe's wrath might fall on the wrong heads. Timothy was a rebel at heart: he did not love the great of the earth, nor their selfish tyranny; and now, gazing spell-bound at the Baroness, he repeated to himself, — "A wicked woman, yea, a wicked woman."

Sir William was far more himself than in the morning, when the joyful news from St. Albans had almost over-set his wits. He now spoke to Lady Marlowe like a courteous old friend,

and she received his apologies and condolences graciously, though coldly. As to her son, there was no more to be said; he had offended her past forgiveness. Truly, she was glad that the woman he had thought fit to marry was of fair descent, but this did not alter the fact; it was a disobedient, scandalous marriage, and those who had brought it about might one day answer for it: a flash from her Ladyship's eyes reached poor Simon, and his smile died away. This last abominable freak made the cup of Master Tilney's evil doings run over. He was a kidnapper in every sense.

Then her Ladyship bent suddenly towards Margaret, who was watching her in white anxiety. "Your message, child,—you sent a message—but my Lord Marlowe is not yet free. This Jasper holds his prisoner tight, it seems."

"He is not yet free," Meg answered, hardly knowing her own voice, so hollow was it, so fearful. "You know all, Madam; you know that Richard and Alice are gone away, but he—he is there still. And my grandfather—"

"Yes, yes," Lady Marlowe said. Suddenly, while that row of eyes, Sir William's alone friendly, Meg's full of doubt and question, looked upon her, the cloud seemed to pass from her brow and her face was full of hope and eagerness. "What do we, Sir William?" she said. "What force or guile will make this brigand give up his prey?"

"It shall be force, Madam," the old man said; "I am not a lover of guile. Had I known sooner where to find my Lord, I would have burnt King's Hall to the ground, to have him out of his prison; he is too noble for such handling. Now, Meg, thy letter."

Isabel drew a sharp breath. Antonio strained eyes and ears from his

hiding-place. Meg came forward a pace, drawing a paper from her bosom. "This," she said, "was given by Richard to a poor peasant in the fields, who brought it to me but now." She read the letter aloud, trembling, while Isabel's eyes devoured it and her. "*My dear and fair lady, keep yourself in patience, holding Ruddiford for the Red Rose. Necessity and honour have me fast, but a brighter day will dawn for thy Harry.*"

"Verily, and the sooner the better!" cried Lady Marlowe, with the strangest heartiness. "Honour—what means he! some mad promise he has given—why, Meg, we must break it for him. Sir William, this very night we must have him free."

As she spoke, she smiled on Meg and beckoned her. This, with some undefinable difference, was the Lady Marlowe who had sat in the tower-room twenty-four hours before. But Meg, if she saw the sign, did not obey it. Hiding her letter away once more, she stepped back to her old place, watchful as ever as she gazed upon my Lady.

"I told thee, Meg," Sir William murmured, and his old hand clasped hers. "Ay, my Lady; the men are now arming—they shall start at moon-rise—a strong troop of my best men, with Black Andrew to lead them—and a black welcome he will have, if he returns without my Lord. Then, then, it seems to me, with your goodwill, we too may have a wedding. Lord Marlowe may be in haste to join the Queen, but first I will give him what he asked; he shall have my Meg, and so the future of Ruddiford shall be sure. You will receive her as a daughter, Madam, though not after your first intention."

A smile touched Meg's lips, but she moved her head a little, while her hand pressed the old man's shoulder and her eyes never left Lady Mar-

lowe. As for her, she looked upon the floor, and seemed to hesitate for a moment; then she drew herself once more upright. "Truly, Sir William, you console me in my misfortune," she said almost sweetly. "I shall then perform my promise to Margaret, and she will be my true and loving daughter. Send a strong force, I beseech you; we can no longer live under Master Tilney's rule. If by a happy accident the world were rid of him,—but I will not be revengeful. Only do not risk failure; send every man your worship can spare."

"Would it be more fitting," Simon Toste squeaked out suddenly, "if my Lady Baroness's own men were sent to rescue their own master!"

But Sir William would not hear of this. It was not necessary for her Ladyship to crush poor Simon; he did it himself. He felt that Ruddiford was responsible for Lord Marlowe's capture; Ruddiford must set him free. And later, when the conference had broken up, Meg herself reproached Simon with her usual severity. "Master Toste, you are a foolish meddler," she said. "My Lady's men shall neither see him nor touch him. I shall write him a letter that Black Andrew shall give him; and he shall take what men he chooses, and ride away to the Queen. I tell you, I will not have him here at Ruddiford."

"What, mistress! Not to marry you?" Simon cried.

"I do not trust her," Meg whispered in his ear. "She loves him not, I tell you. Hast so soon forgotten my warning, Simon?"

"Why," cried the apothecary, "'twas your very warning that made me say it! All our men away, all her men here—"

"Peace, you are too fearful. Impossible,—how could she!" and Meg flew to write her letter.

Antonio was again with Lady Marlowe, receiving her commands.

CHAPTER XV.

As the moon rose that evening over the dim and misty country, Black Andrew and his troop left Ruddiford on their way to rescue the prisoner of King's Hall. He was a sturdy fellow, who by courage and merit had won his place as Sir William's most trusted follower. He was a Ruddiford man, and his forefathers for generations had served and fought for the Rodens. He was a man of original mind and sharp tongue. Being proved wrong in his conclusions as to the fates of Lord Marlowe and his men, he now said openly that Jasper Tilney, in capturing my Lord, had proved himself a better man than anyone thought him. The whole Marlowe brood was odious to Black Andrew. He hated my Lady with her cold face and proud airs; he laughed at the Popinjay and marvelled at Mistress Alice; he despised Antonio all the more for the service he paid them.

Before Black Andrew started with his little train of archers and pikemen, he had a hurried word with Mistress Margaret, for whom, with most of Ruddiford, he would have laid down his life willingly. He stood before her, tall, square and strong, his rough dark hair curling under his steel cap, his swarthy skin reddening with pleasure at her trust in him. He took the letter she gave him for Lord Marlowe, and stowed it away safely. He understood from her that, if Lord Marlowe so willed it, he was to give him his horses and his best men, that he might ride away southward.

"What, not home to Ruddiford for the wedding?" Black Andrew thought and wrinkled his brow.

Aloud he said: "That will scarce be my Lord's will, Madam; but if it be, trust Andrew. Not a finger will I stretch to lead him hither."

Meg smiled as she turned away. "Do my will, Andrew," she said.

When the men had tramped and clattered over the bridge, all was quiet in the castle. Lady Marlowe remained in her own apartments. Meg returned to her grandfather, and stayed with him while night fell. The three worthies sat there again, gossiping quietly round the fire. The Vicar, Simon, and Timothy talked among themselves of all these strange events and sudden discoveries, finding much to discuss, to wonder at, and to blame. They tried to draw Meg into their talk, but she would scarcely speak, seeming absorbed in her own thoughts. She sat on a low stool by her grandfather, resting her head against his knee, his hand lying on her hair; her eyes, deep in dreams, studied the fire, as if there were a face, even a voice, in the flaming logs for her.

"Ah," Simon sighed under his breath, "'twas an ill day for Ruddiford when that crazy lord came hither."

Timothy jogged him. "Vex her not," he whispered. Simon shook his head and was silent, staring at the girl.

At first Sir William asked many questions and entered into their talk, which chiefly concerned Jasper Tilney and his Fellowship, and the wild acts by which they had made themselves a terror to the country-side. He would, at last, be punished for his long career of insolence. Sir William's plan was to take possession of King's Hall, to imprison some of the marauders at Ruddiford, to send Jasper himself, with Leonard and one or two of the foremost, in chains to Queen Margaret. He must answer

to her for his treatment of her faithful servant, Lord Marlowe. As he was on the right side her Majesty might pardon him, and set him to some better work than catching and keeping his private rivals. But Sir William added that he should consult with Lord Marlowe, whom he now considered as his own son, as to the punishment of his enemy.

So they went on debating, the worthies being inclined to think that bad as Jasper was, there existed worse men and more dangerous. His sins, at least, went before to judgment; evil he might be, but the wolf did not disguise himself.

After a time Sir William became drowsy; the many excitements of the day had been too much for his old brain, and he dozed away, breathing heavily, his pale brow and fine white head drooping, his beard streaming down over his breast.

The three friends went on talking with lowered voices, and Meg remained motionless, her grandfather's hand still resting on her hair. She too might have been sleeping, but her eyes were wide open as they dreamed upon the fire.

Outside, the castle was very still. The only sounds to be heard were not cheering ones; the owls hooted and screeched about the towers in the rising moonlight, as if an evil spirit was troubling them, and the dogs in the yard below, catching their complaint of restlessness, howled as if the place was full of spectres, as if devils and witches might be plainly seen, flapping with black wings and fiery eyes and broomsticks across the dim pale sky. The lads in charge of the dogs went trembling, with long whips, to lash them into silence, but they only howled all the more; and the lads rubbed their eyes and crawled sleepily back to their mattresses, for Ruddiford was heavy with

weariness after the rejoicings of the morning, and the best men, with Andrew at their head, were all away.

Among the shadows of the sleepy empty castle, along the unguarded ramparts and the bridge, under the archways of the gates, Lady Marlowe's own men crept to take up the posts that Sir William's men had left almost empty. There were not many of these Swanlea men, but they were a picked band, generously paid by her Ladyship, whom they served partly for profit, partly from fear. The two men who had escaped in the rout of Lord Marlowe's troop were among them. They laid hands on such weak Ruddiford fellows as were pretending to watch the castle while the men-at-arms were away; old warders past their work, young boys half asleep and frightened: they tied their arms and legs, gagged them, and stowed them away behind any door that came nearest. All this they did as silently as possible, under the orders of Antonio, who, when a new watch was set at every gate and on the tower, all ways carelessly open to town or river being stopped or guarded, went with the keys of the castle to Lady Marlowe's room.

He found her sitting alone by the fire. She took the great keys upon her velvet lap, counting and fingering them. The young man stood and looked at her steadily, at first with a smile, which vanished suddenly away when she lifted her eyes from the heap of iron. "And these are all?" she said.

"All, Madam," said Antonio; but he lied, for one small key lay safe in his own pocket. It was that of a door near Margaret's tower, reached by a narrow flight of steps from the ramparts, and leading out upon the river above the castle mill. Here were a weir and a sluice, by which a man could cross the water, except

in time of flood, and get away into the country. Lady Marlowe might hold the castle and its inmates in the hollow of her hand: she might, and probably would, keep it till the Duke of York sent a band to take possession; but against his will she would not keep Antonio.

"You have done well, so far," she said. "To-morrow, when we have time, those dogs shall be stabbed or strangled, and the owls shall be shot. One would say bird and brute knew the fate that was falling on the Rodens. And the ratsbane? But I have changed my mind; there is not time, and the old men are still there, are they not?"

"I looked in but now," Antonio said. "They are there, still chattering among themselves, and — he is sleeping in his chair."

"Good. They will not leave the castle to-night. You have given orders!"

"I have, Madam."

"You might have gone to the shop and searched it for poisons. But no, it is too late, and you must not go outside the walls. There are other means" — she started up suddenly, and all the keys fell clattering on the floor.

"Take them up," she said impatiently. "Carry them into the bed-chamber, fling them into the great wardrobe. No gate shall be opened till the banner of York comes in. So, — now get you back, — watch them all. If Mistress Roden lingers long, tell her to come to me, that I wait here for her greeting. Let her leave the others there. And you, when they are gone, warn me; then watch your master till he wakes, or till I come."

Antonio bowed low and left her.

Not many minutes later, Margaret was conscious of a sound in the room, outside the small circle round the fire.

She looked round, and in the dimness saw Antonio. It seemed to her, dazzled with long gazing at the fire, that the candles on the table burned strangely pale and blue. "What do you there?" she murmured impatiently, and at the same instant Simon Toste glanced sharply round.

"Ah, master Tony, how about the ratsbane?" he said. "I doubt, young man, you wanted it for something bigger than rats. Dame Kate tells me they are none so plentiful."

Antonio's fingers stole to his dagger, while he smiled on the old man. "What game, then, do you accuse me of chasing, Master Simon?"

"Faith, I scarcely know," Simon answered. "Unless you yourself, tired of this life in which no man has his deserts —"

"Peace, Simon, you will wake Sir William" — "This is a foolish argument" — came from Sir Thomas and Timothy.

Antonio, with a slight laugh, noticed them no longer; but Simon's round eyes still studied him with unfriendly curiosity.

On hearing Lady Marlowe's message, Margaret rose instantly, and softly moved her grandfather's hand to the arm of his chair. As she did so, she touched it for an instant with her lips; the old hand was cold, in spite of furred gown and blazing fire. Sir William slept on, unconscious of that soft good-night, unconscious that the treasured child was leaving him, unconscious that his castle was no longer his own, that the dogs and the owls were singing together the dirge of the last Roden, that strange men were guarding the gates, waiting only for the morning to pull down the yellow banner and hoist the standard of York. Had he known, Lady Marlowe would have found her work none so easy; the old hero of Agincourt would have called in the men

of the town and would have struck a blow for the Red Rose before his strength quite failed him. Isabel had guessed as much, and could scarcely yet believe how sleep and treason had become her allies, one as much as the other.

Meg wished the three worthies a friendly good-night, bowed her head for the Vicar's blessing, and went out upon the wide staircase, silently attended by Antonio. She did not go down into the hall, but turned into the gallery which led by twisted ways to Lady Marlowe's lodging. Seeing that the Italian was following her, she turned her head slightly towards him and said: "I need you not, Antonio. My grandfather will be waking; go back to him."

Without answering, he came close up to her, fell on one knee and laid his hand upon her dress. She looked down upon him, frowning. "You mistrust me," he said. "You have forgotten the love you once bore to your old playfellow,—why is this?"

"My old playfellow's love," Meg answered, "I think, has failed me. I believe that since Christmas Day my friend has been my enemy. I do not forget, but how can I trust? If I am unjust to you, Antonio—"

"You are unjust," he said. "Foolish you are, and ignorant. Little you know me, or the cause of what I do. For a kind word from you, Meg, my playfellow, I would yet do much; yes, I would save all you love. Oh angel, oh beauty! who loves you as I do? They do not know what it is, pale, cold, half-hearted; while I could rise to heights of heaven or plunge to depths of hell for you. Would any prison hold me from you? Would any walls and gates keep me out,—my lady my saint, whom I worship?"

He caught her hand, and laid his hot

brow upon it. For the moment she did not repulse him, for the childish days came back, the days before Alice was sent for, before the wisdom of the old men had taken away her beautiful Italian toy. He lifted his head and went on speaking hurriedly. "It is not all English blood, thick and cold, in your veins, Meg. Fire will to fire, and you and I, Italy is our mother. If we could fly to Italy—"

He kissed her hand passionately, and she snatched it from him. "Antonio! You are mad," she said, shuddering. "You know not what you are saying."

"I know," he said, and laughed, "just as you know, or guess, what I have done."

"You are a madman," she repeated, stepping back from him.

"No, sweet lady, I am a man in his senses," Antonio said. "Listen, listen a moment. I could do great things to-night for love of you. Ah, your love! If you will not give it me to-night, you will repent, I tell you. There is danger abroad; I hold lives in my hand; give me your love, and they shall be safe."

She shrank back again, looking down upon him coldly and scornfully, yet with a secret terror. His threats, of course, must be meant for Harry Marlowe. There must be some plot to destroy him, when, as they expected, he came to Ruddiford in the morning. She half believed that he was safe, that he would obey her counsel, her entreaty, and ride away to his Queen; yet deep in the girl's heart was the knowledge that if he did this, he would hardly be the Harry to whom her love was given. Not that she would love him less, or trust him less, but the love would have its touch of pain. She would know that he did not long for her presence as she for his. The first flight of the freed bird should be to her; and sometimes she

believed that it would and must be so. She did so at this moment, with Antonio kneeling at her feet, breathing prayers that she hardly understood and hated altogether. However, risk or no risk, he could only be answered in one way. With a scornful movement of her head she turned to leave him. "You must know that you ask impossibilities," she said. "Go, be gone! I do not believe in your power; I despise your threats."

She was flying, but he followed her, suddenly reading her thoughts. "Meg, sweet mistress, you do not read me right," he muttered hastily. "I speak of to-night, not to-morrow,—to-night, to-night, Meg." For a moment his quick breathing and hurried steps kept pace with hers, as they ran along the gallery. Again he tried to snatch her hand. "Stay, stay, understand me; am I friend or enemy? Call me friend, and I will save,—listen,—trust me! You will not? Then things may take their course for me; but my turn will come, fair lady—" He stopped and turned back suddenly.

She fled like a young deer along the dark ways, lit only by the glimmering moonlight through barred windows here and there. She did not slacken her pace, even when she knew he was no longer pursuing her, but fled on to Lady Marlowe's lodging, which seemed, at least, like a safe refuge from Antonio. How terribly right my Lady had been! How well she had read his character! Yet Meg felt that she could not tell her of those minutes in the gallery, and waited at her door till the wild beating of her heart was quieted.

Antonio was quickly himself again. "So," he muttered, "you know me now,—and I will have you in the end, if I must turn her Ladyship's dagger on herself. A husband from the ranks of York? Ah, it were better to have promised her to me, and so you shall

find, Lady Isabel. But to-night you must do your will. I would have saved him for a kiss; 'tis thou, Meg, not I or she, who is guilty to-night."

His whirling thoughts did not delay the swift feet that hurried back to Sir William, who still slept peacefully on, while the three old friends sat in the same places, talking in under-tones; it seemed as if they did not wish to leave the castle.

Antonio came and stood in the midst, his mouth smiling upon them, while his eyes were more mysterious than ever. Simon Toste looked on him with obstinate disfavour. For a minute or two the three were silent; then Sir Thomas Pye rose slowly to his slender height, saying: "Well, masters, 'tis time for home and bed. Pity to rouse his worship to bid us good-night; let him sleep as long as he can; all the joyful news of to-day has wearied him. We must e'en leave him to your care, Antonio."

"Ay, Sir Vicar," the young man said, and nodded, with a glance at his sleeping master. "It is late, as you say."

"How beautiful he is in sleep!" murmured little Simon, and went on tip-toe nearer to Sir William's chair. "Mark you the firm, pink flesh? If it were not for this cursed pain and stiffness, he would be a younger man than you or me, Timothy. He may live a dozen years yet in my opinion."

"God grant it!" said Sir Thomas Pye.

"Why do the dogs howl and the owls screech?" whispered Timothy. "One would say some heavy misfortune was coming on the house."

"Have no such cowardly fears; 'tis the moon," Sir Thomas said. "The house is in the care of God and His Saints, friend Timothy."

He made the sign of the cross over the sleeping man (who seemed to smile),

and then walked from the room, followed by the two brothers, and secretly, at a longer distance, by Antonio.

As the three friends approached the town gate of the castle, they had to pass a flight of dark and narrow steps which led down to the iron-grated door of the dungeon under the keep. It was long since anyone had been confined there, for Sir William's kindly rule was satisfied with less dreary prisons for those who offended him. So long was it that Antonio could not remember seeing any captive dragged down the stairway to those depths, wet, black, noisome, where men had once been chained to rings in the wall and left to live or die as they might on the miserable food thrust in through a grating.

On this night the dungeon door was open, and half a dozen of Lady Marlowe's strongest men were waiting on the stairs. As the three worthies came near, these men suddenly stepped up into the moonlight and attacked them, two to one.

They struggled hard, crying, "Treason! treachery! help!" but being men of peace and far from young or very muscular, they were soon overpowered. Antonio came near enough to see them, priest, lawyer and apothecary, pulled and pushed head-foremost down the black steps to the dungeon. Above the clamour of voices he heard the rattle of chains, and began to laugh as he stood there, laughing on till he held his sides and his eyes were streaming. He waited till he heard the clang of the iron door, and the men's feet returning up the stairs, while smothered in the heavy walls he could still hear Simon crying shrilly—"Help! murder! treason! Ah! villains, who has set you on! He and you shall pay for this!"

Antonio dried his eyes, and slipped away to my Lady.

CHAPTER XVI.

AT Meg's low knocking Lady Marlowe called to her to enter. She was standing between two candles at the far end of the room, bending over something that she seemed to examine very closely. For a moment, before she plunged this thing into hiding under the heavy folds of her gown, the light flashed on steel. But Meg, strangely agitated, hardly noticed this; if she had, in spite of a certain distrust of Isabel, she would have known it was nothing marvellous that such a woman should carry a weapon for self-defence.

Even now, the girl half reproached herself that it was impossible to keep loyalty both to her grandfather and to Lady Marlowe. Ruddiford could never be for York, as her Ladyship wished; Meg herself, with him, must hold it for the Red Rose. There seemed no great danger; the Queen was victorious. When her Ladyship found that Harry did not return, putting himself, the Queen's man, into her power, she would surely leave the castle. If, in spite of Meg's entreaty, he did come, the danger must be run. Lady Marlowe, feigning or not, had in words consented to the marriage. It must take place instantly; Harry, master of Ruddiford, must act for Sir William; he would know how to handle these difficult matters, far better than a girl who could only see her way from one moment to another. Sometimes Meg's heart failed her to think that she had done her best to keep her lover away. Could she and the good men of Ruddiford hold the place, giving no loophole for Lady Marlowe's designs? Sir Thomas the Vicar thought so, and had spoken very fearlessly; all the men were devoted to Sir William. Meg swung back to the thought of Harry, safer free and away.

Now, as she came into the room and closed the door, the woman she doubted came to meet her smiling, and took both the girl's hands as she bent respectfully before her. "So, Mistress Meg," she said, and went on with words that were well enough, though the tone of her voice was odd and hollow, and her eyes studied Meg's face till it flushed and paled again. "You are to have your way, it seems," she said. "The bridegroom will be here, and quickly; a brighter day will not be long in dawning for your Harry. Verily, you have taught him pretty language."

Meg's eyes fell, and she smiled faintly. Lady Marlowe, holding her wrists, still watched her curiously; then suddenly she let her go, but only to hold her more closely, pressing hands and arms tightly round the slight figure, feeling and discovering something that startled her in the hurried pulses, the eyes still wild with some strange experience. "Meg," she said, "you noble child, what is it that disturbs you? Remember, my daughter, I claim your confidence. You will not tell me? I know your courage, but you have felt some great alarm. You cannot deceive me; what are you hiding from me? The truth—instantly!"

"Nothing, nothing, Madam," Meg murmured hastily, and tried to withdraw herself from the clasp that only became tighter. Then, shivering suddenly from head to foot, she went on: "There is something terrible in the night, though 'tis still and the moon is shining. I would rather the wind blew. Master Toste said that misfortune was upon us—the dogs, the screech-owls, you hear them—but Sir Thomas told him we were under the protection of God. 'Tis true, I know, but yet—"

"Meg," said Isabel, "you are

deceiving me. Though a girl, you have the blood of heroes—" she stopped suddenly. "No," she continued, "none of these foolish noises, or words of silly old men, have frightened you."

"I am not frightened, Madam."

"Then you are angry, agitated, wild. There, why do you start, and look at the door?"

"I thought one had followed me—"

"Ah! I knew well. Who is it that you fear? In this room you are safe from English or foreign enemy, or friend, or lover. So, the Italian gave not only my message, but his own? I guessed it from your look, my maiden, as you came in at the door. Insolent lackey! He shall suffer, when I have done with him. And the black-eyed boy dared to tell you of his love, Margaret?"

The girl lifted her head proudly. "You warned me, Madam, only yesterday," she said. "You were not wrong. But not only did he tell me that, he also threatened me. He said that danger lay in wait for those I loved, but he would save them, if—Madam, what could he mean?"

Lady Marlowe turned white to the lips, and laughed a little. "What could he mean?" she repeated. "You can answer that question as well as I. Have you answered it?"

Meg looked down, and slowly shook her head. Lady Marlowe, staring at her, laughed again, but there was a light in her eyes, and lines about her mouth, that boded ill for Antonio. "So, slave, 'tis war to the death!" she said in her heart. Aloud, in a voice wonderfully calm, she told Meg to forget the wretch's presumption. As for his threats, they were to be treated as empty air. "To-morrow, child," she said, smiling, "you will have your own champion, and this miserable play-

fellow of yours,—why, we will send him back to Italy. I love not these transplanted creatures.”

“But my grandfather loves him,” Meg said, and shivered again.

Lady Marlowe turned quickly away. “He is unworthy,” she said. Then she stood still, listening a moment intently. To her quick senses, now sharpened to the utmost, the sound of a distant door announced the coming of Antonio. “See here, Meg,” she said. “I must make sure that you are safe, that your people are in waiting; I will see to it myself; you shall not be troubled by that serpent again.” She opened the door of a little oratory on the far side of her room. “Wait there for me,” she said. “I will lock you safely in,—I must keep you for Harry,—I tried once to keep you for Richard.” She laughed. “You conquer us all and our little plots, Mistress Meg,” she said. “Come, go in and say your prayers, for you need them.”

The girl, without a word, walked into the tiny room and knelt down before the solemn crucifix hanging there. Lady Marlowe looked after her, and the smile died from her mocking face; then she quickly shut the door and turned the key, taking it out of the lock. “Not that, Antonio, not that reward!” she said to herself as she went out to meet him, for he was coming with swift light feet along the gallery.

Left alone in his room, Sir William Roden slept on, not without dreams. It would be hard to believe that the strange sounds and doings outside, the warning alarm of beast and bird, the sudden though silent changing of the guard, the cries of his old friends, dragged so horribly down from the moonlight into black depths of dungeon, had no influence on the good old master, though shut out from them by thick walls, heavy

doors, and hangings. He smiled in his dreams, his weak arms moved jerkily. The disturbance in the air, for him, had nothing to do with treason at home or with the civil war that tore and distracted England. He was fighting in his dreams, attacking, resisting, commanding,—but not at Ruddiford. A small army, half-starved, reckless, and determined, was flinging itself upon a great force of knights and men-at-arms, a confused forest of banners and lances, crowded into a valley where they could fight, but not fly. It was Agincourt, and the young English squire, Will Roden, was in the front of the fray, no one nearer to his adored King Harry than he. Death was there, but he gave it not a thought; the dream was all a glory of courage and triumph, as the reality had been. Death indeed was nearer now, in his own castle, his own room, than in the thick of that heroic fight. It came stealing in, sweeping with soft folds across the floor.

The flaming logs had died down into red embers, and the white ashes were falling in heaps; the candle-light was dim. A tall figure with a pale face, with fierce eyes, and set lips, hovered about the room, gliding gradually, noiselessly, nearer to the sleeping man. Round the back of his chair it came, and stood a moment on his left side, between him and the fire; its right hand, holding a slim, shining, pointed dagger, hung by its side. In this way, stealing by night, came Death to Sir William Roden.

He was smiling, his hands were moving again, and he began to mutter in his sleep. The woman who watched him thought that he was waking. With a quick shudder and a grimace, making a step forward, she lifted her right hand and struck him sharply below the left collar-bone. The blow waked him, but he was still at Agin-

court, and cried aloud, opening his blue eyes wide: "God save King Harry! Now we be brothers in arms, Harry Marlowe!"

For him, the fight was over. It ended in the dream as in reality, with a blow on the shoulder; the blow of King Harry's sword, from which the squire rose up Sir William, was never consciously changed into the murderous stroke of a woman's poisoned dagger.

Her husband's name, the last on his old friend's lips, made Lady Marlowe tremble from head to foot. She had almost fled from the room, leaving the dagger there to accuse her of this crime; but her presence of mind came back instantly. She withdrew the slender blade, wiped it, slipped it back into its place, and hidden in the shadow waited for the last heavy, long-drawn breaths with which the gallant old man set out, without priest to absolve or child to watch him, for the loyal land whither his fellow-fighters had gone before.

When all was still, Lady Marlowe went to the secret door under the hangings. It was ajar, as she expected, and Antonio was waiting in the gallery. He started violently when she came upon him, for she looked terrible, and gazed upon him, by the light of a candle she had taken up, almost as if her wife had left her. She beckoned to him without a word. The Italian threw himself suddenly on his knees, his teeth chattering so that he could only stammer out his words. "Nay, Madam, not that, I beseech you! You know I cannot help you there, not even now for the reward you refused me. Madam, spare him! I swear to you that blood need not be shed. I will keep him safe,—he is helpless,—the place is in your hands,—he cannot resist you. Spare him, I implore you! I will be your servant for ever—"

"That are you now, Antonio," she said. "Rise, miserable boy. Do you pretend to have loved your master? Come here to me, I say."

She turned back into the room, and he tremblingly followed her.

Slowly and steadily, carrying the light, she approached the figure in the chair, and set it down near him. He had fallen a little aside, his hands clenched; but the heavy eyelids were closed and there was no horror in the face; the smile of his dreams had returned and was even deepening; the pale skin was hardly yet paler than in life.

Antonio, for an instant, thought that Sir William was still sleeping. "He sleeps," he said, and went quickly towards him. "No, you shall not hurt him. I will defend him, cost what it may."

She looked upon him with bitter scorn. "Fool! he is dead."

"My God!" Antonio exclaimed under his breath. He went softly up to the old man, fell on his knees before him, touched his hand, stared up into his face. "Dead! It cannot be," he muttered. "But where—how—"

"'Tis plain that you were bred in clumsy England," Lady Marlowe said, her voice, though very low, seeming to ring like a knell through the room. "Dead, yes, and little sign of how the death-stroke was given. It need scarce be known. The leech is in the dungeon. Let no old women come about him; thou and I, Antonio, must prepare him for his burial, and my men shall take up the stones of the chapel floor and lay him under them. What, fool, weeping? Didst think such a life as this would stand long between Edward of York and a strong place on the road to the north? On my life, wretch, I'll kill thee, too! Ha! and you dared speak of love to Mistress Roden, when I

had refused her to you? By heaven, I want you not, nor your service—"

Antonio was on his feet, flushed and passionate. "What? She told you?"

"Whom should she tell? Mark me, villain, she is safe from you, double-dyed traitor as you are, to your master and to me! Attempt to see her again, and this point can pierce a young skin, even more easily—but what are we doing here?"

Antonio shrugged his shoulders. His eyes were full of hatred and fury, but he had prudence enough to keep back the defiance that rose to his lips. She had the power; the castle was in her hands; for the moment, Meg too was in her hands, and he would gain nothing by bluster. His old master was dead; at the last, he would have saved him; his death touched him more than he had thought possible. But he was dead: he could not be brought back; and now it was a question of fighting for one's own hand, at least to gain Margaret. With hurrying hands and feet, and without another word, he set to obeying her. First, she ordered him to give her his master's will, which made her guardian of Margaret. He knew where to find the old man's keys; and in a few minutes he had unlocked the great chest where the deeds of the estate were, and had taken out the parchment signed on that November night, in which Sir William, contrary to the advice of his best friends, had shown such fatal loyalty to the name of Marlowe.

"And the rest of the deeds are for me," she said, leaning greedily over the depths of the chest. "The executors are as good as dead; I am the one authority. Lock the chest again, and give me the keys."

As he hesitated, she snatched them from him, and thrusting the will inside her dress, turned back again to

the silent, awful figure in the chair. With Antonio's help, he shivering in the nervous horror that had seized him, and marvelling at her supernatural strength, she carried or dragged Sir William to his own bed in the adjoining room, laid him there, with out-stretched limbs and folded hands, and then with the same terrible calmness placed a crucifix at his head and four lighted candles at the corners of his bed.

Then she ordered Antonio to watch till her return, and went alone down the great staircase, intending to inspect the castle, to see, by the bright shining of the moon, that all her men were in their appointed places. They must be ready to receive Lord Marlowe and Sir William's men, at any hour in the morning, with the news that the old knight had died suddenly, and that she had taken possession of Ruddiford Castle in the name of the White Rose.

It was not likely that Antonio would remain where she left him, alone with the kind old master he had betrayed. A few minutes he waited there on his knees, watching the white face on the pillow, as it gradually lost its first look of life and became more waxen, more majestically calm, passing further every instant from the jarring turmoil of life.

The strange creature who watched the dead face was almost surprised to find that tears were running down his cheeks. He had not known what it would be. An hour or two ago, he would have given Sir William's life and all the lives in the castle, to be taken by his own hand, for the promise of Margaret. She had been refused him: her guardian and herself had alike refused him, with the scorn he might have expected; but his disappointment had not been Sir William's salvation. In all this matter Lady Marlowe's strong will had

had its way, and would have it, so far as he could see, to the end. The unholy alliance with her had not helped Antonio, and never would. He cared not much, he thought, for money and power; he did not believe in her promises; he saw York triumphing by her means, and himself, the poor stepping-stone, thrown out upon a dunghill. All he had had, or ever would have, it seemed, was the small satisfaction of cheating Lord Marlowe and Jasper Tilney, so that neither of them should have the prize denied to him, and of seeing his contemptuous old enemies, the vicar, the lawyer, the apothecary, flung into the dungeon and in danger of death.

But there might be a greater satisfaction still. He knew, in the depths of his heart, that the one thing he now longed for was revenge on Lady Marlowe, vengeance for her insolent scorn of himself, vengeance for the murder of Sir William. No! If she believed that Antonio, a craven slave, would let her work out her designs unchecked, that he, like the other poor sheep of Ruddiford, but without their excuse, being neither gagged nor chained, would give up the castle to York and its mistress to any Yorkist noble Lady Marlowe might choose,—if she believed this, as it seemed, she was mistaken.

He rose from his knees, and his deep eyes rested a moment on the face of his master. The selfish, wicked youth, treacherous as he had been and guilty of the old man's death, still loved him in his own mysterious way. He stooped and touched the folded hands with his lips, then started back with chattering teeth; but he vowed to Sir William that, if he could save it, Ruddiford should not be lost to the Red Rose. Even here, true to himself, he was half-hearted, for no re-

morse or ancient love would make him renounce the hope of winning for himself what Sir William had assuredly never given him, a greater treasure than all the castles in England.

However, the promise once made, life and courage, deadened by Lady Marlowe's baleful influence, seemed to come back to Antonio. He slipped from the room and stole down the stairs. At a corner he stopped suddenly, for there was a gleam of light below, and voices talking. He crept along the wall like a shadow,—no one could move more noiselessly—and saw Lady Marlowe at the foot of the stairs, and old Dame Kate with her.

The old woman, white and frightened, was muttering fears and fancies into Lady Marlowe's impatient ear. There was something wrong, she was sure: the women and maidens could not sleep for fear; the noises of the night were terrible; she had heard screams of murder and treason; it was very late, and Mistress Meg had not yet come to her bed-chamber. No doubt she was still with Sir William, but Dame Kate was on her way to call her; she must not wander about the castle so late alone.

"With our men away and the dogs howling a-that's!" muttered the old dame anxiously.

Lady Marlowe laughed softly; something in her tone made Antonio shiver again. "You are a wise soul, dame," she said. "Comfort yourself. Your master has gone to rest, Antonio attending him; your young mistress is in my lodging, and will spend the night with me. Bad dreams, bad dreams! You and your maids have eaten too much,—and in Lent, for shame!"

"But Mistress Meg will want me," the old nurse pleaded, puzzled and doubtful. "May I follow your Ladyship? But verily my lamb would sleep better in her own bed."

"Dame, it is my will that she should sleep where she now is," Lady Marlowe answered. "I have women enough to attend on her. I left her at her evening prayers in the oratory. Go back to your maidens—sleep, all of you. I am awake, watching,—the guards are set,—do you hear me? Be gone to your bed."

Dame Kate turned slowly away,

grumbling to herself; but there was no disobeying this stately lady, no parleying with her.

When she was gone, stumping into the distance, Lady Marlowe glided softly on alone across the moonlit court. Antonio followed her far off, like a stealing shadow, watched her as she went towards the town gate, and then turned and fled another way.

(To be continued.)

OMAR IN AN AFRICAN VINEYARD.

It was a wicked book, the Parson said, a book which no Christian man should read because it made you discontented with your environment and rendered you callous to the natural consequences of your follies in this world and the next. So it lay up on the loft, a much soiled, dingy little volume of widely spaced lines and grey, age-bleached covers, amidst a havoc of incompatible literature, with the little Treubner text of the METAMORPHOSES and the stained, yellow leaves of the Lucretius, of which the Parson only remembered one line :

Quæ quoniam rerum Naturam sola gubernas.

No one knew how it had got there, but tradition asserted in the Pastor's household that a godless hawker (who sold Manchester calicoes of startling hue to the Kaffir maids and bought in exchange ostrich-feathers from their employers at a time when people were rushing to the river diggings in the north) had left it there, together with sundry other volumes of which the same tradition could tell you the titles. There was a small Shakespeare which, having found favour even in that fold of strict Calvinism, had been rebound in blue cloth, and now kissed the boards of Dutch theological tomes on the study shelves. There was an equally diminutive Keats, with a part of the ENDYMION torn out and many interlineations between the verses. There was even a French volume, which, being unintelligible to the majority, tradition had invested with more heathenish vices than it had attached to FitzGerald.

Tradition could tell you the fate of that hawker. He died at the diggings, years later, from a consumption of which he had believed himself radically cured. Riotous living, the result of such constant perusal of the Oriental philosopher who denied that he was a philosopher, had doubtless accelerated his end ; but nothing definite was known on that point, nor as to the antecedents of the young hawker. And it was only by turning over the files of the old COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER (now long since descended into that oblivion which overtakes all journals which do not happen to possess a lengthy advertisement list) that one could prove that Henry Everard Hendley, of Rathangan in the County of Kildare, had arrived in the colony, years before anyone had heard of FitzGerald or dreamed of the diamonds in the country. That was the name in the little book, and underneath it, in an unmistakably feminine hand, and with the *s* formed like an *f* in the old style, were the words *A present on his birthday from his devoted E. N.*

First acquaintances with Omar are usually made in an armchair, with the philosopher on one's lap and a glass of whiskey toddy on the table, an environment, no doubt, which would have earned the whole-hearted approval of Khayyam himself. With a cheerful fire burning, and the sleet driving against the window outside, the introduction becomes immeasurably pleasanter, and although the edition may not be the first, even though it may not be that of FitzGerald, one becomes enamoured of the

new-comer before he has yet wandered farther than the cock crowing and the fleeing of the stars; that is, provided one is of a disposition to merit the Parson's strictures and sympathise with the hawk and the unknown E. N.

But this was a different meeting-place. Outside, under a sky that was cloudlessly blue and in an atmosphere that was freshened by a breeze just sufficient to stir the tops of the oleander bushes, outside in the scent of the maturing pontac leaves and the undercurrent of softer odours the breeze wafted from the riverside, the little volume "curled round your heart like a clematis tendril" as Aunt Keet (who read devotional books with a fervour which had won her canonisation rights) was wont to say when referring to her favourite Bogatzky. The smooth screen of the orange trees and the long vineyard stretching below, miles as it seemed of serried, neatly pruned *hanepoot* sticks that bore luscious fruit in mid-February, had nothing very Oriental about them, it is true. The palm tree lower down the garden gave an Eastern touch to the scene; but then it never bore dates and afforded but little shade against the hot summer sun, so that even when steeped in Omar you could not quite fancy that it was the oasis spot where you could sit and read FitzGerald and drink the sweet white wine (misnamed hock) which uncle Ben Hugo manufactured, and sold for fifteen shillings the half *aum* on market-days. And yet the atmosphere was Omareque, the environment such as he would have liked, the sad-hearted, merry-voiced old tent-maker of Ispahan. Roses blew in the kitchen-garden, roses of which no connoisseur could have told the kind for they had long since been bastardised. A trellis work ran over them (eight feet high and more in places),

round the poles of which showy purple *Lachrymæ Christi* hung in large, bloom-decked clusters. A wealth of grenadellas twined over the wall, their dark blue and white flowers showing clearly against the snowy whiteness of the house to which they had attached themselves. Omar would have sat there, and made more quatrains, and drunk more wine, and talked his cheery philosophy to the native brats who ran about half naked playing with the ostrich chicks.

Poor Henry Everard Hendley knew it differently. In his day it was sedgegrown, most of it, though the vineyard was there and the date-palm, and lower down, where the water-furrow became a quagmire, a grove of plantains that used to bear fruit with big stones in them. He was a queer fellow, people still tell you, sauntering about the place in the twilight and writing bulky letters which he took to the post-bag but never put in though he addressed them carefully and franked them with three penny stamps. Some of the lines in the Omar he had underscored, he or somebody else, and most of them were suggestive.

Oh, take the Cash-in-Hand and waive
the Rest

was one, and below on the same page

—in some corner of the Hubbub
coucht

Make Game of that which makes as
much of Thee.

And there were many others. If he had seen another translation one could easily guess what he would have put his pencil under.

This world an unsubstantial pageant
deem;

All wise men know things are not what
they seem.

Be of good cheer, and drink, and so
shake off
This vain illusion of a baseless dream.

That might have been one verse possibly. Khayyam would have read his history easily and prescribed for him accordingly. Here, in this little Quaker-minded village, they understood him as little as they would have understood Omar himself.

The pontac is the king of vines, —in the foliage, not in the fruit. Its grapes are small, sweet, currant-like. Its leaves turn from yellow to red as the summer decays, and the first swallows fly northwards, and people begin to dig round the orange-trees, growing brighter red and brighter every day. On the hill-side they make a splendid show of colour, which no one has ever tried to paint because you cannot put sunlight in a picture, and without sunlight they would seem mere blotches of colour, as if ochre had been strewn over the hill-side. Between the plants grows yellow sorrel, luxuriantly rich, which the children dig out and eat in summer time, or play at oxen with. Towards the outskirts of the vineyard, where the garden gave up its civilization to the untrammelled wildness of the veld, without so much as a bamboo fence to guard it, startling crimson *Watsonias* blossomed in spring, redder than the roses which had been watered by a Cæsar's blood. Yet they might have had human fertilisers. A Bushman's kraal once stood there, and tribal fights took place on the hill-slopes. Little Bennie, of the house of Hugo, found a skull there once, which his father said was a dog-faced baboon's, but which the village doctor bought for a bag of lollipops to send to the Cape Town Museum, where now it is labelled *Cranium of Khoi-Khoi, exhibiting characteristic parietal depression*. Presented by Dr. E. W. Komfyt, from Paarl vineyard,—rather

ungrammatical and not strictly true, perhaps, but somewhat of a vindication for my large infidel.

South Africans would not appreciate Omar, if you were to translate him into low Dutch and put footnotes to explain the historical allusions. Doubtless no one who cares for him could appreciate him in such circumstances. Willem Kloos writes exquisite sonnets, and Dr. Van Eeden is a poet to his finger-tips, but it is no disparagement to them to say that they could not give us a translation of Omar if they tried. Holland must needs take the Tentmaker's philosophy in English or American, German or French, and it is the same with Africans. But apart from the difficulties of language there are others; and the main one is this, that Omar and Calvin are incompatibles, although the latter, with predestination and foreordination writ large in his philosophy, might have put in a claim for kinship, and notwithstanding the fact that I have heard the Persian quoted in the City Temple.

But there were others in that vineyarded village who were Omarists to their hearts' core. The Malay wagon-painter was one, though, indeed, he had never heard of the poet. The natives in the pondoks were, blithely idling their lives away as if they fully agreed with Horace:

Sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi
Spem longam recesses.

The old shepherd by the riverside, who had Bushman blood in him and was proud of it, he too swore by Omar, though if you had questioned him he would probably have replied, "Who's he, *oubaas*?" For they all followed his philosophy, they all lived their day, and when eventide came and they entered the Caravan for the dawn of Nothing they did so quietly,

resignedly, with no unnecessary bedside ceremony. Amadeus, the jet black Hottentot who cut for the stone such people as were unfortunate enough to be afflicted with that malady and simple enough to believe in his ancient methods, had his special proverbs which all his neighbours used, and the trend of every one was Omarwards. "Dry sticks are made to burn"—"What did our good little Lord give you tears for but to weep?"—"People will die so long as the hills shine blue"—"You can't put a sweet potatoe together again when once you've cut it"—and "Don't cry, we know all about it." It was the philosophy they had found practical all their lives long; it was one that suited them. Life in a location is not always what those who talk constantly of the habitual laziness and sloth of the average Cape native make it out to be, for there is enough sadness to temper lightheartedness. It may be evanescent, not from itself but because those upon whom it presses feel much the same as the Tentmaker did. Who, reading Omar with love and understanding, believes that he preached the gospel of mocking at Death and Fate without an aching heart?

In the grape season they came and tendered their services, man, woman and location child. They ate *hane-poot* (of the quality which is nowadays exported hitherward carefully packed in corkdust) to their hearts' content and drank must (a liquid which is supposed not to inebriate) till the vineyard whirled round and round them and the shining granite boulders on the hill-top appeared to be ogres with wide opened jaws. In the cellars the men-folk rolled up their trousers and trod the grapes under foot, sing-

ing the hymns of Moody and Sankey as accompaniment to the rhythmic beat of their naked feet. Later on came the raisin making, when yards and yards of straw matting were put out under the trees and the big bunches of grapes, previously dipped in lye, were spread to dry under the sun. It was an ideal environment in which to read FitzGerald.

Bacon loved the smell of reddening strawberry leaves, and Charles Lamb that of half faded laurels. They both suggest something morbid, something of decay and death, which always present phases of beauty if one looks at them in a proper, Omarlike spirit. For me, give me the smell of the sere leaves dropped from the Lombardy poplars long before winter has come, long before the pontacs have changed to red and flaring crimson. It seems to mingle with the other odours, that smell, with the aroma of the veld around and the perfume of the drying grapes on the raisin floors. It carries with it the twitter of the red-breasted chaffinches in the mealie fields, and the deep, gardenia-like scent of white orchids near the river-side.

Omar in a Cape vineyard is Omar beatified, rendered more understandable, more at one with the world around, even though miles of custom and mires of prejudice separate the vineyard men from thoroughly understanding him. The little paper-covered book was a bibliophile's prize, and the dealer from Port Elizabeth who bought up rare editions would have given much for it. To Henry Everard Hendley it had presented—who knows what? To the Omarist in the vineyard it meant more than all the village library put together and bound in red morocco leather. And this was strange, the Parson said, seeing it was a godless book.

C. L. L.

THE RURAL EXODUS AND A REMEDY.

HODGE is disappearing. Fortunately, or perhaps I should say unfortunately, there is no difference of opinion as to this. In the debateable area of economic questions nothing is more certain than the depletion of the country-side. The exodus from the rural districts and the comparative depopulation of wide areas are hard and solid facts, and now,—or later, when perhaps it will be too late—the practical Englishman must face them.

They are not only hard and solid facts; they are also melancholy facts. Both political parties, again, agree as to this. If the vigorous, hardy population which lives on the land and the industries associated with the land,—and such a population is composed of healthy social groups in addition to that of our sturdy peasantry—be further reduced in number, where are we to look for the physical backbone of the nation? What becomes of our best recruiting ground for the military and industrial armies of the State? Where are we to seek that continuous flow of vigour to make up for the continuous sap of strength? For while the country invigorates the town exhausts; and it is precisely what the country supplies that the city demands. Our well-being as a people rests on the basis of our healthy reproduction; and the modern life of great cities, in spite of the triumphs of sanitation, drains and dries the physical and mental vigour which the wholesome country brought into being and on which the supremacy of the nation must ultimately rest.

Is it not agreed, then, that in order to feed our towns and their industries

with material for their progress, and to push our work successfully in competition with that of other nations, we must retain a large rural population and consequently a prosperous rural industry to maintain it? Yet the exact converse obtains; the population is rapidly decreasing and the industry has long ceased to be anything approaching the prosperous. Little wonder that far-seeing politicians are asking how much longer it is to prevail, and what, peradventure, will stay the exodus. Both questions are of the highest political importance, and I propose now to attempt some consideration of each.

And, first, I will be a trifle statistical, for arithmetic may be a short cut to the truth. Looking back over this last century,—just that much and no more—I find that the population of England and Wales has turned a complete somersault. The life and occupations of the English people have undergone a radical change. In 1801 not more than thirty-six per cent. of the entire population lived in towns and embarked in urban industries; to-day they who dwell in cities form more than sixty-six per cent. of the whole. On the other hand, in 1801 the percentage of the nation who lived in strictly rural districts and was occupied in agricultural and rural pursuits amounted to fifty-three per cent. of the whole population; to-day it has descended to the alarming level of not more than eighteen per cent. What, in plain words, do these figures mean? They mean nothing else than that a nation composed in the main of a healthy rural population, closely

connected with or subsisting on agriculture, has become a nation chiefly of townsmen, connected with industrial and commercial pursuits; a nation for the present vastly richer and more progressive, let it be granted, but in precise proportion to that increase of wealth and industry, demanding an increased supply of vigour to replace that exhausted in the struggle.

It may be worth while to look at this even a little closer. Is England becoming a country of streets, of urban or, at least, suburban areas? That was prophesied, we know, as far back as the days of Smollett, but it always was and still is immensely far from the truth. London embraced in 1801 some forty-four thousand acres; at the last census they had increased to one hundred and thirty thousand. One hundred and twelve of our largest towns covered one hundred and twelve thousand acres in 1801; to-day four hundred thousand acres lie within their borders. The next group of towns, some three hundred and ninety in all, have during the last hundred years added about one hundred thousand acres to their area. Seventy new towns have swallowed up, say, eighty thousand acres; and densely populous areas, surrounding towns or embracing mines, have sprung into being on some two million acres. But, after all, there are scarcely five million acres which are now urbanised or sub-urbanised, and against these there are still thirty-two million of acres shouting for work and people to give it them. The people of England have changed, but the face of England is practically still the same. The crowded areas, it is true, have crept into the green fields; but in the whole century they have gained only a small area as compared with their immense growth of population. Our rural districts are still intact; but their populous villages have disappeared.

It would be absurd to deny that the causes of the exodus are many and complicated, but I have little hesitation in saying that there are four main-springs from which it flows. They are, first, the want of work in the country; next, the attraction of the higher wages of the towns; third, the state of cottage-accommodation; and fourth, the glamour of town life.

The want of work in the country began with the downfall of the price of corn and has been maintained by the continuously increasing use of labour-saving machinery. Population statistics curiously confirm this, for between 1850 and 1870 the rural population (which had been increasing previously) became almost stationary; that is to say, the natural increase almost exactly balanced the emigration; and from 1870 to the present time it has been rapidly decreasing. This period has embraced an unbroken series of lean years for the agricultural interest,—the price of corn constantly dwindling, the use of machinery and every possible labour-saving contrivance as constantly developing, and the area of cultivated land without exception decreasing. I can remember when, at hay-harvest, the whole village went out to “ted the hay,” when men, women, and children went up and down the long rows, with rake and pick and song and merry jest, and the whole countryside was alive with the happiness of work in which all equally shared. What do I see to-day? A man, taciturn because solitary, driving two horses from his perch on a steel device which cuts down the nodding grasses and lays out the long swaths as he passes quickly along. And to-morrow his young son will come with a horse and a rake on wheels, a sort of revolving spider armed with many claws, which in a short morning will toss and make the hay that only

thirty years ago brought out the whole village. Apply the same method to every department of rural life, and add to it the enormous acreage of land that was once arable and is now permanent pasture, and the reason for the want of work is obvious. And the farm itself suffers by the change. The men who could quickset a hedge, who could drain and trench, who could sink a well and thatch a rick—they are sadly to seek. The technical skill, the most ancient of the arts of agriculture, is almost lost to-day; but prices compel the farmer to cut down at all cost the bill for labour, and his aim is to make two half-bred mechanics do the work or, at least, take the place of a dozen skilled agricultural labourers. What wonder the young people long since set their faces townward, and that their fathers are following them?

Then there are the higher wages of the town; these are held to be a main cause for the coming hither of the unskilled labourer of the shires. Undoubtedly they are a great attraction, and at first sight seem a sound one. For the current wages of the agricultural labourer appear very low, ranging as they do (to take the mean average rather than either extreme) from 14s. 9d. in Norfolk to 15s. in Wiltshire, 15s. 2d. in Buckinghamshire, 15s. 6d. in Essex, 15s. 10d. in Somersetshire and 16s. 2d. in Warwickshire, when compared with the 25s. a week which even the unskilled labourer expects to command in the towns. But when his 7s. 6d. rent in London is set off against the 1s. 3d. and 1s. 6d. rent of the country, the dear food against the cheap, the cost of going to and from his work, and the higher general cost of living and dressing, I do not think that the labourer finds his financial position much, if any, better. In fact, if we take his case by itself, it is probably

No. 539.—VOL. XC.

worse; but one has to consider that if he has children, his position is probably improved. By living in the towns he has undoubtedly a better prospect of getting them into callings of more variety and greater value, and their contribution to the total income of the home is not negligible.

Still, the fact remains that there are many men who could find work in the country and would prefer to remain on the land, if only the cottages obtainable were in a better state, and sometimes, indeed, if any cottages at all were obtainable; for it is perfectly true that in thousands of our villages there are no cottages available for the natural increase of the population. I know a Devonshire village where a score of cottages have been pulled down, or allowed to fall down, during the last twenty years, but never a new cottage built. I know a Kentish village where six new cottages were built, and forty applications were immediately made for them. I know a Sussex village where in the last few years nearly thirty young men, anxious to marry and settle down, have gone away for good because there was no cottage for them to start life in. The want of cottages of any kind is unquestionably a cause of the exodus, and this fact, involving as it does the overcrowding by grown children of existing cottages, emphasises the very serious defects which, in spite of much rebuilding and many good landlords, still exist on every hand. It is a fact that the majority of the labourers' cottages in the country are grossly inadequate in accommodation and defective in structure.

This matter of cottages deserves emphasis, and I will ask leave to emphasise it.

Beginning with the overcrowding aspect of it, I recall a village in the Midlands where there are no fewer

than thirty cottages with but one bedroom each. The father, mother, and eight children sleep in one of these bedrooms; in another, the parents and six children; while in another, in addition to the father and mother, there are three daughters of thirteen, sixteen, and twenty-two years of age and two sons of eleven and eighteen. In a fourth case four children were found in one bed,—all of them with measles! In a Cambridgeshire village, I find eleven people sleeping in one bedroom, in a Wiltshire village nine.

Then there is the insanitary state of the cottages. This is the story which the vicar of a Cornish parish has to tell of the cottages in his own neighbouring villages: "There are twenty empty, only two fit to live in, eight inhabited ones unfit to live in." It is no uncommon sight to see open sewer ditches running behind a row of cottages; I have even seen them running down the village street. Drainage, where it does exist, is usually and grossly defective. I know of one rural district where in 1898 there were no fewer than two hundred and two cases of diphtheria, and little wonder, for where you found a pump-well there, too, you generally found a cess-pit. I remember seven cottages in Norfolk where the water-supply came from a ditch. There are thousands of cottages whose inmates have to go a quarter of a mile or more for water and are thankful to get it then. And, added to these insanitary arrangements, there are other preventible defects,—such as tiny windows which cannot be opened, dark and depressing rooms not six feet high, rooms that are open to the thatch, cases where part of the roof itself has actually fallen in, where rain is coming through the roof and rags are stuffed into the mud walls to keep out the

whistling wind, while sacking is spread over the beds to try to keep them dry. I am not exaggerating the picture; anyone who has an intimate knowledge of country life can bear me out and support this evidence and my contention that herein lies another fruitful source of the rural exodus.

Lastly, there is the fourth cause of the exodus,—the glamour of the towns. Probably the late Lord Salisbury did not expect to be taken quite seriously when he said that all the country people want is a circus; but it is a half-truth none the less. Yet this glamour is not so much the social satisfaction of the crowded street or the cheap forms of amusement,—though each and all exercise some force,—as it is the feeling that in the big towns there is to be found a panacea for the grinding poverty of the country. The labourer, be he ever so thrifty, cannot save much on 14s. or 15s. a week; he sees no remission of his years of toil, no escape, at the end of a long industrious life of honourable labour, from the high grey walls of the unwelcome workhouse. On the other hand, he dreams dreams of the wealth of the great metropolis, and he at least realises the fact that his children will have innumerable opportunities which are not to be found in the country. Thus the town draws him, often, unhappily, to a bitter awakening.

And now remains the remedy for this great exodus from the countryside,—from the combs and downs and green fields of Wessex, from the wide plains of East Anglia, and the wooded meadows of the Midlands. I profess no panacea for an economic disturbance which is partly inevitable, nor can I support the policy which commends itself to some politicians, a reversion to Protection. But born and bred in the country as I was and

knowing the country as I do, I venture to suggest out of my own experience that in a great measure the plague may be stayed by three remedial measures,—by providing better cottages, by enabling the labourer to obtain small holdings, and by the establishment of organisations for marketing small products; and I will indicate in the briefest way the leading points of each remedy.

I do not hesitate to assert that more and better cottages will keep more people on the land. A well-known sanitary expert, Miss Cochrane, received out of a hundred and one returns from rural districts to the question, how many good cottages are unoccupied? ninety answers affirming there were none, and stating that if more were built they would be immediately inhabited. A Rural District Councillor reported from six villages in Berkshire that no cottages were empty, but that more were wanted. A report from Wiltshire, and another from Sussex, run to the same purpose. A sanitary inspector writes from the next county: "The pressing want here, as all over the country, is labourers' cottages." And a clergyman writes to me: "Several labourers have left this village and gone to the towns because the cottages are not fit for habitation and none better are procurable." Moreover, the sanitary inspection of many villages is a farce. To take a concrete instance: out of a specified district of sixty-five villages, the medical officers and inspectors of nuisances have only inspected once in from five to ten years in as many as forty-four of them. The sanitary authorities are not often in evidence in the villages, and the Public Health Acts are too frequently waste paper.

Then, again, with regard to small holdings, of, say, from ten to thirty acres. It is not every man who is

fitted by nature to grapple with the peculiar difficulties of a small holding; but, on the average, in every village there are two or three men to be found who might be expected to do well with them. I do not advocate a leap in the dark; the system has been tried in counties so remote and diverse as Cheshire and Devonshire and with equal success. I do not suggest everyone being a small holder, even were he fit for it, for an excess of small holders in any one district would, in the absence of a co-operative organisation for marketing produce, lead to disastrous competition and failure. The small holder is not a man of fortune; but in his wife and growing family he has his most valuable asset. They, with him, can look after the small stock, which when kept in comparatively restricted numbers costs disproportionately less for food, and is then, especially in the case of poultry, most productive of profit. They, with him, too, can manage the dairy, the garden, the root-crops, and the hay-harvest; and while he earns some hard cash in occasionally helping the neighbouring farmer (who is always wanting a good man for hedging, ditching, and trenching and is thankful for a hard-worker at harvest-time) they can carry on the routine work of the small holding. There is no space now to go into this question in detail, but I may mention, as showing its bearing on the repopulation of the country districts, that I know of a village in Devonshire which was so depopulated in 1871 as to number two hundred and seventy people, while to-day, owing to the introduction of small holdings on a judicious and fair basis, the population has risen to four hundred.

And finally, there is the establishment of organisations for marketing small products, which is a matter of

the first importance to the small holder, and makes all the difference between success and failure.

Up to a certain point the small holder may depend on local demand, and he may get a fair market in the nearest town. But there is this drawback to the local or any other market he may secure,—he is always losing it, on account of his being unable to provide a continuous supply; once lost, it is not always easy to regain a footing when he wants it. This inability to keep up a continuous supply, either of vegetables, of poultry, of eggs, butter or milk, is the common weakness of all small producers and it can only be met by organisation and co-operation. There are two ways open. (1) The small holders and poultry and egg breeders of the district may co-operate together by employing a common agent to collect, pack, and market the produce, each receiving the profits of the sale of their produce *pro rata*, less a fixed percentage for expenses. (2) But as local jealousy usually defeats co-operative effort in England (would that we could imitate the splendid co-operation which in every department of agriculture is so conspicuously successful in Denmark!) perhaps the shortest road to the end would be best secured by an external association or an individual who would enter into separate contracts with all the small producers of the neighbourhood; who buys at his own risk and collects at his own expense, and makes what he can at his own markets. The small holders would lose to the extent of this man's profits but probably gain by his superior organisation. In this case, too, the score or so of new laid eggs of the individual small holder would speedily become the thousand or so of the district. Collection could be made two or three times a week to ensure perfect freshness; and the whole could

be shipped off to market from the rural depôt in quantities sufficient to pay for carriage and to attract and hold the wholesale dealer. The area of collection would be extended until continuity of supply was practically guaranteed. Thus the small holders would get good prices for even their smallest products: they would be marketed in as favourable a way as the largest farmer's produce; and the collecting agency would be self-supporting and create another agricultural occupation of a profitable character.

Failing this or, better still perhaps, supplementary to it, we must have an Agricultural Parcels Post conducted by the State. It must be organised by the State because railway competition would make short work of any private enterprise. Its plan would be, in effect, to collect from door to door and deliver from door to door. I say *in effect*, because in actual practice it would follow on the lines of the letter post; the products of each small holder would be deposited at the village depôt just as the letters of each villager are now placed in the village letter-box. But while the collection would be at the depôt, the delivery would be at the door of the consumer. The motor-truck, the motor-train, the light railway, and the existing railway system would all be utilised by the Agricultural Parcels Post.

At first it would be found necessary perhaps to place an upward limit (say, of a hundredweight) on each agricultural parcel. This limit would not tend to impair the usefulness of the Agricultural Post, for its chief purpose would be to deal with comparatively small quantities of produce—to deal cheaply, speedily, and completely with the carriage of that produce from the hands of its producer to those of its consumer, who

might be a wholesale or retail dealer or the private individual who is the ultimate consumer. Such a post, if cheap (and it must be cheap), if speedy (and it must be speedy), and if complete and final in its operation (and it must be absolutely complete, permitting no break in the bridge it forms between producer and consumer) would render the necessarily small products of the small producer at once profitable because it would make them at once marketable.

These, then, are the salient points of the rural exodus, and these the remedial measures I would first suggest. Although they have proved

eminently successful elsewhere, we have not as yet given them a trial. So long as we pay the foreigner £30,000,000, a year for butter and eggs and vegetables largely produced by the methods here described, so long will it stand to our discredit that those methods are not given a fair and ample trial in this country. Moreover, the matter has a political as well as an economic importance. For in producing for ourselves what we now buy from the foreigner we should at the same time be repeopling our depopulated rural districts, and bringing an exiled peasantry happily and permanently back to the land.

ARTHUR MONTEFIORE BRICE.

MR. SEDDON'S CONSTITUENCY.

THE West Coast, which in New Zealand invariably means the west coast of the South Island, has always had a distinct character of its own. There you still see all the best, and all the worst features of colonial life. It is generally nearer than any other part of the colony to the primitive type of colonialism, where everyone must rub shoulders with everyone else, and where one constantly asks one's self whether the utter absence of all the refinements of life is or is not compensated for by the extreme kind-heartedness of the inhabitants, which may be said to be locally proverbial. The West Coast, in fact, is still by far the least known and most backward district of New Zealand. Very few, even among New Zealanders, really know much about its remoter mountain valleys. It can only be approached by long and expensive coach journeys, by very small, and often abominably overcrowded steamers along a coast which seems always stormy, or, if you are strong enough, over one of the inaccessible mountain passes of the Southern Alps. But when once there, you think you are never going to get away again, so far does Westland stretch, shut in and shut off from everywhere by the purple, snow-crowned wall of the Southern Alps on one side, and by the long roll of the restless Pacific breakers on the other.

So isolated is the life, so cut off from all the rest of New Zealand, so slow as yet are the means of communication (for it takes far longer to get across Westland than to go from

John O'Groats to Land's End) that it is safe to say no one more gently nurtured than a miner or a farmer lives there, if he can possibly help it. The few folk of a different stamp condemned by their avocations to live down there either vegetate or find relief in the one compensation for such banishment, — the limitless amount of exploring, botanising, and geologising to be done in its scarcely penetrated bush, with an infinite variety of ferns, its unscaled mountains, and unexplored glaciers. "It is *the* compensation," said a doctor whose practice kept him in one of the small coast towns, where, even in New Zealand, "nobody ever goes." Cut off from almost all society, he devotes his spare time to exploring, for which he has an immense field; he has a hut on one of the beautiful mountain lakes, which hardly any one ever sees so remote is it from all inhabited parts, and he possesses a collection of glacier, Alpine, and bush photographs, of which anyone might well be proud, being most of them unique, and taken where no one ever had courage to drag a camera before.

The very mountain pass by which last year the writer entered Westland had never before been trodden by female foot, and only some fourteen men had ever struggled over the colossal boulders, the unbridged rivers and creeks, or traversed the exquisite loveliness of the virgin bush through which lay the way over the untamed Southern Alps into the unknown West Coast valleys.

After hours of climbing over rocks and wading through snow, we stood

at last, a party of six (including two Alpine guides), over seven thousand feet above the not far distant sea; behind us rose the desolately grand, wind-swept spurs of the Mount Cook range, now hidden in a thick mist and fine rain; before us the sun, breaking golden through a rift in the storm-driven clouds, shone over the wild, trackless West Coast valleys, their slopes covered with an infinite wealth of foliage and fern and huge forest trees, traversed by clear, swift-rushing streams, hemmed in by unclimbed mountain heights, and unknown glaciers,—a view superb in its solitary magnificence. Not a living creature was there,—only the wild native birds that live among the mountains. And this was unknown New Zealand.

Soon the snow became less thick, and then disappeared, except under the shelter of a rock. There were no more tufts of edelweiss, but instead the snow-white, yellow-centred mountain lilies blossomed in sunny nooks, while snow-grass and great white mountain daisies grew thick upon the slopes. Moraine gave place to densely thick sub-Alpine scrub, and by degrees the scrub became "bush," ever more and more luxuriantly beautiful,—the damp, dark, perennially green bush, with its own scent of decaying leaves and moist earth.

Two long days from early morning till evening brought our party to a flat of half cleared bush-land, with tall tropical-looking cabbage trees, and a waste of swamp delivered over to the sword-like green leaves and russet flowers of the flax-plant. Here, for the first time in our journey, we came upon a road, a real road possible to drive along, not the almost invisible blazed bush-tracks along which we had scrambled and climbed by means of ice-axes, and which are impossible for any but a practised bushman to

follow. Some hours of boggy track through the bush, over river-bed and flax swamp, brought us eventually to a homestead, the only house for many miles round, an eight or nine-roomed building, wooden (of course), two-storied, and painted white, with a scrap of garden of intermixed flowers and vegetables, and a wide strip planted with carrots and potatoes, the whole set in a large, grassy clearing. The family, who had been informed, as we thought, of our probable arrival some days before, had not yet received the letter. Their only warning had been the barking of all their numerous dogs. One and all they came out to welcome us, fifteen of them, down to a baby in arms and several more trotting about. There were tall, strong-looking men, of a type never seen in England, not even in the country, hard-worked looking women, healthy, but prematurely lined and aged when compared with town-bred women who have time and opportunity to take care of their appearance, and strapping girls and children, the latter bare-footed, bloomingly, aggressively robust, and without exaggeration nearly half as big again as English children of their ages.

They are very elastic, these back-country houses; however many they may take in, they seem always able to find room for a few more. Therefore the unexpected arrival of six drenched, muddy, and ravenously hungry people did not appear to disarrange the household. There were, of course, no servants to be considered. Eight or nine rooms, for a family of fifteen, with six strangers suddenly quartered on them, may make an English householder stare; but an eight-roomed house in Westland is palatial, and a man, his wife, and five bouncing children will find a two-roomed hut quite sufficient for themselves, and

for a visitor whenever fortune favours them with one.

Unknown New Zealand is no place for helpless folk. The fine gentleman and the fine lady had better keep away from it. There is little that you do not have to do for yourself, even now. To begin with, you must build your own house. In a place such as we were in carpenters could hardly be procured, and most people have to be content with shanties knocked up for themselves out of corrugated iron, wood cut in the bush, and perhaps tree-fern trunks.

It was a typical New Zealand back country homestead where we found ourselves. There were dogs and cats galore; cocks and hens swarmed around the back door; ducks and geese were evidently not far off; in the ample stockyard and farm-buildings across the paddock were plenty of stalwart cows, calves, and horses; about the river-bed were more horses, to catch which was a good day's expedition whenever they were wanted.

Life in such a place is a little world in itself. There are no events more exciting than the occasional visit of a party of exploring travellers like ourselves, or of some river-bound surveyors who have run short of supplies, or it may be the arrival every two or three months of the little steamer which brings the stores from higher up the coast.

In such a household no one must be too particular. It being a good hundred miles from a baker, all the bread must be baked in the house, in camp-ovens; and the cooking is also done in camp-ovens or over the enormous wood fires generally burning in the great open fire-places, for the climate, though never very cold, is damp and the rainfall enormous. There is nothing but wood to burn

in this and many parts of Westland, but there is abundance of that. The cooking done in these ovens may be as good as the best. Given a competent hand, meat is never sweeter, bread never lighter than when cooked in a camp-oven; given an incompetent hand, the results are disastrous. Butter and sometimes cheese are made on the farm; all meat is home-killed, all hams and bacon home-cured, all vegetables, and such fruit as there is, home-grown. Even the horses are shod on the premises, and sometimes the soap is made there also.

Life of course does not go like clockwork as in an English household; but there is also an agreeable freedom about it that you do not find in England. However you may approach a place like this, you can hardly take any luggage, except such few things as will go in a parcel, or a rucksack, that can be carried on your back, or strapped on to a saddle or the handles of a bicycle. Not that this matters much, since no one possesses or perhaps has even seen any clothes that would be thought presentable in London; and what an English person would consider the first necessities of life are often lacking in the accommodation houses which do duty for hotels, and in the private houses of the settlers. They have hardly heard of a bathroom; as for hot water, they would never think of anyone wanting it; whenever you wish to use a toothbrush you must cruise around in the back-regions to find a cup or a glass; if you want your boots cleaned, you may by exploring the same quarters find some blacking and brushes. The utmost insistence and diplomacy will hardly ensure you a room to yourself; it never occurs to anyone that it would make any difference to your comfort. But rough as everything is, everyone is kindness itself; and what-

ever you have or do not have, you may be quite sure you are receiving the very best the house has to offer, whether you are in a regular accommodation house or have been invited by a chance acquaintance on one of the lonely roads to come in and have a cup of tea.

Carpets I rarely saw, until I reached a township; bare boards, with perhaps a rag mat or some sacks, are the rule. Meals are generally served in the kitchen, often with a wooden bench to sit on, and always in company with whoever happens to be in the house, farmhands, sheep-shearers, miners, anyone, the Premier himself, if he happened to be electioneering anywhere in this, his electorate.

True back-country, colonial meals they are, too, with bountiful helpings which would make a dainty-feeding Londoner open his eyes. Food is the best of its kind, and used here, as always in New Zealand, with a wasteful extravagance I have never seen elsewhere. It may be roughly served, but the meat that is given you in Westland is fit to set before any king; it is always mutton, of course, in the back-country, varied with occasional bush-pigeons or game, but it is mutton such as I do not believe is to be found anywhere else in the world. It is always the lightest of home-made bread which the settlers' wives put before you, and potatoes which are balls of flour, for there is known to be no land which can grow such potatoes as this land of the virgin bush. On three hearty meals a day of meat and floury potatoes, with any amount of butter and the inevitable large cups of tea, which the average New Zealander drinks at least three, and often four and five times a day, it is no wonder that the children are so big that anyone accustomed to

English children would guess them to be at least two years older than they really are. The fatherly Government, in the case of these isolated families, compels them to have their children properly educated; and if there is no elder brother or sister fit for the work, a teacher must live in the house and teach them for the regulation number of hours a day the usual subjects compulsory in the New Zealand State schools.

It is a delightfully deliberate and casual part of the world, this Westland. The homestead at which we first put up after crossing the South Alps was hedged in on every side by unbridged rivers, full of quicksands, and dangerous to the last degree when in flood, as they very often are. Many a good life has been lost in trying to ford these West Coast rivers. Every arrangement in these parts is made "rivers permitting," and often they do not permit. And even when they are bridged, it is often only with a rickety suspension bridge merely for foot passengers; otherwise you ride across them on horseback. You must be able to sit a horse here; for often there is absolutely no other way of getting about, many of the roads being only fit for a horse, while if you walk or try to bicycle, even supposing you crash recklessly through the little streams, you will be brought up every few miles by a river. The horses are not beauties to look at nor to ride, but they are sure-footed on the rough roads and they can ford the rivers; indeed were one alone and unused to the country, the safest plan would be to give the horse the rein, and let it take its own way. These rivers rise to an impassable state in a few hours, and are down again as quickly. The settlers will talk of an "Old Man Flood," still an occasional occurrence, when for a fortnight, it may very well be, the

rivers are hopelessly unfordable even by the most practised horse.

Letters come in some parts only about once a fortnight, the rivers permitting. Parcels are far more erratic; if they happen to be more than five or six pounds in weight, the mailman may consider them too heavy, in which case he calmly plants them somewhere along the road, to await his good pleasure and convenience. A parcel of mine, that went astray down the West Coast, careered about the South Island for two months, and was the subject of sheaves of telegrams before it eventually fell into the hands of the post-office in Wellington.

The first thing that happened to me in Westland was to be river-bound. For days I had not been able to send a telegram or a letter; none of my friends or relatives knew exactly where I was; as for a shop or town I had almost forgotten what one looked like. My host remarked that people "should never come down that way if they were tied to time for a week or two"—a profoundly true remark. Down in the wilds of Westland you must cure yourself of being in a hurry; in a week, perhaps less, perhaps more, when rivers have gone down, when you have caught and shod a horse, and you can ride to the nearest telegraph office, ten or fifteen miles off, you will be able to send a telegram, and let your friends know you are alive; you might even see a week-old newspaper, and after all you have only been a fortnight without your letters.

The world wags along; there are wars and rumours of wars, revolutions and changes of dynasty; monarchs die and other monarchs succeed them; discoveries are made which astonish the whole scientific world; the press continues that making of books of which there is no end, and new

stars arise on the musical and artistic horizons. But down here it really does not matter. The steamer supposed to bring stores four or five times a year from Hokitika (the nearest town of more than a thousand people) is a month late; the Waitara or the Little Wanganui River is higher than it has been for years; these are the only events of which you are cognisant, except the latest totalisator news, or the latest sweepstakes in the local races. There are often not even any neighbours whose affairs you can discuss.

Doctors in this remote part of the world, like many other things, have perforce to be done without, except in cases of extreme emergency, when one is sometimes brought from the nearest town. I knew of one medical man who rode some hundred and twenty miles to see a patient. Night and day he rode, the settlers all along the way (for the news had spread rapidly, as it does in these back country districts) coming out with their best and swiftest horses for him, and he would swing off one horse and on to another without pausing. Sixty pounds it cost to bring him down; and the end of everything I learned one day when wandering along a bush road I found, hidden away among the tall, fern-covered trees, a little, flower-planted enclosure, with two lonely graves among the silent bush. It was strangely solemn that little cemetery, perhaps not even in consecrated ground, with no church within a hundred miles, and no headstone to mark who lay beneath.

A little further up the coast, when the backwoods become rather less back, the Government has attached a telephone to all the accommodation houses,—huts and shanties the irreverent Englishman, who does not build his own dwelling, might call them, but they are the only places

to stay in down in Unknown New Zealand. Often also, you can send a telegram from them, as they are frequently post-offices, and always you can get a good meal and a warm fire. As a rule these houses are about ten or fifteen miles apart—always West Coast miles, which have a considerable *bittock* added on to their original length.

For four long days I rode on a man's saddle in the boy's dress that is absolutely necessary for any woman who would enter Westland across the Southern Alps, and always along bush roads or across tussock flats and river-beds. A bush road may be rough, but it is always exquisitely beautiful. The ferns and mosses covering the ground, mantling the tall trees to the very top, and clothing every branch in soft green, are indescribable, of every variety from giant tree-ferns forty feet high to the most fragile and filmiest maiden-hair, and many kinds never seen anywhere but on the West Coast. It is all virgin bush, trackless save for a few roads, and containing no living thing except the wood-pigeons, the tiny fantails, twittering, black-capped tomtits, and saucy bush-robins, without red breasts, but otherwise just like English robins.

Twice I digressed to see two of the wonderful West Coast glaciers which come down to within a few hundred feet of the sea, with ferns and bush growing down almost to the edge of the vast masses of broken ice. It is very little explored as yet this district of Westland.

Once I found myself where several bush roads met, at a place called the Forks, consisting mainly of the hotel and post-office, and two or three unpainted shanties. The hotel was the very roughest I ever stayed in, even in the backwoods, and kept only by men; indeed I think there was no

woman in the whole place except myself. Sometimes, in these very primitive accomodation houses, one realises what luxury is camping out in a tent or under one of the huge West Coast boulders, sleeping in a bag, and being able to bathe in one of the fresh mountain streams next morning.

However, at the Forks, as everywhere else in Unknown New Zealand, everyone was as kind as possible. Everything was done for my comfort that could be done, and the dogs were immediately despatched into the depths of the bush to bring in the cows, that they might be sure of milk the next morning. After tea we sat by the blazing fire in the vast open fire-place, and talked to the old miners smoking in the comfortable warmth. Most of these old miners remember Mr. Seddon in his earlier days; they speak of him with friendly admiration, and are sometimes full of reminiscences of him before he became Premier. One cannot travel in Westland without hearing constantly of Mr. Seddon. Presently the Government road-overseer came in, with a pretty blue-eyed, fair-haired child, looking strangely out of place among those rough men. We fell to talking of many things, and naturally the conversation soon turned on Mr. Seddon. The overseer had stayed, when a young man, in the hotel kept by him in Kumara. Yes, it was a hotel much like the one I was in, — a wooden, one-storied building, with the thinnest of walls and partitions, so that whatever went on in any one room could be heard with startling distinctness nearly all over the house. It was, moreover, one of those hotels and stores combined seen but very rarely in New Zealand now. Usually the hotel-bar is on one side of the house, and the store, where everything from groceries

to drapery is sold, on the other. "I used to see him a lot, then," the overseer continued, "but I never thought then he would become the big man he is now. I don't think anyone else thought so either. Oh yes, they all remember him everywhere, especially the miners, wherever you go about the coast." This I found to be true; the coast would be a storehouse of wealth for anyone wishing to gather reminiscences of the early days of a man the effects of whose personality permeate New Zealand, and who, if faulty, is nevertheless really remarkable. But it was Mrs. Seddon, I discovered, whom the overseer remembered with special affection. He was a very young man when he boarded in Mr. Seddon's hotel for a pound a week, and he was grateful for the kindly watch Mrs. Seddon never failed to keep on him. What had chiefly struck him about the future Premier was his great fondness for his children. He recalled how, when elected to the mayorship of Kumara or to some other dignity (I cannot now remember what) Seddon was drawn through the streets of the mining township by the exultant townsfolk. Through easy times and difficult, through good report and ill, he has never failed to represent the miners of Westland in the New Zealand House of Representatives. Everyone on the West Coast seems to know him, and they will talk to you about him by the hour together.

The Government overseer was a characteristic type of a West-Coaster. He asked me if I could stay a day or two with his wife, as she was very lonely in their little hut by the side of one of the long, solitary bush-roads. As I had to go on next day, he

volunteered to lend me a horse, and the next night I stayed at his sister's house. There is nothing within their power that they will not do for you, these Westland folks, nor, though the miners are reputed rough, and though in many ways the West Coast is undoubtedly a rough district, do I think a woman travelling along there need have any fear. There was no trouble that those rough men would not take, it seemed. One would wait for me by a river and let me ride his horse over it; another would carry my bicycle (a heavy, hired man's machine, very high-g geared) over one of the rickety suspension bridges, and send me in to his wife for tea. Everyone all along those lonely roads knows well when a stranger is coming along, for the telephone being attached to the accommodation houses they send the news along from one to another, when you left, when you are likely to arrive, and all about you. And there is a great difference between Unknown New Zealand and England, and indeed most parts of the world,—it would be a terrible blunder to offer money to anybody for any of these services.

It is a strange compound, this Unknown New Zealand, represented by the Premier of the Colony, and unswerving in its devotion to him. Nowhere, perhaps, are greater roughness, greater homeliness, a truer kindliness. Nowhere, perhaps, can finer scenery, of a wild mountainous description, still be found that so few eyes have yet beheld. Eternal Nature and the people that dwell there with it have this in common; both seem to bring one nearer to the primitive, original heart of things.

C. A. B.

THE PRINCELY FAMILIES OF ROME.

THE patricians of ancient Rome boasted of a kinship with the gods. Of the patricians of the modern city few are pure Romans of Rome, and of these fewer still can claim even a traditional descent from their great namesakes among the ancients. The greater number came originally from Tuscany and other parts of Northern Italy, and settled in Rome in the train of some member of their family raised to the pontifical throne. A very small number, of recent origin, owe their titles to wealth or to success in public and political life; some few trace their descent from medieval chieftains, and some are feudal in origin. These last, truly indigenous to the city and surrounding country, rose into prominence or fell, flourished or died out with the wars and factions of the Middle Ages. They made history for their city with barbarity and bloodshed for many dark centuries; but the records which tell of their origin and of their decay are scarce, and in many cases have been lost or destroyed. Powerful houses have become extinct or have sunk into obscurity. The great medieval family of Conti, counts of Segni, whose race gave four popes to Rome, including the great Innocent the Third, have disappeared from history, leaving as a magnificent monument to their greatness the huge tower which bears their name.

In the twelfth century the Sabine Savelli and the Jewish Pierleoni were great and prominent. Streets and piazzas called after them in the region near the crowded little Piazza Montanara testify to their importance. The Savelli dwelt in a castle in the

Via di Monserrato, which was afterwards turned into a prison, the Corte Savella, and here for a time the unfortunate Beatrice Cenci and her accomplices were confined. Both Savelli and Pierleoni successively occupied a stronghold built within the ancient walls of the theatre of Marcellus and the fortified palace against it, now the property of the Orsini. One of the Savelli popes, Honorius the Fourth, built himself a castle on the Aventine, and at one period the whole hill was entrenched, embattled, and fortified by them, the ancient temple of Libertas which crowned it being transformed into a citadel. These great buildings and the Savelli family have alike disappeared. Pope Honorius and his mother Vana, with various members of the family, rest in the Savelli chapel in the church of Ara Cœli on the Capitol. The Pierleoni, a rich and numerous race, descendants of a learned Jewish convert of the time of Pope Leo the Ninth, occupied important positions and made alliances with the great houses of Rome; and in 1130 a member of this Jewish family was elected and reigned several years in the Vatican as the Antipope Anacletus, an event unparalleled in history. By the fourteenth century the Pierleoni had also disappeared.

The ancient consular race of the Frangipani have left to Rome some fine monuments in the church of San Marcello in the Corso, and the name is still borne by a marquis in Udine, but they are no longer numbered among the princely houses. They earned their appellation of Bread-

breakers from having distributed bread in a great famine, but in the Middle Ages their name spelt terror rather than benevolence. They were a power not lightly to be reckoned with. Great allies of the papal party they more than once gave sanctuary to fugitive popes in their strong *Turris Cartularia*, the ruins of which can still be seen near the church of St. Gregory. In the thirteenth century this tower fell into the hands of the Imperialists, and was utterly destroyed with all the archives which had been stored there for safety. It formed an outpost in a chain of fortifications with which the Frangipani, and their allies the Corsi, enclosed a large portion of the city. Their main stronghold was built among the ruins of the Palatine, with flanking towers on the Colosseum and on the arches of Constantine, Titus, and Janus. From this dominating position they could take the field or face their foes in the city at the head of hundreds of armed retainers. Another medieval family the Anguillara, have been merged in the Orsini, leaving a solitary tower in Trastevere to commemorate a once great and powerful race.

But of all the princely families of Rome none played so conspicuous a part as the Orsini and the Colonna, and this not alone in the history of their own city, for their names appear in connection with every great event, and with every compact entered into with the princes of Europe for many centuries. These two great families were hereditary enemies and belonged to rival factions. The Colonna were Ghibellines and Imperialists, the Orsini Guelphs and supporters of the Papacy; and when they were not fighting in support of their political parties, they were engaged in private feuds on their own account. While in other cities of

Italy feudal tyranny was gradually giving way before the more enlightened government of independent republics, Rome was too weak to struggle against her oppressors. Deserted and neglected for nearly a century by her lawful sovereigns the popes, at best ruled by a vacillating and disorderly government, the city lay at the mercy of her great barons who scorned all law and authority, asserting and maintaining their personal independence at the point of the sword, while they swelled the ranks of their retainers with bandits and cut-throats to whom they gave sanctuary in return for military service. Mighty Rome was shrunken to the size of a small town within a desolate waste, surrounded by ancient walls grown far too large for the city they protected. Amphitheatres, mausoleums of Roman emperors, temples, and theatres were converted into strongholds: such of the churches as were not fortified were crumbling into ruin; and everywhere bristled loopholed towers from which the nobles could defy one another, and which commanded the entrances to dark, filthy, and winding streets. At frequent intervals the despondent apathy of the citizens would be rudely disturbed by a call to arms, and to the sound of hoarse battle-cries, the clashing of weapons upon steel corselet and helmet, and the waving of banners with the rival Ghibelline and Guelph devices of eagle and keys, bands of Orsini and Colonna would rush fighting through the narrow streets and across the waste spaces of the city, would fall back and advance to fight again until, with the darkness, they would retire behind their barred gateways, leaving their dead as so much carrion in the streets.

These two families divided the greater part of Rome between them.

The Orsini dominated the Field of Mars and the Vatican district from their fortress in the ruins of the theatre of Pompey and their castle on Monte Giordano, now the Palazzo Gabrielli and still retaining its portcullis and much of its mediæval appearance. Tor di Nona and Tor Sanguigna were flanking towers to the Orsini stronghold. The Quirinal Hill was occupied by the Colonna, their great castle standing almost on the same ground as the present Palazzo Colonna, and the Mausoleum of Augustus near the river forming an outlying fortress.

Occasionally a truce was patched up between the two families that they might unite against a common enemy, and for a period they agreed that two senators, one from each family, should be appointed to govern Rome in the pope's absence. But these peaceful intervals were short-lived. On the slightest provocation barricades would be run up, new entrenchments dug, and civil war would break out afresh.

Again and again in their conflict with the Church the Colonna were worsted in the struggle, their estates confiscated, and themselves, root and branch, beggared and exiled; but there was a strength and vitality about the race that no adversity could subdue. Pope Boniface the Eighth, whose displeasure they had incurred by their haughty behaviour, oppressed them for a while. Six brothers Colonna were exiled, and their ancestral town of Palestrina was razed to the ground by the Caetani, Boniface's relatives and adherents, and a plough driven over the site to typify its permanent devastation. But a few years later it was bold Sciarra Colonna who broke into the pope's castle at Anagni, and who made him prisoner with bitter taunts and reproaches. Subsequently Sciarra

played a conspicuous part in the coronation of Lewis the Bavarian, and in gratitude for his services the Emperor allowed the single column of the family coat-of-arms to be surmounted by a golden crown.

Greatest among the six brothers of this period was Stephen, the honoured friend of Petrarch, an able man and a good soldier, who throughout a long troubled life met prosperity and adversity, poverty, banishment, and danger with the same calm resolution and intrepid courage. This Stephen survived the last of his line,—his two sons, Stephen and Peter, with two grandsons being massacred without quarter in an unsuccessful skirmish against Rienzi.

After Boniface's death the Colonna came into their own again, and received one hundred thousand gold florins in compensation for their losses. Palestrina was rebuilt, only however to be torn down again a hundred and thirty years or so later, by order of Eugenius the Fourth.

In the reign of Sixtus the Fourth Rome was again distracted by domestic feuds. The Pope, aided by the ever ready Orsini, pursued the Colonna with relentless hatred. Protonotary Lorenzo Colonna fell through treachery into the hands of his enemy, and his friend Savelli was taken and murdered on the spot for refusing to rejoice with his captors. Lorenzo was tortured and beheaded, and the Orsini sacked and burnt all the Colonna property in the city.

Other distinguished members of this family at a later epoch were Vittoria Colonna the friend of Michael Angelo, and Marc Antonio who commanded the Papal fleet at Lepanto and was awarded a triumphal entry into Rome after his victory.

Nothing is known of the origin of this great race, though it is popularly believed to have come from the banks

princes of Piombino and of Venosa. The Ludovisi were nobles of Pisa, the Borghese patricians of Siena. This great family came to Rome with Paul the Fifth in the early years of the seventeenth century and was granted princely rank with the title of Sulmona. In the middle of last century Marc Antonio Borghese married a Salviati heiress and at that period was owner of the beautiful Villa Borghese with its museum and a priceless collection of pictures and statues, of the great palace on the Tiber, of the villas Mondragone and Aldobrandini at Frascati, and of thirty-six estates in the Campagna. Most visitors are familiar with the rich Borghese chapel in Santa Maria Maggiore. At a later date Camillo Borghese married Pauline Bonaparte and was appointed governor of Piedmont by the Emperor. Of late years this family has been almost ruined by reckless building speculations, and the greater portion of its magnificent possessions have been sold and alienated. The Aldobrandini and Salviati are both offshoots from this family.

The Barberini and Corsini are Florentines, and came to Rome with Urban the Eighth and Clement the Twelfth. The Barberini Villa at Castel Gandolfo, and their palace in Rome are familiar to all visitors. The grounds of the Corsini Villa on the Janiculum have been recently converted into a public drive; the Corsini Palace in Trastevere on the river-bank is famous for its library and picture galleries. Opposite to it is the Farnesina Palace built by the great banker Agostino Chigi in the sixteenth century. This was the scene of the well-known story told of the banker who, wishing to impress his guests at a banquet with his enormous wealth, bade his lackeys throw his silver dishes into the river at the end of each course under the eyes of

his astonished guests who did not know that nets had been arranged in the water to catch them as they sank. The Albani, kinsmen of Clement the Eleventh, came from Urbino, the Ros-pigliosi from Pistoja with Clement the Ninth, the Odescalchi from Como with Innocent the Eleventh, the Doria-Pamphili from Genoa.

This papal aristocracy occupied an absolutely unique position. Relatives of popes, who were also reigning princes, they assumed royal rank, and lived with a magnificence and luxury unsurpassed in Europe. Their names were inscribed in the Golden Book of the Capitol, and many of them were created grandees of Spain. They bought country estates and suburban villas, and built themselves great palaces in the city. These stately Renaissance buildings, some of them larger than many a royal palace, are grouped at the base of the Capitol and along the Corso, the most important, and at one time the only great street in Rome. On the Piazza di Venezia and Via del Plebiscito are the Palazzo di Venezia, the home of the Venetian Paul the Second, the Altieri, the Grazioli, and the Bonaparte, formerly the property of the Asti. In the Piazza dei SS Apostoli are another group, the Colonna, the Balestra, the Odescalchi, and the Ruffo. Greatest among those in the Corso is the Palazzo Doria-Pamphili. Here also are the Ruspoli, Fiano, Chigi, Sciarra, Salviati, Ferraioli and Theodoli palaces, and, before its demolition to enlarge the Piazza Colonna, the Piombino. At the foot of a further slope of the Capitol is another group, the Costaguti in the Piazza Tartaruga, the Antici-Mattei, the Longhi, and the Gaetani Palace in the Via Delle Botteghe Oscure (the Street of the Dark Shops). More to the west is the great Farnese Palace, the present seat of the French Em-

Another medieval family, the Gaetani or Caetani, dukes of Sermoneta and princes of Caserta and Teano, are of Neapolitan origin. A member of the family became pope as Gelasius the Second in 1118, and the first of the name was military prefect under Manfred, King of Sicily, but their close union with Rome dates from the pontificate of the Gaetani Pope Boniface the Eighth. In the thirteenth century they established their citadel in the tomb of Cecilia Metella which they completely hid with battlements and bastions. This family is still numerous and prosperous.

The princely families of Annibaldi, Massimo, and Cenci can claim, and with reason, a descent even more ancient than these. The first, of the race of the great Hannibal, are no longer extant. The Massimi, who derive their name from the ancient family of Maximus, are dukes of Rignano, princes of Roviano, and heirs to many other titles, and are still among the greatest in Rome. The present prince lives in the family palace in the Corso Vittorio Emanuele familiar to every tourist by its curved façade and rows of columns, and still keeps up much of the princely state and ceremony of a past age. The Cenci have become extinct in the male line and the name is carried on by a distant branch as Cenci-Bolognetti. This family was first heard of in the person of Marcus Cencius, Prefect of Pisa in the year 457 of Rome; and in 914 Johannis Cencius was elected pope as John the Tenth. In 1692 the Cenci were created princes of Vicovaro a little town in the Sabine Hills, and in 1723 they acquired the title and estates of Bolognetti by the marriage of Virginius with an heiress of that house. With her came into the family the dower house, the graceful

Palazzo Bolognetti-Cenci, still standing in the Corso Vittorio Emanuele. The Bolognetti Palace in the Piazza di Venezia was sold to Prince Torlonia, and has just been destroyed to open a view of the monument of Victor Emmanuel which is to be raised on the Capitol. The old Cenci Palace,—a few years ago deserted and windowless, now government property—still stands in what was once the Jews' quarter of Rome, a forbidding pile, typical of the shadow which will always hang over the history of this family. Here is the Cenci chapel, San Tommaso a' Cenci, built by a member of the family who was Bishop of Sabina in 1113.

In the annals of modern Rome the princely families which figure most largely are those which, at a comparatively modern date, were drawn to Rome from other parts of the peninsula when one of their house was elected to the pontificate. Each new pope created a new aristocracy among his own relatives, and gathered round him followers from his own province among which he distributed the great papal offices. Sometimes the period of greatness and prosperity was brief; in other cases, a permanent aristocracy was created, and the papal offices became hereditary in certain families. Thus the Ruspoli from father to son are Masters of the Papal Hospice; the Colonna are Assistant Princes; the Serlupi are Marshals of the Pope's Horse; the Sforza have the hereditary right to appoint the standard-bearer of the Roman people; the Chigi are Marshals of Conclave, replacing the Savelli who had held this office for nearly five centuries. Some of these families were noble in their own province. The Boncompagni were a noble family of Bologna, coming to Rome with Gregory the Thirteenth in 1572, when they were created dukes of Sora and later

Roman palace, securely locked and barred at night, leads into a central court. Round it are open colonnades, sometimes in two stories, and in the centre a fountain splashes amidst ferns and palms. A porter presides at the gates, magnificent in a cocked hat, knee-breeches, and a long coat trimmed with coloured braid into which are worked the arms of the family, and carrying a long staff twisted with cord and crowned with an immense silver knob. This personage is the descendant of the janitor who in ancient Rome watched the house-door day and night, and whose fidelity was occasionally ensured by chaining him to his post.

A grand staircase leads to the first floor, and this, the *piano nobile*, is still occupied by the head of the family, whose rule is absolute and sometimes tyrannical. The eldest son upon his marriage is given the second floor to live in, the second son the one above, while beneath the roof is accommodation for an immense retinue of servants and attendants. It is still the custom for the whole family, married sons and their families included, to dine together; and elaborate accounts are kept of the allowances given to each son, of the quota contributed by each to the general expenses, of the dowry of each daughter-in-law, and strict account is kept as to whether she is enjoying the number of dishes of meat per meal, and the number of horses and carriages stipulated for in her marriage settlement. In the case of an English wife a carpet used to be among the stipulations.

Though the state coaches, the running footmen, the external pomp and ceremony have disappeared, some curious relics still remain of an order of things fast passing away. Every Roman prince has the right, should he wish it, to be received at the foot of the great staircase of any house he honours with his presence by two

lackeys bearing lighted torches, who should escort him to the threshold of his hostess's reception room. This is still done for cardinals on state occasions. Again, every prince has the right to, and still in fact has, a throne-room and throne in his palace, not for his own use, but for the Pope should he elect to visit him. In the first hall of a Roman palace a great shield, emblazoned with the family arms, is affixed to the wall. A prince may surmount this with a canopy, beside which should stand the historic umbrella and cushion. Four marquises, and these only, the four Marchesi di Baldacchino, are entitled to these privileges.

A good deal of natural confusion exists in the mind of the foreigner with regard to the different ranks and the distribution of titles in the Italian peerage. These in fact follow no general rule but depend in each case upon the patent of creation. Princely titles conferred by the Holy Roman Empire affect every member of the family equally; titles conferred by the Pope, on the other hand, as a rule are restricted to the head of the family only. Thus in the Colonna family every member is a prince or princess; among the Ruspoli, a papal creation, only the head of the eldest branch is legally a prince. In these latter cases, however, it is usual to give the eldest son one of the other family titles upon his marriage, and the same with the second son. Such an act is in the father's option, but he is obliged to notify the assumption of the title to the civil authorities. In the same way a certain amount of latitude is allowed him as to the title he uses himself, or grants to his sons. Prince Gaetani, for example, prefers to be known by the older title in his family, Duke of Sermoneta, bestowing that of Prince di Teano upon his eldest son. The titles Don

and Donna are only correctly used for the younger sons and daughters of princes and of the four Marchesi di Baldacchino, though they are often used for all the children of marquises.

In the same way, the distribution of the titles of marquis, count, or baron among the various members of the family depends upon the terms of the original patent. In some cases every member bears the title, in others the head of the family only; in the latter case, a cadet of the house would be styled *Giovanni* or *Marc Antonio dei Principi N—*, or *dei Conti N—* as the case might be, "John of the Princes So-and-So," or "of the Counts So-and-so."

The distinction again between the patrician and the noble is one that is not understood by the foreigner. A patrician belongs by ancestral prescriptive right to the governing class of his province. The names of the patricians were ballotted annually, and one of the number chosen as prior or governor of the province. He is in fact and history of senatorial rank. In Rome the patrician families are called the *Coscritti*, an allusion

to the *Padri Coscritti* or Senators of the City, the old *Patres Conscripti*. Their number was limited and defined by a constitution of Benedict the Fourteenth, but later popes added new names. The patrician families are now sixty in number. The nobles, on the other hand, often owed their titles not only to the pope, but to their respective communes, which, until the one fount of honour was defined to be the Sovereign, frequently bestowed titles on their citizens. The popes have always conferred titles of nobility, as did the Holy Roman Empire, whose heir in this matter the popes claim to be. At present an Heraldic Commission is sitting in Rome to regulate the use of titles, many of which have been assumed for generations without any warrant. Henceforth every one will be called upon to prove his right to the title he bears, and it will be illegal for the communes to recognise it until he has done so. Foreign titles, and among them papal titles, will in all cases have to be ratified and allowed by the Sovereign of Italy.

HOPE MALLESON.

OLD BILLY THE FISHERMAN.

"As long as my boat," says Old Billy firmly, looking with pride upon the great pool at our feet. We have been speaking of certain legendary carp that lend romance to the place. Old Billy, it appears, has from time to time seen a colossal tail threshing the surface, and he will not permit himself to estimate the weight of the body to which it belongs. Old Billy is one of those grandly untruthful persons who will not occupy themselves with the smaller statistics at all. The carp are undoubtedly there; they are numerous; and they are as long as Old Billy's boat: that is the thread of his discourse unravelled from the tangle of metaphor and illustration. "*You can't catch 'em,*" is his impolite conclusion; "*nor can nobody,*" is his afterthought, dictated probably from interested motives, for have we not on sundry occasions given the old villain the wherewithal to buy beer? Even Old Billy recognises the unwisdom of particular charges of inefficiency against the person who, for the time being, represents a day's wage of unknown quantity.

However, we are not prepared to quarrel with his assertion, partly because we have never been able of set purpose to catch carp anywhere, and partly because we are not quite convinced that these particular carp have existence other than theoretical. Twice have we been within measurable distance of belief; once when fishing for bream with a bunch of the larvae of bluebottles (politely known as gentles, impolitely known as maggots) and we hooked something irresistible which ran out all our line and de-

stroyed it at leisure in the depths; once again, when a stout new salmon-cast parted like cotton on the strike. But these events are of the now distant past, and time has induced wiser incredulity; probably in both cases we hooked a pike, a circumstance that often precedes angling misfortune.

On this sharp winter morning it is somewhat out of place to speak of carp, and, but for Old Billy, we should not have done so, for we are intent on pike and pike only. Old Billy, however, must always ease his mind on that subject; in some obscure way he seems to think his own credit and reputation greatly increased by the presence in the pool of fish which are enormous and uncatchable; possibly, too, he has some unrecognised vein of poetry in him which finds vent in frequent allusion to the wonders of the deep. Having dismissed the carp, however, he brings the punt round to the landing-stage without further delay, and points with pride to the live-bait in the bucket; finer live-bait, he says, you could not see anywhere; money, in fact could not buy them. Conceding the point as one which hardly demands emphasis (for Old Billy caught the live-bait himself, and we have fished with him before), we get into the punt and instruct him to push off.

The pool is some eighty yards in width and some hundred and twenty in length, and it is in parts very deep,—bottomless, according to Old Billy. The great river which forms it here plunges over weir-beams for

the last time before it joins a river still greater a mile lower down, and it celebrates its last victory over the obstacles opposed to it by man in a fine turmoil of foam. Then the main current sweeps grandly across the pool to its channel below, leaving behind it two enormous eddies, one on each side. A finer pool for pike-fishing it would be impossible to conceive; the bottom is all of gravel, and the supply of fish seems inexhaustible. No matter how many may be caught one day, the next finds the pool restocked, for it is the Mecca of all the pike in many miles of the river Severn. Of this fact Old Billy is well aware, and he regards the fish from a base matter-of-fact point of view; his avowed object is always to kill as many as he can. That is why he desired us to fish with trimmers to-day, a suggestion which we sternly put away from us. Trimmers are, in the first place, an abomination. In the second place, they are large discs of cork painted on the outside white and on the other red; a stick runs through them, and a line is wound round them, and they are sent out with a live-bait to fish by themselves with the white side uppermost. When a pike takes the bait the trimmer turns over and becomes red; then you go and chase it in a boat. The use of these things is reprehensible, but, —no, on second thoughts we will not speak of the fascination of the sport; we will merely denounce them and so leave them.

In his heart Old Billy despises us for sticking to the rod as good sportsmen ought; but fish, he admits, we shall probably catch, for the water is right and the weather. There were a few degrees of frost last night and it is still cold. The amiable red sun that is now well up will make it a little less cold presently, but not much; this December day he is more

for ornament than use. The air, however, is dry and there is no wind; this is the cold that makes one vigorous and does not induce shivering fits. It is in short as fair a day for winter fishing as could be wished. Old Billy paddles the punt out to the marks, if we may borrow a term from those that go down to the sea in ships, and sticks in his rypecks just at the head of the further eddy. For some unexplained reason most of the pike inhabit this part of the pool; it may be that the other eddy has less movement, and consequently has accumulated a little mud. At any rate nine tenths of the pike taken in the pool are hooked in this eddy, and here we accordingly fish. We have a somewhat childish liking for a beautiful float, and the one we mean to use is large and fat, its upper part a rich crimson and its lower a deep green. We are well aware that it is conspicuous, and that the complete angler would be ashamed to attach a thing so monstrous to his line. Yet it is not so large as a trimmer, and its ruddy and cheerful countenance always seems emblematic of hope, even when the fish are least in the humour. Equally ruddy and cheerful are the three little pilot floats which we fasten above the other at intervals of eighteen inches. We use them ostensibly to keep the line from sinking, but really for æsthetic effect; our line will not sink because it has been well greased in the manner known to dry-fly fishermen, but the floats look pretty as they follow the big one in an obedient row. If the rod were long enough we should use more. Old Billy would not understand our refined pleasure in these minute things, so we do not trouble to explain them to him; instead we dangle our snap-tackle before him, that he may put on a dace from the bucket.

While our floats are travelling down the eddy we have leisure to consider his appearance with more care. He is a very small man and extremely ancient, clean-shaven and with a face wrinkled like a winter-apple; yet, small, ancient, and wrinkled though he be, he can paddle a heavy boat against a strong stream, can lend a hand with the seines when the salmon are running up the Severn, can pull up his eel-traps (no mean test of strength), and can carry a bucket full of water or fish as well as many a younger man. He is an astonishing example of what an open-air life will do for a sound constitution. He will never see seventy again, though his age is a matter of speculation merely; he himself is not informed on the point. So far as we can ascertain his principal article of nutrition is beer, and, though he does not stint himself therein, one would hardly think it a wholesome form of diet. Yet here he sits, this cold day, clad only in his blue jersey, patched trousers, and rubber boots, as hale and hearty as can be. Only once have we known him to be ill. We met him outside his favourite house of call looking thoughtful and somewhat troubled. We asked the reason of his dejection, and he complained somewhat bitterly that the doctor had knocked him off his beer. We enquired why, and Old Billy said that the doctor had called it pneumonia; had prescribed bed and simple fare, and generally trampled heedlessly on all the patient's convictions. He had even said that Old Billy would die if he did not obey orders. We strongly advised him to fall in with the doctor's views if he could see his way to do so, and to soften the displeasing counsel gave him something for luxuries. He said he would think about it, and so soon as we were out of sight proceeded to do so,—in the

public-house. He consumed a regal quantity of his favourite beverage, and apparently drove out the pneumonia. Since then he has had the poorest opinion of the medical profession.

"He's under, master," says Old Billy suddenly, recalling us from our scrutiny of himself. Sure enough the big float has disappeared, and the pilots are also vanishing one by one. We wind in our slack line and tighten on the fish, which we can tell at once is only a small one. He fights gamely enough for his size, but a two-pound jack is quickly mastered, and very soon he is over Old Billy's great landing-net and lifted into the punt. The hooks are taken out without trouble, and we examine them to see that they have taken no hurt from the jack's sharp teeth; suddenly we hear a sound of thumping and looking up we find that Old Billy is beating the unhappy little fish on the head with a bottle, the instrument he commonly employs for dispatching pike. This is annoying; we fully intended to put the little fellow back, for he is two pounds short of the size which we consider adequate. This we explain with vigour, and command the miscreant to release his prey and return it to the water. Old Billy gives a final decisive blow and then, regarding the inanimate corpse with satisfaction, observes that it is too late. He has a theory that it is fatal to success to return the first fish of the day, however small; this he explains at length, giving instances of the lamentable results of such weakness that have come under his notice. His practice, we regret to say, is to kill the small fish that come later in the day also. We have seen him in the proud possession of dead pike that could not have weighed a single pound. Mindful of this we give him very solemn warning of what will

happen if he does it again, and then turn to our fishing.

Presently we have another run which results in the capture of a second pike of small dimensions; this we rescue from the bottle with difficulty. Then for a full hour the float works round and round the eddy, down the main stream, and even round the other eddy without a touch. Old Billy snorts, and reminds us that he prophesied as much when we returned the second fish of the day; it is peculiarly unlucky to return the second fish of the day. It certainly does look as though something was wrong; it is now near mid-day and two runs from little fish are all we can boast of. Moreover we have no time to waste. It will be dark by four, and if we are to show anything like a decent basket we must work for it. Requesting Old Billy to modify his croaking, we reel in and take off our floats and snap-tackle replacing them with a spinning-trace weighted with a heavy lead.

Our companion pours scorn on the idea of spinning; we shall catch nothing thus; we might possibly have caught something worth having with live-bait if we had not returned that fish; as it is we shall catch nothing anyhow. The idea seems to fill Old Billy with melancholy pleasure in spite of the fact that there is a price on the head of every pike over five pounds killed by us this day. The old man is often like this; if the mood seizes him he will not prophesy good concerning us but evil. We ascribe this to his having once found a dead human body in the river, a proud occurrence which is one of the landmarks of his life. Whenever he thinks of it he becomes solemn and prophesies evil in a tone of befitting seriousness. Afterwards he will, if allowed, relate the incident, dwelling with unction on the more

gruesome details. We do not encourage the charnel-house talk, however, but request him to put a bait on the spinning-flight for us. This he does extremely well in spite of his contempt for our policy; many decades of wicked life have taught him all there is to know about catching fish, and he is unrivalled at getting the perfect curve on a spinning-bait, an art that many fishermen never acquire at all. Practice will not do it alone; an unerring hand is needed as one of Nature's gifts, and you must arrange the hooks right instinctively at the first attempt or your trouble will be vain; there can be no revision of your work, or you will destroy both bait and temper, and in the end produce nothing better than an unseemly wobble.

Old Billy's bait spins beautifully as we can see by trying it close to the boat with a short line. Now we pull about thirty yards of line off the reel and coil it on the floor of the punt with some care so that there shall be no kinking. Kinking is one of the curses of the pike-fisher's lot, but with reasonable precaution it can be avoided; when one is in a boat one ought never to be troubled with it. The principal things to ensure are a clear space for the coils of line, well away from rowlocks, oars, and other hindrances, a sufficiency of swivels on the trace, and, last and most important, some power of self-restraint; the bait must be swung and not hurled. Swing it quite gently and it will travel an immense distance by its own weight, picking the line up cleanly and gradually as it goes. Our thirty yards of line run out without let or hindrance and then, after giving the bait a second or two to sink nearly to the bottom, we begin to draw it in working it slowly with the rod between each draw of

the left hand. In deep water one can hardly spin too slowly. Old Billy watches us cynically. Mr. Jones, he observes, can throw his bait fifty or sixty yards. Evidently the dead body is still in his mind, and the tribute to Mr. Jones is not so important as it might seem. If the positions were reversed, and we were in the counting-house while Mr. Jones was in the punt, we doubt not that the fifty or sixty yards would be placed to our credit.

Our thirty yards are sufficient for the day at any rate. Before the bait has travelled ten it is checked and we have that supreme sensation which makes spinning for pike so fascinating, the sensation of being in contact with some mysterious power in the depths. It is not in the least like the sudden plunge of a large trout; the feeling for the first second or two is as though the river bed had suddenly become animate and had grasped the bait in firm hands. A kind of electric thrill is communicated from the fish to the fisherman, and informs him at once that he is not fast in stump or weed; occasionally, it is true, he may for an instant think that a weed is a fish, but the real thing is never to be mistaken. After the first few seconds of resistance the pike begins to realise his predicament, and he fights in sullen wrath. For quite a long time we cannot recover any line, and even have to concede some yards as he bores steadily out into the strong current. The firm strain tells, however, at last and we get him after several rushes nearly up to the boat, till we can see his olive back about three feet below the surface. The sight of the punt, however, rouses him to new efforts; down he goes again with tremendous power and is under us before we can realise it. In a second he will be round

one of the rypecks and free as water. In these circumstances there is but one thing to do; we plunge the point of the rod right down into the water and hold him as hard as we possibly can. Now he must either break or yield, and fortunately he chooses, or cannot but choose, to yield. We bring him back to the right side, the net is under him in an instant and he is in the boat, as pretty a seven-pounder as could be seen in a year's fishing. He is short and thick, his olive sides touched with a hint of yellow, a typical Severn pike; he will eat, we give our word for it, as well as any Severn salmon. He has taken a minute for each of his seven pounds to land, which gives some idea of his fighting qualities. It has been our experience that pike of between seven and ten pounds often give more sport than far heavier fish. They play with more dash as a rule. A big pike seems to make the error, not unknown among big nations, of under-rating the forces opposed to him; but he has not the advantage possessed by them of being able to learn from his mistakes. Old Billy has by now used his bottle with effect, and is looking at us without guile. "Didn't I say as you'd catch something, master!" he demands. The incident of the dead body has faded from his memory, and he is sanguine once more.

Our next thought is luncheon, which we must consume in haste, for only another hour or two of daylight remain, and we hope to catch at least another brace of fish. Old Billy declines to trifle with sandwiches; he has obeyed our instructions to provide himself with what he needs, and he indicates the half-gallon jar which is his constant companion on fishing excursions. We are glad to see, however, that he has also brought some bread and cheese.

While we eat he relates various marvels that he has seen and known. His favourite story is of the enthusiastic fisherman and the great pike which was supposed to have its home in the river above the weir. The usual way of fishing the river is to trail a spinning bait forty or fifty yards behind a boat, and in the course of a day five or six miles of water will be covered twice. The great pike in question was said to live in a deep reed-lined reach about four miles away, and was estimated at twenty pounds. Well, one day old Billy was rowing the boat with two fishermen in it who had made up their minds to catch the big one. The weather was just right; the baits were all that could be wished; all things were favourable. As the boat approached the monster's haunt all hearts beat more quickly, and when, just in the right place, one of the rods bent to a heavy weight the excitement was intense. Backwards and forwards across the river surged the fish, fighting with great power though not with the dash of a salmon, and all three were convinced that they had got him at last. Old Billy is of opinion that it was some hours before they got the enemy up to the boat, but that is probably an exaggeration. Up to the boat they got it eventually, however, and even then it could not be seen nor could the angler force it to the surface. Old Billy fortunately had his biggest landing net, a monstrous thing four feet in diameter with a long pole as handle, and he determined to try and scoop the fish out. To his joy he succeeded in netting it and then the united efforts of the three were brought to bear and they lifted out—an enormous fish-kettle. The utensil had been caught in the handle by one of the triangles, and had naturally offered great resistance to the rod, swinging from side to side

in the current in the most lifelike way. If the angler had not been using the strongest of tackle he would never have landed it. Even old Billy was deceived, he admits; and he even went so far as to look for the fish inside the kettle, but it was not there.

By this time we have made an end of eating and begin to fish again. But curiously enough the spinning dace attracts no more pike to the net, though we get one half-hearted run from a small fish which just touches the bait and leaves it. A precious hour is spent in vain and we can see that Old Billy's mind, for lack of occupation, is travelling back to the dead body once more. Soon he will begin to croak. This must be averted somehow, and we try a new device which has often served us well in this pool before. We take off the gimp trace, and replace it by another of stout gut to which we attach a Devon minnow of a nondescript yellow colouring and two and a half inches long. Old Billy of course protests, assuring us that "them things is no good," but we persevere and are at once justified for we get a nice five-pound fish at the second cast. Thereupon Old Billy asks us again to remember that he said we should catch fish to-day. Before very long we are fast in another which is also safely landed, but which has unfortunately played havoc with our bait. The sharp teeth have practically destroyed the dressing of the hooks, and it would not be safe to trust the chances of a third encounter. We have not another Devon of the right size and colour with us, so we put on a spoon-bait for the last half-hour, greatly to the dissatisfaction of Old Billy who has no sort of belief in spoon-baits. This time he may be right for we only catch one three-pound fish, which we return hastily

before he can get at it with the bottle. By now it is freezing again and the sun has set, so we decide that we have had enough. Old Billy pulls up his rypecks and we return to the landing stage.

We have a brace and a half of decent fish to show, so we have not done so badly. Old Billy disregards the forms of thanksgiving, as we hand him his day's wage and something over, but again begs us to remember that he said we should catch fish. We should, he adds, have caught more if we had not returned the small ones. With that he packs our

four pike for us into the long rush basket, and hastens away to the Black Bear, while we walk off in the opposite direction. This evening he will describe to an admiring and credulous audience the complete failure that attended our efforts, until he himself grasped the rod and showed us how it should be done. By closing time he will have caught all the six fish that entered the landing-net this day. But we forgive Old Billy his little weaknesses. The only complaint we would make about him is that his company has made a short winter day seem still shorter.

H. T. S.

THE SYRIAN BOY.

In days when even young ladies improve their minds by "Child-Study," and stories of unpleasant children, told in a cacophonous dialect, find a ready sale, a brief account of some children of a race as yet little studied may perhaps be welcome. The children here to be described were members of that section of the Syrian race which lives in some parts of the Kurdish mountains and, being Christian, from time to time receives from the Kurds attentions similar to those which they pay to the Armenians. Most of them were members of the school maintained by the English Mission at Urmi in Persia, but they came from mountain villages in different parts of Kurdistan.

The Syrian school-boy is in many ways utterly unlike the English member of his species, and has faults which in the latter would inevitably inspire contempt and dislike; yet Englishmen, who still retain some of the feelings imbibed at English schools, find themselves drawn into an unexpected admiration for these strangely different beings, although as schoolboys or schoolmasters in England, they may have felt no great inclination to rhapsodise over their companions or pupils. It is worth while to compare the two types, for the contrast suggests criticisms which are perhaps not unseasonable at this time.

Let us begin with the most obvious differences. The Syrian boy shows no interest whatever in athletics, and, if his pastors would let him alone, would gladly spend his afternoons in producing beautiful writing or sit in the sun (or for that matter in the snow) and talk leisurely about trifles.

When for his health's sake he is turned out to walk or play football, he submits with a good grace, and as his blood warms with exercise he becomes lively enough. But he never takes the game seriously, and is rather relieved when he is allowed to stop. Even a race fails to excite him much. When we held athletic sports, a few boys only were caught by the spirit of emulation and ran their hardest. One, who came in second in two races, did all he knew and took his defeat hard, for he is a boy with a touch of the devil in him, a devil not always white. But the rest did not exert themselves, and said afterwards unblushingly, "We did not know how good the prizes were, or we would have run harder."

Again, the Syrian boy, like his elders, is not ashamed of lying or even of tale-bearing, the vilest of all offences in the eyes of an English boy. And his humility will be found by the same critic no less contemptible. He says "thank you," when he has been flogged; he addresses his masters with the deepest respect, and appears to feel it; he is ready to ask for any favour which he thinks he can get, and shows no excessive gratitude when he receives it; he is usually orderly in form, and even out of it strangely quiet; he sits or walks about sedately, when English boys would beplaying a noisy game. So soon as his childhood is over he begins to think of propriety, both in conversation and appearance, and though his coat may be ragged, he is particular that the stuff and the fashion shall not be unworthy of his rank. If he is of good birth or position, he walks with becoming dignity and does not forget

himself in conversation. Yet *noblesse oblige*, and the best born are usually the best mannered. One young man of high descent, though too great even to speak much or to show much interest in any subject, addressed you (if he spoke at all) with such a noble courtesy that you could not but feel grateful for his condescension.

But, stranger than all this, the Syrian boy is often pious, and that not only in his habits, but in his conversation. Not that as a rule he introduces religious topics, or discourses of his religious experiences; that unwholesome species of piety is not native to him, but expressions of reverence and allusions to sacred things come up spontaneously in conversation, and he avows religious motives without shyness. If asked his objection to this or that action, he will often say simply that it is "sin"; and on one occasion a small boy rebuked his English master for killing "God's creatures" without due cause.

But religion shows itself in other forms. At seasons of fasting a notice is put up in the school of the English Mission at Urmi to the effect that no boy may "do complete fast," that is, fast entirely for a day or more, without special permission. Such a notice would undoubtedly surprise the boys of an English public school; but it was necessary there. During Lent and other long fasts the Syrians abstain entirely from any kind of animal food, and at certain seasons it is not uncommon to abstain from both food and drink for one day or more. Even boys often do this of their own accord.

Sometimes this is done from a religious or quasi-religious motive in order to subdue the flesh or to acquire merit. This last motive has one curious abuse. A man fasts against his enemy with an idea that by so doing he will bring misfortune upon him, whether because his newly acquired merit makes his

prayers for his destruction more efficacious, or not, I should not like to say; but it is to be hoped that he does not put this blasphemous explanation of his action before himself so clearly as that. A boy at the school having quarrelled with another, who shared his mess, fasted in this manner, but he was probably more moved by unreasoning rage and dislike of sharing his enemy's mess, than by a definite purpose of doing him harm. Of course not every Syrian would be guilty of this monstrous abuse, but the idea of acquiring merit for innocent purposes is strongly rooted in most of them.

But Syrian boys will fast for less serious reasons. At a certain season boys and young men, who are turning their thoughts to marriage, will sometimes abstain from meat and drink for three days in succession, in order that they may learn who is destined to be their wife. On the evening of the third day they roast grains of wheat and eat them, sprinkled with salt, before going to bed. They will then, it is not unnaturally supposed, dream of being thirsty, and their destined bride will appear and give them to drink. The ways of dreams are erratic, but it is very probable that this belief receives confirmation enough to keep it current, if such beliefs need confirmation. The dreamer may well have some inkling beforehand who the bride will be, for she will probably come from his own or some neighbouring village, and of a family matched in wealth and position with his own; and thus the choice is limited.

Even in his work the same trait breaks through. He shows more interest in his divinity lesson than in most others, and if he has not more love of abstract theology than an English schoolboy, he veritably rejoices in stories with an edifying moral, and will ask for it if it be not supplied by his teacher. He is even capable of

extracting it for himself, though his interpretation is sometimes unexpected. The parable of the Prodigal Son, as interpreted by one Syrian boy, is intended to convey the lesson that when you have gone to a far country and spent all your money, you must come home as quickly as possible and get some more. Again, the Syrian boy attends his church-services with more apparent zest than an English schoolboy or undergraduate will attend his chapel. Prolonged services at midnight or in the small hours, such as are frequently required by the rules of his Church, appear to be a source of real pleasure. He looks forward to them as a treat. This is doubtless not altogether from piety, for in a simple and monotonous life such things may well be a recreation. To most pious people in England such a frame of mind is almost shocking. There are still many who attend services and pray regularly from a sense of duty, but it probably occurs to few to regard either exercise as a pleasure; what English child at least would ever do so!

In other parts of his work, however, the Syrian is less far removed from his Western brother. He has as little interest in it as the average public schoolboy, and if possible he is even more averse from using his intelligence, though to atone for this he has an astounding memory and great docility. In training some boys to act a play, we had no difficulty in making them learn their parts, but much in persuading them that it was necessary to understand them. They repeated *verbatim* the errors of their manuscript copies and were happy, though the sentence became meaningless. When corrected, or urged to greater vivacity, they reproduced faithfully the accent and gesture used by their coach in reciting the passage, and then lapsed into their own manner. In this there was as much shyness as

stupidity, and perhaps a feeling of propriety as well. The written word is so awe-inspiring that it is almost an irreverence to deliver it with expression, even though it be intended for diversion. They delivered the words of this farce in the same reverential monotone sometimes employed at home in reading the Scripture.

Their sense of propriety showed itself more clearly in another way. Unfortunately a donkey was required for one of the scenes, and no one would undertake the part. They all "shamed." Almost by violence we secured a representative at each rehearsal, but no one would undertake the part twice. To remove their scruples one of us became donkey for the nonce, and then propriety took another form. The actor who had to ride the donkey "shamed" so much to see his revered Rabbi in such an undignified posture, that for a long time he refused to mount. And even this desperate expedient failed. The stigma still clung to the donkey, and I am informed that when the play is acted next year, he will be transformed into a camel or buffalo, which, it would seem, are more honourable beasts.

Thus far we have sketched the Syrian boy in the traits where he most contrasts with the English. He is averse from athletics, docile and respectful to his elders and teachers, quiet in demeanour, studious of propriety, courteous, pious, somewhat given to tale-bearing and lying. The contrast is the more striking because he must be compared not with the public schoolboy, who has usually some sense of decency and good manners and is occasionally even too docile, but rather with the Board School youth; for in outward circumstances his parents are at least as poor, and by Western standards less

educated. Then indeed the contrast is forcible. These soft-voiced, courteous beings have little resemblance to the discordant mob of self-assertive and irreverent savages which issues daily from our schools. And how the English boy will despise him, this priggish, sneaking, spiritless creature, who does not care for games!

But let him wait a little and see the other side of the picture. This same unathletic boy, who finds football an unmeaning exertion, will make nothing of a twelve hours' walk up to his home in the mountains, though he has to ford a breast-high torrent on the way. He will go out in any weather with nothing to cover him but a little cotton stuff; he will trudge through deep snow for hours unmurmuring, and he will walk with unconcern up and down precipices at which an English head reels. He swims well, and bathes, when he can, several times a day in an icy and rushing stream. He rides anything, whenever he has the chance, and can throw a stone hard and very straight. Though he fears devils, which he believes to be common in his country, he has no fear of man nor of any kind of beast. Every time he makes a journey in the mountains he has to run the gauntlet among hostile Kurds, and does so without shrinking. Not rarely the boys are stopped and robbed, or perhaps held prisoner on their way to school. One of them was held up by a Kurd who was at feud with his uncle. "You are the nephew of so-and-so," said the Kurd in a friendly manner, and was going to keep him prisoner; but the boy, who knew the man had a feud with his uncle, was not to be caught napping, and glibly gave a false name and genealogy, explaining that he himself had been left behind at a place higher up; whereupon the Kurd believed him and let him go. And when the Syrian boy

has come down to the plain among unfriendly Mahommedans, he shows no fear of them. The boys at Urmi frequently get into trouble for beard-ing men in the bazaar. In a letter received not long ago from Van, where the English Mission has just opened a school for the Syrians on the Turkish side, I learnt that the school-boys from the mountains, who number just twenty, have been beating the Armenian boys in the town for laughing at their mountain dress. The Armenians, of whom there are some thousands in the town, have gone to their fathers, and these have come with complaints to the Mission. It is specially mentioned that one Armenian boy of sixteen complained that he had been beaten by a certain Syrian, whose age may be ten or twelve.

Certainly the Syrian boy is not averse from fighting, and not inclined to put up with an affront. He does not know how to box, it is true, but he makes very effective use of sticks and stones, and sometimes of his dagger. Such fighting is serious work, and it is well that Syrians are good-tempered. If a quarrel arises it is usually due to some old-standing feud, not to ill-temper. Boys seem to quarrel less among themselves than with us; partly, perhaps, because they have little to quarrel about. Young boys' quarrels most often spring out of games, and the Syrian seldom cares enough about his to quarrel over them. When he is a little older the boy will probably have a taste of more serious fighting and add the rifle to his list of weapons; and his opponents will be Kurds.

Then with all animals, wild or tame, he is at home, and handles them fearlessly. He faces huge village dogs with complete composure, and defeats them with well-aimed stones;

he can herd buffaloes, and bang them over the head adroitly if they are refractory, and when he is at home in the summer he often spends much of his time on the mountains with sheep or goats. To all these things he has been brought up from infancy and he takes them as a matter of course, but none the less they are not to be done without some skill and nerve. These and the like, with perhaps a little hunting thrown in, are his outdoor pursuits, and in them he finds exercise enough. Even excitement is not wanting; Kurds may perhaps come down on the sheep, or more often a wolf, and then there will be a hunting. Failing that, he may at least start a hare or a partridge, and pursue it with stones, not always unsuccessfully.

Thus after all our English school-boy will find he cannot quite despise the unathletic Syrian, for all his distasteful and un-English ways. Though he may lie and even beg, he is not lacking in manliness. If you meet him on common ground you will not find him a weak antagonist. If you would vie with him in endurance of fatigue or of heat and cold, he will leave you exhausted by the way; if in endurance of hunger, you will be fainting before he feels a qualm. If you venture to try a fall with him, you will need to be strong, for an insignificant boy will make nothing of a weight that a well-grown Englishman can hardly lift. In courage you will scarcely claim to be his superior. Yet there is one point in which Syrians, both boys and men, fall short of English in manliness. They can bear pain with fortitude, but in sickness they are ludicrously nervous and cowardly. But then the uneducated in all countries are apt to be frightened about themselves, if they are once persuaded that they are ill. To all such persons sickness is a

mysterious thing, and any old wife's tale of dreadful cases like their own may be true. The few common and familiar complaints they take coolly enough; it is the unknown possibility which terrifies.

We have now, I hope, convinced our British boy that the Syrian is a being worthy of his respect. But no schoolboy will ever realise why he so much wins upon the grown Englishman; and no mere description or catalogue of his qualities can make the reason plain.

Perhaps the secret, or part of it, is that, though he is manly, he keeps the spirit of a child. He is more simple and naïve than the European boy. The English boy, at least when he has left home for school, very soon loses himself and becomes an artificial being. He speaks and acts, not as Nature prompts him, but as the conventions of his school demand. He is always playing to an audience of his school-fellows, present or imagined. His standards and his ideas are contracted to the scope of their narrow code.

Now the Syrian boy has not this monotonous stamp upon him, for schools are too few and irregular to have an independent character. As a rule the boys in the village schools live at home, and even the school at Urmi only meets for half the year. Thus the boys are home-bred and therefore more natural. Homes, it is true, have their conventions and traditions, and Syrians, as we have seen, are strict observers of etiquette; but happily boys in all countries are not too much swayed by the opinions of their elders, though they are abject slaves to the code of their equals in age. Thus home-training makes for freedom. It is true that the Syrian boy has much reverence for his elders, but this does not make him a mere echo of them, as the English boy is

of his companions ; for after all he is young, and they are old. Yet their influence is seen. While he is still young he has the manners of a grown man, and something of his gravity ; but this is rather a grace than a blemish. The gravity is a little sad, for it means that he has felt the cares of life early, and life with the Syrian mountaineers is hard. The boy thinks and talks, not of games, but of sowing and reaping, of the prospects of the harvest, of his sheep, and of dangers from wolves and Kurda, and he shows a somewhat too keen interest in the prices of things. Nevertheless, he is after all a cheerful being, though in a quieter way than English boys ; at most times he wears a smiling face and enjoys his small pleasures and diversions thoroughly.

And though he does not care for athletics, he has some amusements of his own. Of these the most energetic is one very like prisoner's base in principle ; another, played by small boys, resembles hop-scotch. And he plays a kind of fox and goose, which he calls wolves and sheep, with pebbles on the ground ; and he makes good use of his bow-catapult. Then he has his dancing and singing, and the mumming and other customary amusements peculiar to certain festivals. Of these the mumming deserves a more explicit mention. A party of boys disguise themselves in various grotesque fashions, and give themselves fancy names. They do not, so far as I could learn, represent any fixed set of characters, and their performance is for the most part mere gibbering and dancing, but there is one constant feature. One member of the party is the owner of a camel or some other beast (composed of two boys) which is led round to each of the spectators in turn and always dies at his feet. Then the owner bewails his loss pitifully and explains

that the dead beast is his only possession and he is a ruined man unless it can be restored to life by "medicine." Medicine means a dole of small change, and till this appears the animal remains dead and the owner weeps. Then it recovers, to die again at the feet of the next wealthy spectator. Sometimes the entertainment is varied and embellished, and there is really good acting. One boy, personating a Jew, the owner of a bullock, did the part to perfection ; the bargaining, the protestation, the humility, the cunning, were all given delightfully.

Such simple pleasures as these the Syrian enjoys boyishly and light-heartedly. Yet for all that he is grave, and his gravity is part of his charm. It seems strange that having begun by bringing forward his simplicity and childishness, we have so far done our best to prove him prematurely sedate and old-fashioned ; but yet the first assertion was true. His demeanour may be grave and the subjects of his thoughts not childish, but he thinks and talks of them with the simplicity of a child. He differs from his elders not in manner but in absence of reserve and self-consciousness. Though not by any means over-talkative, he is full of curiosity about the strange ways of your Western country, and ready to tell you about his own. And when he has told you about his mountains and how much more delightful they are than the plain ; how good the air is, how cool and sweet the springs, how fine the honey and *mesta* (curds) are, how plentiful and green the pastures, how big the walnut-trees grow, and what wonderful flowers and birds there are there ; then his heart begins to warm, and out will come scraps of his beliefs and feelings, his principles and his sage opinions. If he is but warmed enough, he will even forget the

politeness which normally prevents him from saying things unpleasant to his hearer, and so speak out more frankly than his elders ever will. It is then that you hear of the flying dragon which once pursued his uncle, and of the strange beast that lives in a certain lake; or you are told what things are "sin"; or you learn his views upon improvements from Europe or even upon European politics. And on these last two points his untaught opinion is sometimes wiser than his father's. One young philosopher declared that the customs of every country are the best for it, and it is a pity to import strange ones from elsewhere.

Of superstitious beliefs, magic and *daiwi* (mischievous spirits) he is not quite so ready to speak. Of course it is understood that magic is a reality and commonly practised, and that there are *daiwi* of many kinds haunting all places and naturally most active at night. But as I heard only one or two stories of their doings, I could not learn anything of their nature and powers, except that they are a common cause of disease and other mischief to man and beast and crop. Of ghosts I could hear nothing, though I think that one friend, somewhat older than a boy, whom I questioned, would not have concealed a knowledge of ghosts, if he had had it. All he could tell me was that the spirits of Mussulmans frequently pass into dogs, but he had never heard that souls of Christians did so. I failed to ascertain exactly how dogs so possessed are to be distinguished from others, but it seems that they are given to howling at night and disappear mysteriously. Some graveyards too are known to be haunted, inasmuch as strange sounds may be heard there at night; and elsewhere the dead make their presence known by crying and whistling. My friend

himself had heard such sounds as a boy, while he was watching horses in a lonely place. He was sure that no one was near who could have made them, and so there could be no doubt that they were supernatural. But this was all; the visible, sheeted, ghost of the West seems to be unknown, or at least not to be common.

The *daiwi* perhaps take his place. Of them I heard this story told in a mountain village. There were two brothers, shepherds, one of whom spent his nights up at the mountain sheep-fold with the flock. The other brother noticed that he was growing pale and troubled, and asked him what the reason was. At last he told him that every night when he was up in the *zuma*, a man came in and, sitting down on the other side of the fire, began to imitate all that he did; when he tried to catch him he always disappeared. The brother listened and told him what to do. He was to go up to the *zuma* and take with him two bowls. One of them he was to fill with water and place beside himself, the other, filled with oil, on the other side of the fire. When the man came, he was to take up the bowl of water and pour it over himself, and then draw a brand from the fire and begin to dry himself with it. All this he did as his brother told him. At night his visitor came and sat down as usual, and when the man poured the bowl of water over his head, he poured the oil over his; when the man began to dry himself with a fire-brand, the stranger followed his example. Then the oil caught light and he began to burn and rushed from the hut screaming. As he ran down the valley, all the other *daiwi* (for of course he was a *daiwa*) ran out to see what had happened, but he only kept on crying, "I did it myself, I did it myself." The likeness of this cry to the answer

of Polyphemus to his brother Cyclopes is curious, and lovers of folk-lore may decide if it is more than accidental. As the *daiwa* in the story spoke Kurdish, it is to be presumed that the narrator had it from a Kurd, and Kurds have no literature. Still the incident might have come from a professional story-teller, though I never heard of any visiting the mountains.

But folk-lore and *daiwa* have not much to do with the character of Syrian boys, except that they believe in them, and this belief is typical of their frame of mind. In spite of the contact with hard needs which too easily gives them a practical bent, they still live in a world of wonder at an age when Western children have been stuffed with shallow science and know that nothing is really wonderful or mysterious except the cleverness of man in finding out his own greatness and in making motor-cars. And this simplicity of mind does keep the Syrian boy essentially young, and makes converse with him pleasant to a fatigued European. It is true that his elders have it too, but simplicity is more comely in a boy than in a grown man, at least such simplicity as this. The simplicity which indeed becomes old age, is not conspicuous in the Syrian elder, for his ways are usually tortuous.

Of the courtesy and gallant bearing of these boys, and of the beauty of the faces of some and their well-built forms it would be vain to speak, for such things cannot be conveyed in words; but there is yet one other trait which endears them to an English companion. They have not yet learned to be ashamed of their feelings or of expressing them frankly. Here we hide affection under a surly manner, and if we have a gracious thing to say, we hurry over it in embarrassment and put it as gruffly

as we can. English boys are even more shame-faced than men; but the Syrian expresses his feelings in simple words and is not ashamed. Phrases in common use illustrate this. No doubt the force of them has been worn away by usage, and something must be put down to courtesy and the wish to please, but yet their use is pleasant and bespeaks a simple-minded people. The custom of signing a letter to a friend, "remain in peace, from your true lover so-and-so," may sometimes be inconvenient or lead to insincerity, but not always. An Englishman would often sooner die than use it, or an equivalent expression, though he may know that it would be truer and more natural than the absurd "sincerely yours" which is all he dares to write. We are too cowardly; we flatter ourselves that we are hating insincerity, when we are only afraid of ignoble ridicule, though it be our own. We make the world colder than it need be, and it is none too warm. There is insincerity among Syrians, as elsewhere, and their goodly phrases are not always to be taken incautiously, but the humbug is no harder to detect because he expresses himself more gracefully, and he is rather less offensive. And self-respecting Syrians are not too profuse in expressions of affection or respect; they only say naturally what we should say if we were less self-conscious. Self-respect will keep any man from insincere professions, whatever the customs of his country may be.

It is Christmas-tide as I write, and most of us have been sending letters to our friends and kinsfolk; and unless we are very unfortunate, there will be some among these whom we unfeignedly love and admire, or even revere. But who, among the male half of us at least, has ventured to express any such feeling, except, and

that rarely, to his nearest of kin? If he even dares to suggest it indirectly, he is unusually bold. To the man whose welfare we desire with all our hearts, we express our good-will by wishing him (vainest of all words) a "merry Christmas," knowing, as likely as not, that the wish is a mockery. If we were Syrians, we might at least wish "that his feast might be blessed"; or rather it would not be a wish but a prayer, and if we desired to add something more explicit, we should not fear to do so. But such expressions of feeling come hard to English lips and pens, and perhaps we do well to refrain from them and keep to our own absurd and frigid phrases, for we know how to give value to hints, and when we venture beyond them, our words grow clumsy and unnatural.

Yet it is to be regretted even on literary grounds that we are so tongue-tied. Poets, and even prose-writers, have sometimes deep feelings to express, and when these are personal, the English writer is puzzled. He has lost the habit of expressing them directly and simply, and if he attempts to do so, he falls, from inexperience, into extravagance or bathos; or more often he involves his thoughts in tangled metaphors and allusions. It is not the search for novelty alone that has perverted English prose, but the habit of excessive reserve. We cannot write simply because we lack courage.

But it is cruel to make the poor Syrian boy responsible for a dissertation upon English style. Of style in his own language he has no conception. The learned Syrian believes style to consist in the introduction of rare and archaic words, or, at best, in the exclusion of words borrowed from Turkish or Persian. The boy has never heard that there is such

a thing as style at all. To him that book is well written which is written in a fair hand, and the more advanced critics of his nation rate penmanship at least as high as correctness of style. In respect to matter merit consists in abundance of edifying or shrewd observations, and of stories with an obvious moral.

All these things are of a piece, and bespeak a simple-minded, not to say a childish people, and prove again that these boys are simple-minded for all their gravity. Such simplicity becomes boys better than men, and it must be confessed that even in boys it sometimes approaches silliness. But far more often it is charming, and in the Syrian it is redeemed by shrewdness and manliness. If his speeches and his questions sometimes suggest, and the reader may have felt it, the good boy of the Sunday School books, the resemblance is only in manner, and vanishes if you see him in the flesh. The most irresistibly winning of all Syrian boys, whose voice and manner would overcome Rhadamanthus,¹ was the same who fasted against his messmate and when reproved for so doing, defied his masters, and who at times, as when he lost his races, could look considerably more satanic than seraphic. And of course he knew that it was Satan's doing; even a grown up Syrian knows that, and will admit as much when he is repentant. Let us hope, therefore, that he will know how to defeat him, and leave him and his companions engaged in that necessary task.

F. R. EARP.

¹ Witness the fact that he obtained the loan of a favourite split-cane fly-rod with its gear, though I knew he had never handled a rod before. It is a singular proof of Syrian handiness that in several days he did no mischief beyond the loss of an old trace, though the river-bank is beset with trees.

THE LOYALIST TRADITION IN CANADA.

MR. BAGEHOT devoted a chapter of his *PHYSICS AND POLITICS* to the making of a nation; and among the forces working to that end he emphasised the influence exerted by the character of the first comers to a country. These set the pace, so to speak, to which all who subsequently arrive must conform; and this, in the early perplexities of a new environment, they are very apt to do without hesitation. The first comers have established a body of political, economic, and general social practice, and the later arrivals who fail to accommodate themselves are likely to make failure of their enterprise. In some few cases the latter may be strong enough in number, and in their own traditions, to resist this influence successfully; but generally the character of the first settlers is propagated by conscious and unconscious imitation, and by the coercion of the environment. Modifications of this primitive character naturally take place, but it remains a permanent element in the national tradition.

This observation is probably true of the development of most nations, but it is specially noticeable in the case of settlements and colonies founded by civilised peoples in recent times. There we have settlement in practically a virgin country, where the native civilisation, if there be any, silently disappears before the aggressive policy of the new-comers, who make the country their own and found new States and new nations. New England is a signal instance, but it is not more striking than that afforded by the influx of the Loyalists

from the United States into the colonies now united in the Dominion of Canada.

The coming of the Loyalists is the beginning of the Canada we know. The Treaty of Paris had given the country finally to the English, but did not make it an English colony. It remained French in language, population, and tradition, in spite of its English administration. In 1784, twenty years after the treaty, perhaps fifteen thousand of a population of one hundred and thirteen thousand were English; and many, perhaps most of these, were merely temporary residents. Nova Scotia, the other mainland colony, had in 1767 a British and German population of nearly ten thousand, which by 1787 had increased to some twelve thousand. Regarding the character of these early Nova Scotia settlers, it is, perhaps, hardly fair to take the word of a Loyalist, or a sympathiser with the Loyalists; but according to a Colonel Dundas writing to Lord Cornwallis in 1786, "The old inhabitants of Nova Scotia are even more disaffected toward the British Government than any of the new states ever were. This makes me much doubt their remaining long dependent" (*WINSLOW PAPERS*, p. 337). Indeed, the usual way in which the Loyalists referred to the old inhabitants was as "rebels"; and Edward Winslow, one of the most gracious of the Loyalists, writes of the few old inhabitants who were settled in that northern part of Nova Scotia which became New Brunswick, "Republican principles are bred in their bones and they would be turbulent

if they dared, notwithstanding the protection and all the other favours they have received from the King's Government" (W. P., p. 444). Perhaps, one may venture the opinion, their most grievous fault was that they had "made choice of their situations before we came here and they occupy the most extensive tracts of 'intervale' (meadow-land)." They were, however, a "despicable race" and "were not only hereditary dissenters from the Established Church of old England, but dissenters also from their dissenting brethren in New England" (p. 504); and apparently each family was its own sect, for we hear of "Pearleyites and Burpeites, the last and worst of all" (p. 393). But the character of these old inhabitants is of little importance, for there were in New Brunswick at the most some hundred and twenty families of them and the Loyalists hardly regarded them as human beings. Their influence in determining the character of the new colony was naught.

When the Loyalist immigration took place there was therefore no rival to their influence but the French of Quebec. The Loyalists were, from the first, more numerous than all the other inhabitants of British or American origin. West Canada, where one section of them settled, had never been occupied by the French; and in Nova Scotia, where the Loyalists found the old inhabitants unsympathetic, and moreover, what was much more serious, found all the offices already filled, they immediately commenced to agitate for the creation of a new province (to be called New Brunswick) where they could have it all their own way and fill the necessary offices from the beginning.

The Loyalists settled chiefly in the districts which later became Ontario

and New Brunswick, and these are pre-eminently the Loyalist provinces, where the influence of their tradition has been strongest. The refugees settled also in what are known as the Eastern Townships of Quebec; but there they came into direct contact with the French civilisation and religion, which were as persistent in character as their own and much more weighty through the force of numbers. The development in that province was therefore anti-French and ultra-Protestant rather than distinctively Loyalist; and in the end, partly owing to the attractions of the West, and partly owing to the operation of the tithe system which makes the acquisition of Protestant lands an object to the Roman Catholic Church, the French has prevailed there over the Loyalist tradition. In Nova Scotia a strong Loyalist element remained even after the creation of New Brunswick in 1784, but it was not strong enough to dominate the whole development. The New Brunswick Loyalists numbered from the first twelve or fourteen thousand, while the old inhabitants of English descent were perhaps five hundred; and the Acadians in the region were scattered and timorous, and were subjected to another deportation to the upper waters of the St. John River, because their unauthorised settlements interfered with the allotments made to the Loyalists. In West Canada there were no French, and the ten thousand Loyalists had freedom to make the country and its history as they wished. In 1791 the new province of Upper Canada was created for them.

During the first twenty or thirty years of the political existence of these new colonies they were left pretty much to themselves, to make

their own character and tradition. There was no immigration worth speaking of, save of those of like spirit with themselves from the United States, for the coming of the Loyalists was spread over a number of years. Indeed, on the balance the colonies probably lost rather than gained by migration. Some of the refugees early came to the conclusion that they had been premature in their self-exile and drifted back to the States; and many more of the second generation, animosities having to some extent died down, sought a career in the States that was denied them in their own half-developed colonies. In the main, for the first half century the increase of population was a natural increase, and therefore a Loyalist increase. No census was taken in these provinces till 1824, and then there were no schedules of origin or place of birth. The great period of immigration was the third, fourth, and fifth decades. Bouchette estimates the annual increase by immigration in Lower Canada at twenty-eight thousand during the years 1827-31. From 1824 to 1842 Upper Canada had an annual census; and from it we learn that the population of the colony doubled itself in the Thirties and again in the Forties, an augmentation not due to natural increase alone.

In Upper Canada after a quarter of a century of immigration, the birth-places of the people are given in the census of 1842, the last of the annual returns. Of a population (in round numbers) of four hundred and eighty-seven thousand little more than fifty per cent. were of English Canadian birth. England had sent forty thousand six hundred and eighty-four, Ireland seventy-eight thousand two hundred and fifty-five, Scotland thirty-nine thousand seven hundred and eighty-one, and the United States

thirty-two thousand eight hundred and nine; and because of the preponderance of adults among immigrants, we may say that the majority of the effective population of Ontario was not of native origin. In 1844, on the other hand, in Lower Canada, five hundred and twenty-four thousand out of six hundred and ninety-seven thousand were of French Canadian and eighty-five thousand of English Canadian origin, or a total of eighty-five per cent. of native origin.

The population of New Brunswick increased more slowly because the immigration never reached such a figure there as in Ontario. There are unfortunately no statistics of the place of birth of the people of the province till 1861, in which year one hundred and ninety-nine thousand four hundred and forty-five out of two hundred and fifty-two thousand and forty-seven were of native (that is, New Brunswick) birth, or seventy-eight per cent.; while in Ontario in the same year there were sixty-four per cent. of native birth, a figure which shows, when compared with that of 1851, that there immigration had ceased to be the predominant force in increasing the population. The increase in New Brunswick was, except for a brief period, almost entirely a natural increase. From 1817 onwards there was considerable immigration for a couple of decades; and even in 1861 a little over thirty thousand were born in Ireland out of a population of two hundred and fifty-two thousand. The stream of immigration was mainly of Irish origin and too humble in circumstances and character greatly to influence the development of the province. The result of this immigration was that in Upper Canada the Loyalist tradition was almost swamped, while in New Brunswick it was really never endangered.

The men who have been outstanding in Upper Canadian affairs have not been of native origin, Brown, for example, Blake, Macdonald, Mackenzie, whereas in New Brunswick it is hardly possible to point to one prominent figure in public affairs, down even to the present day, who was not born in New Brunswick. In the maritime province Tory and Reformer alike were of native origin. In Ontario the agitation for responsible and democratic government received a tremendous impetus from the fact that the new-comers were determined to have their share in political affairs. In the long run in Ontario, as in New Brunswick, the older and more compact influence has told. There is not now, and there has not been for more than a generation, any antagonism between old and new. The children of the new-comers have intermarried with the descendants of the original settlers and all are alike proud of the Loyalist tradition, all alike subject to its influence, as they are all alike proud of their ultimate English, Irish, or Scottish origin.

It is then a matter of some importance to know what manner of men these were who were destined to be so powerful in forming the new Canada. The popular Canadian impression is that Loyalist was synonymous with all that is good and noble and upright, patriotic, and self-sacrificing, and that to be descended from a Loyalist is to be possessed of the inheritance of all these virtues. Regarding the Loyalists no questions are asked; and to ask them seems to savour almost of sacrilege and impiety. To be descended from a Loyalist is like having a patent of nobility, like coming over in the *MAYFLOWER*, or coming over with the Normans. Behind the advent of the Loyalists no one seeks to penetrate.

All the United Empire Loyalists now stand on a footing of equality. They may, in 1784, have been of high or of humble birth, and many of them were servants and camp-followers. Their descendants, however, all point with pride to their Loyalist origin; and any old dwelling, or any old piece of worm-eaten furniture acquires an almost priceless value in the eyes of its owners if it belonged in the past to a Loyalist. It is easy, perhaps, to exaggerate, but the cult of the Loyalists is sometimes carried so far that it is impossible to treat it with patience. For when all is said and done, the Loyalists were no more than a set of worthy gentlemen, office-holders, lawyers, doctors, and clergymen, and their dependents, who took the losing side in a great quarrel, and took it so vigorously that when the end came there was no room for them in the land of their birth. They were no doubt "rabbléd" in some instances and forced to abandon their property; but they were well treated, most of them, in the colonies to which they came. What they were we may best learn from themselves.

Such an event as the present never happened before — perhaps never will happen again. There are assembled here an immense multitude (not of dissolute vagrants such as commonly make the first efforts to settle new countries) but gentlemen of education, farmers—formerly independent—and reputable mechanics who by fortune of war have been deprived of their property. They are as firmly attached to the British constitution as if they had never made a sacrifice. Here they stand with their wives and their children looking up for protection. —Edward Winslow (*WINSLOW PAPERS*, pp. 192-8);

but Winslow gives us another view when in 1800 he is writing to the agent for the colony in London in connection with a proposal to estab-

lish quit rents for the purpose of raising a revenue.

. A system was adopted which precluded the issuing of patents of more than 1,000 acres to any individual But this arrangement of property was of short duration—a great proportion of the original settlers were idle, dissipated and capricious, and as soon as they were fairly in possession of their lands and had expended the bounty of Government they sold it for a trifle to land-jobbers and speculators.—(WINSLOW PAPERS, p. 448).

And later, in retrospective notes on the history of New Brunswick written in 1804, he says :

In the autumn of that year [1788] 14,000 men, women and children landed on that inhospitable shore, many of whom had acquired all the vices generated in camps. With them came one or two clergymen of the Church of England, exhausted and despondent, men who had spent their early days in peace and contentment and, until that time, had been buoyed up with the expectation of once more returning with the scattered remnants of their families to their former homes—now mixed with a promiscuous rabble, shocked by continual acts of licentiousness and without a habitation to shelter them. — (WINSLOW PAPERS, p. 609).

Again, Colonel Dundas, whose letter to Earl Cornwallis has been already quoted, writes in 1786: "The new settlements made by the Loyalists are in a thriving way, altho' rum and idle habits contracted during the war are much against them" (p. 337).

Those things are what might have been expected, and I quote from their own testimony rather than from the slanderous and calumnious assertions of their enemies. The men of the rank and file, who of course formed the great majority were not much better and certainly no worse than their fellows anywhere. They were, as colonists, perhaps more intelligent than the soldiers who were disbanded

in Nova Scotia, yet though they knew the conditions of pioneer life better they were but little inclined to utilize their knowledge, and generally fared badly as settlers. They were in no sense nation-makers; and the nation whose character and tradition such men had to form would have been in the blessed position of having no history at all. Our interest lies entirely in their leaders, the officers of the provincial regiments and the body of professional men, officials and landed gentry, who are generally in people's minds when the term Loyalist is used. That all the Loyalists were not Winslows and Allens, Chipmans and Odells, Blisses or Wetmores, Robinsons or Pagans, does not alter the fact that the men of light and leading, the men who were to rule the colony for nearly a century, were of that character. These were the men who formed the Loyalist tradition for good and evil, men who had been men of mark and note, of property and of office, in the old American colonies, men who had deliberately sided with the Crown in a quarrel which was none of theirs and had remained attached to the Crown and, we may add, also to the most stupid and reactionary assertion of privilege made on behalf of the Crown. They were most of them men of breeding and family, such at least as the colonies could show; and they did not forget their birth and breeding in the new country in which they found refuge. To this day their descendants not infrequently form little oases of manner in a weary land, showing both the virtues and the failings of the originals.

But they had the defects of their qualities. They were essentially "gentlemanly officials," and the ideal they pursued was to obtain some position of emolument and honour. They did not believe much in education, and too readily acquiesced in

the difficulties which their situation placed in the way of giving their children education. Their sons, who never had the stimulus of a great cause, or experienced the ennobling influence of a great sacrifice, were not, and could not be, the men their fathers were. The sons, without real education and brought up to regard office and influence as the objects of life, hardly ever rose above mediocrity. Their energies were diverted to the barren pursuit of political jobbery at home and in the colony, whereby a man who had never studied law might become a judge, or a clergyman the secretary of a province. Influence and not fitness or possible efficiency came to be the decisive test. These practices, combined with their loyalty, made them the apologists and supporters of privilege; and they carried into public life the military spirit of command. Any attempt to encroach on their privileges or to criticise their conduct in office was an act of insubordination; and the fact that they were not only leaders by birth and circumstance, but were also in virtue of official salaries better off than the rest of the population, tended to make them a class apart.

Most emphatically they were not men designed by nature to be pioneers and builders of a new country. They lacked the energy and the persistence, and they had not the necessary limitation to the material side of existence which is to some extent necessary in a pioneer. They received allotments of land, but they settled on them as landed gentry rather than as farmers. They seem to have had little idea of making farming pay. They regarded their land as a residential estate which, with the assistance of a good official salary, they might manage to keep up in a manner befitting their position and dignity. Rude plenty

was not their social ideal, and rude plenty is the most that a new country can offer. Occasionally in a gentlemanly way they made experiments in industry, establishing saw-mills and even stores; but they hardly ever took a direct part in the management. Their lands were cultivated by their servants, at first by their slaves, and afterwards often on the system by which the man who supplies the labour takes half or a third of the produce.

Their influence gave a false direction to society, though it is impossible to deny that life among such men would be more tolerable than among the farmers who laboured with their hands. The result was industrially a lack of initiative, a tendency to take things easy, a desire to wait upon the action of the government, which did much to hamper development. Enthusiasm and energy were frowned upon, enterprise was strangled by officialism, and the very men who had shown such energy during the first years of the settlement relapsed into the common lethargy and indifference. Their own letters and confidential communications show it. Edward Winslow, who had been appointed secretary to a boundary commission, writes in 1797:

One advantage must result both to Chipman and myself: it has taken us from that dreamy path which both of us have been imperceptibly sliding into—obscurity and despair. During the first bustle here we combated difficulties with alacrity and we submitted to inconveniences without murmuring. As soon as this was over and the eagerness of expectation had subsided, we saw the whole society sinking into a sort of lethargy. Those who had salaries made their calculations to eat, drink and vegetate to the exact amount of their incomes. Those who had none were saved all the trouble of estimates, for they could get nothing either to eat or drink. I belong (nearly) to the latter class. I

found myself loaded with titles—overwhelmed with honours, but with little money. I was the proprietor of a tract of land beautifully situated upon a navigable river, and covered with prodigious fine timber. But the river glided by without material advantage to me, for I could not buy a boat, and the trees might have stood to eternity, for I could hardly get credit for an axe. (W. P., p. 709.)

And again, writing a few years earlier and in better spirits, he says:

Our province goes on in the old way, slowly but tolerably sure. The inhabitants gradually extend their cultivation and we begin to feel the benefit of our exertions. We have good markets in the towns and the farmers live comfortably. One arrangement, however, I think we shall have cause to regret—our gentlemen have all become potato planters and our shoemakers are preparing to legislate. If the operations of the latter do not turn out more profitably than those of the former, we shall certainly have a damn'd bad system. For my own part, I continue to bustle through thick and thin, rather out of my element in a country where activity is unfashionable and a spirit of enterprise is either called by the name of enthusiasm or blasted in the bud by being imputed to a romantic disposition. (W. P., p. 399.)

In 1810, after the province had been organised and the first difficulties overcome, a correspondent of Edward Winalow, writing from Quebec (itself not a centre of giddy bustle) manages in a few words to sum up the virtues and the defects of the Loyalist regime, meaning all the while to praise it unstintedly:

You seem to possess in New Brunswick great abundance of every article for the support of life, and to enjoy the most perfect undisturbed state. But your society is composed of reasonable people who have learnt to set a value on the tranquillity of retirement, from a recollection of the evils of warfare and internal dissension. (W. P., p. 650.)

As if the men needed as pioneers

in a new country were "reasonable people, who had learned to set a value on the tranquillity of retirement"!

Such were the Loyalists, and as such they left their mark on the characters of the people. Certain outstanding qualities in Canadian public life and history can be traced back to their influence. Other causes, no doubt, have been at work intensifying and modifying; and it would be a mistake to attribute the loyalty, the absorption in politics, the tendency of officialdom, which have marked Canadian history, to the Loyalist influence alone. The proximity of the United States and the contemptuous attitude assumed by that country have no doubt also affected the loyal disposition of Canada; and the proximity also of larger centres of population has not been without effect in delaying the industrial development. But the Loyalist tradition has been the most powerful influence at work.

Three phenomena of Canadian life and history seem to be traceable to the Loyalist tradition, the absorption in politics, the relatively late industrial awakening when the resources of the country are considered, and thirdly, the passionate loyalty of the people to the British connection. These three phenomena strike every observer, and under the actual conditions are sufficiently unexpected to demand explanation. They are true of Canada as a whole; they are true in a greater degree of the province of New Brunswick, pre-eminently the Loyalist province.

Dr. Parkin, a native of New Brunswick, once informed his fellow-countrymen that what the province suffered from was "too much politics and too little business." The felicitous epigram was a very shrewd diagnosis of a situation, and the

origin of the malady is to be traced to the Loyalists. An intelligent teamster, who had once had the contract to carry the mails, told me that "in this country men think five dollars of government money is worth ten dollars from anybody else"; and there is no doubt that in New Brunswick and in Canada generally, there is too clear an apprehension of the risks of enterprise and too eager a desire for the security which office affords. In the smaller centres the government official and the salaried person are the objects of almost malicious envy; and even in the West, where one least expects to see the spirit manifested, there are many who hunt after the dull mediocrity of appointments in the post-office and in the government service generally.

This tendency, inherent perhaps in human nature, or in a certain kind of human nature, was certainly fostered by the Loyalists. From the very first they looked to the English and the Provincial governments to do something for them; they had made great sacrifices and had a right to consideration. They were given grants of land according to their rank; they were given half-pay for life; they were given provisions and so forth for two years at least and often longer; allowances were made for each member of the family and for the servants, real or nominal. Then, when the joys of pioneer life did not prove permanent, they pestered the Home Government for office and emolument, by letter and petition, by the application of friends, or personally, making journeys to London and living there for months in pursuit of their claims. Thus was created the tradition that to be a government servant and hold an official salary was the chief good; and it was fostered by the social honour which in New Brunswick was attached to the office-

bearing class. While others bore the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, the office-holder dined at Government House and hobnobbed with the great. His position and salary were safe: his family were provided for; and the poor farmer and merchant envied the man who sat there secure and, when occasion served, themselves became office-holders or contractors under the government.

The result was that industry languished and enterprise was discouraged. The Loyalist leaders themselves did nothing with their land. For farming in the style required in a new country they had no liking, and for mining and industrial enterprise still less. It was not perhaps altogether their fault that they did not develop the mineral resources of their country, because the Imperial Government put difficulties in the way of working minerals, and, by the reservation of pine-trees for masts for the Navy, even in the way of cutting timber. But whosoever the fault it was the country's misfortune, and the energies of the people were turned to the barren fields of political discussion where there was little or no issue to discuss. New Brunswick is the only country known to me where politics is so engrossing an occupation that professional men and business men have to return to their offices at night to do their legitimate work, because during the day they have so many casual visitors to talk politics. And talking politics is very often merely talking the most malignant form of gossip, where every act and word of an opponent is deliberately distorted. This state of affairs perhaps is natural enough, considering the appetite for office which has been developed by the tradition. The battle of the Ins and the Outs has a very great significance when the Ins have all the

offices and the Outs have none, and all your constituents, or constituents-to-be, are hungering and thirsting after office. The energy of the community is diverted into unprofitable channels; there are no openings for the young, and the result is that they leave home in large numbers for the States to find a career there which excessive politics has denied them at home.

Further, since the Ins have all the patronage at their disposal, it is well to be on the side of the government. The Loyalists were in their time on the side of the government, for practically speaking they formed it. Those who envied them had little to gain by opposition to them save hard names and social ostracism. And it is greatly to the honour of the province that there were found men who could face the frown of authority in support of principle. But the impression was none the less formed that if you want to get office you must stand in with the government. Thus it has come to pass that the Loyalist tradition is responsible for the rather unenviable political reputation of New Brunswick of desiring to be on the winning side. Local governments there usually have almost unwieldy majorities, and in Dominion politics New Brunswick is always with the government. The only occasions when New Brunswick fails to give a majority for the party in power is at an election, when the party in power is changed. It was so at the change in 1878; it was so again in 1896. New Brunswick was Liberal in 1878, but each succeeding election made her more solid in support of the Conservative party, till 1896 when the Liberals gained elsewhere, but did little in that province. Since then the province has become Liberal, and whereas before 1896 the New Brunswick Liberals were an uncon-

sidered faction, most people of consequence are now with them.

These two defects, absorption in politics and laziness in business and in development of resources, have been characteristic not only of the Loyalist province, but in a measure of all Canada. French Quebec has also had its share in producing this result. Had there been no influence acting in the opposite direction, the development of Canada would have been even slower than it has been. In Ontario, however, the influx of immigrants meant industrial effort and industrial development. These men had not left home to talk politics, but to make a living or a fortune; and Canada largely owes her industrial prosperity which has most assuredly come at last, to those men and the sons of those men who never were of the mind that five dollars of government money were worth ten of any other kind, and never regarded an office as a haven of rest.

It is pleasant to turn from this effect of the Loyalist tradition which is gradually ceasing, to the better side of the influence. Canada is and always has been loyal; and the intensity of that loyalty is apt almost to startle people from the Old Country, for it cuts right through one of their cherished sentimentalities, subserviency to the United States.

This is the more remarkable because the new-comer and the casual visitor are apt to be impressed with the similarity between Canada and the United States. These two countries appear to be only temporarily separate, and their ultimate union seems inevitable. Canadians read American books and American magazines; Canadians follow American fashions of dress, speech, and behaviour; Canadians seek the educational advantages the United States affords in her well endowed universities, and do not

hesitate to accept American appointments; Canadians swarm across the line to find employment, recreation, and health, and there hardly appears to be any distinction between Canada and the States greater than that between Boston and Baltimore, between East and West, except the political separation. It is no wonder that men have imagined the vain thing, annexation. But deep down below, the underlying fact of Canadian political life and history is a steady dislike of the United States, and a steady love of the British connection. One does not say loyalty to the Mother Country, for it does not preclude, and has not precluded, the bitterest criticism and the hardest feelings. It is a loyalty to British institutions, to the British connection; and it underlies all temporary movements. It made of annexation a vain thing; and reciprocity, however much desired from the material side, was rejected because it seemed to lead to annexation. It underlies the sentiment which would proclaim Canada a nation, as it underlies the preference and the South African contingent. It is the strongest,—not perhaps the most evident, but certainly the deepest and strongest emotion and factor in Canadian life. All who settle in Canada and grow to understand and sympathise with Canadian ideas imbibe this feeling. In Government House and the farm-labourer's quarters the immigrant learns the same lesson. Loyalty is intensified and its negative side is brought into existence; and sentimentalities regarding the United States are no longer cherished. It is indeed frequently a blind and unreasoning emotion leading to excesses of opinion and demonstration which the sober sense of the people may afterwards reject. The apparent delay, and the perhaps pedantic ad-

herence to constitutional precedent, shown by the Administration when there was a question of sending the first contingent to South Africa stirred the passion of loyalty to a fury, and for a week or a month the chances of the Government at the polls would have been naught. What the newspapers have called the Dundonald Incident is but another illustration of the same underlying emotion. Militia appointments have been made for generations on purely political grounds, and there has been no stir; nor are the people of Canada at all likely to tolerate militarism even in the sacred name of efficiency. The national, perhaps continental, reliance on improvisation is too deep-rooted to permit of elaborate schemes for defence. Yet for some reason or other the impression got abroad that this was a case of patriotism, and that the British connection was in danger. Everybody in Canada, as in England, knows that Lord Dundonald was actuated solely by what he honestly believed to be best for the interests of the Dominion, but his conduct has been, to say the least of it, injudicious throughout the affair. Yet there is no doubt that for a few weeks he was regarded as a patriotic martyr, and that a wave of passionate loyalty swept the English-speaking provinces from end to end. The incident soon passed and will have no permanent effect in Canadian politics; but as an illustration of the spirit inherited from the Loyalist forefathers it is interesting, and it is also instructive, if taken in connection with another deep-rooted sentiment, which is not derived from them,—the determination of Canada to manage its own affairs.

This important factor is the great contribution of the Loyalists to Canadian history and progress. It has the double aspect,—hatred and

suspicion of the United States, and a passionate devotion and a willingness to make sacrifices for the British connection. This sentiment is and has been strongest in the two pre-eminently Loyalist provinces; and in New Brunswick (which yet has lost all her natural increase to the United States for the last thirty years), it is strongest of all.

A Canadian of the twentieth century can readily pardon the

Loyalists their misdirection of Canadian activity to politics and the slower industrial development which has been its consequence, when he considers the great value to the national life, and to the Empire of which that national life is a considerable part, of that loyalty and devotion which won for the associated refugees from the United States the honourable title of United Empire Loyalists.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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THE QUEEN'S MAN.

A ROMANCE OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

CHAPTER XVII.

Meg remained in the oratory, a not unwilling prisoner, waiting for Lady Marlowe's return. The room was very small, a mere slit in the thickness of the wall. There was nothing in it but a fald-stool, a table with candles, and the crucifix. Meg knelt and said her evening prayer.

Something in the strangeness of the night, in the glimmering moon through the window, the candles burning yellow and low, weighed heavily on her spirit. Though brave-hearted, and knowing no special cause for terror, she trembled and hid her face. Never in her young life, always good and Christian and obedient to the daily duties of her religion, had she felt so strongly the necessity of that religion's truth. She felt that powers beyond her sight, till now almost beyond her imagination, were watching her, that tall angels with long wings and swords were guarding her, filling the narrow little room. His angels, truly, had charge over her; Sir Thomas had said it, and it was true. And then as her lips murmured prayers for all dear to her, while she thought of the old man sleeping, as well as of the prisoner at King's Hall, there came the strangest feeling that her grandfather was standing by, his hand upon her shoulder. She started, opened her eyes and looked round. Neither was he there, nor any guardian angels.

She closed her eyes and prayed again, though troubled by the fancy. Then she heard sounds, which seemed to come from outside; but that could not very well be, for the window was high above the ramparts. Lady Marlowe's women must be moving about; or it might be herself, coming back to unlock the door. No, there was a noise at the window. Meg lifted her head once more, and with wide eyes and parted lips looked up that way.

The moonlight was blocked, and the candles showed a face and two hands pressed against the window. The next instant the casement flew open, forced in by those strong hands, and Antonio leaned in, his elbows on the sill, with wild looks devouring the girl who still knelt there. She started up, and drew back to the furthest corner of the tiny room; but yet, though her heart beat violently, she was more angry than afraid. "Why do you intrude upon me here?" she said. "Is no place sacred from you? Will you not understand that I hate you, Antonio?"

"Well you may," he said.

She shrank a little from his eyes, and yet the look in them was hardly the same as when he had pleaded with her in the gallery such a short time before. "Go," she said. "I know not how you came, how you climbed there—but go, I say!" and she stamped her foot. "Go, or I call my Lady Marlowe."

"She is not there," he said.

Instead of dropping from the window-ledge, or climbing back by the way he had come, he pulled himself up and sat upon the sill, with one foot on the floor of the oratory.

"Fair lady," he said, and smiled at Meg, "pardon my not standing in your presence, but I must escape quickly. You think me wicked, but the she-devil who has made you her captive here is blacker by many a shade than I. Listen while I tell you."

"What is the use," Meg was beginning; but he waved his hand eagerly to silence her, and then plunged into his story, which kept her indeed breathless with horror. Staring at him, growing whiter every moment, she listened with eyes and ears intent. Once she looked up at the crucifix. Could God rule the world, and such things be?

Lady Marlowe's men held the castle, and no Lancastrian would enter it any more. A messenger to Edward of York had summoned him to send a troop to hold it safely and strongly. The keys were in her Ladyship's hands; she had thrown the Vicar into the dungeon, with Timothy and Simon Toste to keep him company—"and she will hang them," said Antonio, "sooner than set them free to lead the town. She hath a special hatred to Master Simon, besides."

Here Meg cried, "But my grandfather—"

He dropped suddenly from the window-sill and knelt at her feet. "Mistress Meg, dear Meg, I would not do it," he said. "I told you that your promise to me would have saved him; but without that promise I did my best, though too late, alas! I prayed her to spare him, but he stood in her way. Now,—oh Meg!—Ruddiford is yours, and you are hers

—there is no more to be said. You look wild, you do not understand me; he is dead, dead! She has killed him."

The girl stood like stone. "Killed him!" she repeated, very low.

Antonio stood up, trembling as he looked at her. His eyes burned, his hands were ready to seize her, and yet he dared not touch her. "Do not swoon away," he said in a hurried whisper. "Come with me. I will take you to King's Hall, I will defend you with my life. See, I have a rope outside. Trust yourself to me, and I will lift you to the eaves, and then bring you down to the ramparts by a way I know, and then across the river into the fields, and she shall not find you. I am going,—whether you come or not,—but come with me, my queen! On my honour, I will take you safe to King's Hall, and if your fine lover there can win back Ruddiford for you, let him. Revenge on her, for all she has done and made me do, that is all I ask now. Come,—your old Tonio, who will serve you faithfully, like the dog he is—Meg, do you hear me?"

"I hear you," the girl said. "And you, a man, you tell me you could not defend or save him, not though you knew—when you spoke to me in the gallery, *that* was what you meant! Poor wretch; and you are sorry! You, then, are the traitor who has betrayed us all. You were the cause of Lord Marlowe's capture; you are the cause that my grandfather—go! as for me, I will not leave Ruddiford. Not from fear of you, hound, but the place is mine, and here I stay."

"Meg, I cannot leave you in the hands of that woman," Antonio said.

"She will not hurt me," the girl answered. "I fear her not."

Till now she had spoken very calmly. He thought she was half

stunned by the shock, and indeed at first it was so. But she was waking up by degrees, and now a light dawned in her eyes, and she looked suddenly into his face with a new expression. "Villain—Antonio—you lie!" she said. "This is some devilish plot. He is not dead. You tell me this to frighten me, that you may carry me away. No! You, even you, could not have stood by to see that old man foully slain. You are a liar, a villain, Antonio!"

She had raised her voice, and as she spoke Antonio heard sounds in the room outside, light steps, the sweeping of a train. Another moment, and the key was suddenly thrust into the lock. It turned with a grinding noise, and Lady Marlowe flung open the door. At the same instant the young man sprang at the open window. He had a rope, as he had told Meg, fastened outside. He had already swung himself from the ledge, as it were into empty space, disappearing at once from the moonlight into the over-hanging shadow of the stone-work above. He saved himself by an inch, by a second only, for Isabel darted from the door and threw herself also upon the window, striking out wildly at the vanishing figure with the dagger clenched in her right hand. But Antonio was gone.

She leaned from the window for a minute or two, looking, listening; but he was far out of her reach, and she could only hear a distant scrambling, which might have been a rat among the rafters or an owl disturbed in the ivy.

"Ape and devil—devil and ape!" she said between her teeth; then she turned her awful eyes on Margaret, who at that moment saw and knew that Antonio had not lied. The horror came upon her in all its freshness; she looked at the woman's face, and at the long sharp blade in her

hand, which she did not try to hide. Her heart seemed to stand still, her brain to be deadened, her voice choked in her throat. Yes, Death stood there; and it would not be strange, she knew now, if that dagger were to sheath itself in her own side. Her eyes not moving from Lady Marlowe's, she drew a little nearer to the crucifix on the wall, put her hand out slowly, and groping, as if in darkness, touched the nailed feet.

A word hissed from Isabel's lips—"Fool!" A moment, and she repeated it—"Fool! I shall not hurt you."

Meg tried to say, "I do not fear you"; and it would not have been false, for, undefended girl as she was, the feeling that held her was far more horror than fear; but no words would make their way.

It seemed like minutes, though it was only seconds, that Lady Marlowe glared upon her. Then with a quick movement she swept through the door, shut it sharply and locked it again.

Meg knew herself to be a prisoner indeed, but little thought of her own fate troubled her. As soon as the stony stiffness in her limbs allowed her to move, she sank on her knees and remained there, not consciously praying, but lifting her whole heart to the God Who had guarded her young life till now.

Antonio escaped by the way he had reserved for himself, and only just in time, for Lady Marlowe sent men to watch for him at every exit from the castle. Wet and shivering from his crossing at the weir, his heart heavy within him, the future dark to him, terribly haunted by Meg's face, still more by Isabel's murderous eyes, he dragged himself across country to King's Hall. What state of things he would find there, he knew not, or what had happened

to Black Andrew and his men. As he drew near, all the country seemed as still and lonely as if no armed men had passed that way; and the night had grown darker, for clouds had come up and veiled the moon.

There were no lights about King's Hall; but as he stumbled across the rough field, men suddenly rose up on each side and challenged him.

"'Tis thou, Master Tonio? What brings you here? Cannot I do my work without you being sent to spy after me? I wager this is my Lady's doing; you are her pet, her cosset lamb, eh?"

It was Black Andrew's gruff voice. Antonio shook off the heavy hand from his shoulder. "What," he said, "lying out here on the grass? Where's my Lord Marlowe? I thought King's Hall would be burnt down by now. What have you and your fellows been doing?"

"Why, we rattled at the gate and demanded the prisoner. Master Tilney ordered us off and the Fellowship showed their teeth. They sent a shower of arrows among us in the bright moonshine, which killed Jack Kay, and wounded Michael and John Nash. We've laid them away in the copse yonder. I feigned to draw off, see you, but here I've got the trunk of a fir-tree, and as it will be darker towards morning, I was waiting till they were all quiet to ram in the big gates suddenly. Then, if they won't give up my Lord in peace, they shall fight with us hand to hand,—and we be the stronger men. There now, get you back to my Lady and tell her this tale."

"I have another tale to tell," Antonio said. "Give me that horn of thine. I must wake these gentlemen with a rousing note or two."

"Nay,—what —"

"Listen, and you will know."

He took the horn that Andrew

wore slung by his side, and walked forward without any care for concealment, till he stood in the open space in front of the great gates of King's Hall. Then through the silent dimness of the night he wound a few loud and musical notes, which rang defiant on the air, and were answered by the flashing of lights in the front of the old house rising with its high walls and beetling gables beyond the archway.

After the blast had been repeated three or four times, ever louder and more insistent, a voice answered it from behind some loophole near the gate. "Get you gone, Black Andrew. Do you want another lesson? By our Lady, you shall have it in five minutes. Go back to that old master of yours, and tell him 'tis not worthy of his grey hairs to send his ruffians to storm an honest man's house at midnight. Tell him my prisoner he shall not have, and that I will take order for my own affairs, without his meddling. Do you hear me, fellow?"

The answer was unexpected; the very voice had a tone that was irresistible, ringing like strong and wild music through the night.

"Master Jasper Tilney, you know not to whom you are speaking. I, Antonio, have fled from Ruddiford to call for your help in the name of the Red Rose. My Lady Marlowe has taken possession and is holding the castle for York, till Edward sends her support, or till his army marches this way. Sir William, my master, is dead by her hand; she holds Mistress Roden a strict prisoner; she hath also thrown the chief worthies of Ruddiford into the dungeon, and such of the garrison as were left last night she hath overpowered easily. And I, who have escaped, I call on you and your bold Fellowship to mount and ride to the rescue. Master Tilney, this is no time for quarrelling

about a prisoner. I call you, my master's nearest neighbour and a Lancastrian, to avenge his foul murder, to save Ruddiford, to set free—"

The shouts, the angry cries and furious questions of Black Andrew and his men broke in upon Antonio.

Jasper Tilney made him no answer; but in a few minutes the clank of armed men was heard in the court, the gates were unbarred and opened, and Jasper came out upon the green alone, carrying a lantern. "Hark you, Antonio," he said, and held up the light to his face; "you are not lying to me? This tale is true?"

"Why should I lie to you?" Antonio said, and flushing looked him boldly in the face. "For whose advantage is it that I should offer you the rescuing of Mistress Margaret?"

Jasper stared at him a moment, with scorn and no understanding. What was the menial thinking of? Then he turned and shouted to his companions. "Go up, some of you, to my Lord Marlowe. Tell him the news this fellow brings. Offer him from me a horse and a good sword. Say I wait him here, without conditions, to ride with me to Ruddiford. Sir William dead! God in heaven, what next? A good old man, a true soldier and gentleman, though he could not away with me. God rest him!—Fellows, are you making ready there?"

As the crowd of men surged round him at the gates, with flashing lights and glittering arms, crying "A Lancaster!" Jasper Tilney dashed away most unaccustomed tears from those bold blue eyes of his.

Black Andrew strode up to him and saluted. "Sir, I have a letter for my Lord Marlowe."

Jasper took Meg's letter from him without a glance, and gave it to a servant. "Take it to my Lord."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THEN began that siege of Ruddiford Castle of which the traditions, and even the records, have come down through centuries. Town and country against castle, and this defended by a mere handful of men, it yet held out for days, such was the spirit of the woman who commanded it.

Each morning Lord Marlowe himself, pale and ghastly from his captivity, came to the town gate and demanded his step-mother's surrender; each morning she defied him in person, mocking and telling him to ride away to his Queen, who would soon be in sore need of his services. High on the keep the banner of York flew, spreading its heavy folds in the bitter east wind that blew over the dark fields of February; the Roden colours had disappeared, perhaps for ever. Isabel pointed upwards, and laughed at the stern faces grouped far below.

A party of resolute men were assembled there. Lord Marlowe, Jasper Tilney, his daring Fellowship, Black Andrew with his dead master's little band of men,—all with set teeth swearing vengeance on the Jezebel who had murdered him. Last, not least, Antonio slipped from one to another, advising, suggesting, taking no heed of the impatient scorn which met him, for no one knew the ins and outs, the byways of the castle, better than he, and not Lord Marlowe himself was more eager to enter it.

The archers and crossbow men climbed to the roofs of the near houses, and sent showers of bolts and arrows over the ramparts and into the courts. It was only by extreme caution that Lady Marlowe's men could escape that deadly hail; but they, in their turn, took advantage of the loopholes near the gates, and repaid the besiegers in their own coin. Many Roden men fell dead and were carried away; and not

only the men-at-arms, but several of the townspeople who volunteered to help in the assault on one gate or another. These were furious with rage and terror, for their old traditions had taught them to hate the very name of York, and now their Vicar, loved as a man and revered as a saint, was lying in peril of death in the castle dungeon, along with their two best fellow-townsmen. What was Ruddiford without the three quaint, beloved figures, Sir Thomas Pye and his two friends, Timothy and Simon?

The besiegers brought battering-rams to drive open the gates, being already in possession of the bridge and all the precincts of the castle; but the besieged were before them with great stones and boiling oil, so that they could not approach near enough for their purpose. Day by day these assaults were renewed; day by day they were foiled by the quickness and resolution of Lady Marlowe and her men. The castle had passed from the Red to the White Rose, and it began to seem likely that Lady Marlowe would successfully hold it till a Yorkist force should sweep that way, taking possession of town as well as castle, driving away the little Lancastrian troop and overawing the country.

Popular rumour, which flew from end to end of England as the war ebbed and flowed, had already spread the news that Queen Margaret's victory at St. Albans, had not been followed up by any general triumph of her cause. London, it seemed, would have none of her, maddened as she was by revenge, and unable or unwilling to keep her wild northern troops in any sort of order. Rumours that she was likely to move northward again with the King and Prince, in search of reinforcements from the Midlands, always loyal to her, reached the Ruddiford besiegers and nerved them to stronger efforts. Lord Marlowe's face grew

more worn and stern every day. The Queen might be in need of her faithful servant; but he had vowed not to leave Ruddiford till he could rescue Margaret Roden from his stepmother's hands, and carry her with him. In spite of the girl's generous letter, which lay next his heart, he could not leave her among dangers which would not end with her present captivity.

All that went on within the walls was well enough known to the townspeople without. Watchmen on the church-tower, where the colours of Roden and Lancaster still waved together as the Vicar had long ago hoisted them, saw the movements of the small garrison as if from the keep itself. News worked its way out, too. On the first day the ringers tolled the church-bells, for they saw a funeral procession on its way from the hall to the chapel, and they could even hear the voice of Sir Thomas Pye, strong and trembling, as he, with chains on his wrists, by Lady Marlowe's orders, committed his old friend's body to the dust. Somehow, it was known in the town that after this hasty funeral her Ladyship held a mock trial, and accused the Vicar and his two friends of having murdered Sir William. They had been the last alone with him. She had not her precious witness, Antonio, it was true, but she was in no mood for formalities. When the three worthies were dragged back to the dungeon whence they came, their lives were already forfeit to the vengeance of a wicked woman.

While the Ruddiford men, moved to greater fury by the imminent danger of those they loved and respected, were attacking the town-gate more violently than ever, Antonio, believing more in intrigue than in force, spent most of his time creeping from point to point below the walls, searching for any undefended corner where the garrison might be taken by surprise. His ad-

miration for Lady Marlowe's genius and daring went on deepening, while his terror and hatred deepened too. She had indeed done wonders with her small band; it seemed as if by miracle she had multiplied them. Such entrances as could not be defended were by her orders built up with stones; one of these, as Antonio soon discovered, was the door of which he had the key, and by which he had escaped from the castle. Some secret attraction drew him to watch that corner of the ramparts. Great bushes of ivy hung down the old walls there, the thick stems rooted in the grass bank below which the river flowed, hurrying over the weir. Close by was the sluice belonging to the castle mill, where the stream was divided by the buildings, half of it being in the control of the miller, who was still there, though he and his men hardly dared to show themselves for fear of bolts and arrows from the castle.

Antonio was watching this corner in the twilight, when suddenly, as if in answer to his expectations, he saw a figure on the ramparts, just above the place where the door used to be. It was a small, squat figure,—a woman, he thought, though he could not see clearly in the shadows. In another moment it had disappeared.

The wind, which had lulled towards evening, sprang up again and rustled the trees and swung the masses of ivy. There was shouting from the town, and a sudden barking of dogs within the castle.

Antonio waited near the river, hidden behind a willow tree; but though he strained his eyes and ears, he could see and hear nothing more, till suddenly, in a pause between the gusts of wind and a lull in the distant noises, he first was aware of the same squat figure standing on the wall of the sluice, and then heard a loud splash and a short shriek, this seem-

ingly instantly choked, as if the escaping creature remembered that there might be a worse fate than to be drowned in the Ruddy.

Antonio dashed into the water, which was not deep, though at this time of the year very muddy. Seizing the woman by her wet clothes, he dragged her with some difficulty to the further bank, and found that it was Dame Kate who had thus adventured herself beyond the walls, and having exhausted her strength and nerves in clambering down, had turned giddy on the sluice with the dark water slipping about her feet.

She sat on the bank behind the willows, her teeth chattering, and tried to answer Antonio's impatient questions. Like the rest of the household she had never loved him, but he was now on the right side, he had saved her life, and the old soul clung to him as a friend, however rough his words might be.

"You old fool!" he cried in her ear. "Why come out alone? If you knew a way, why not bring Mistress Margaret with you?"

"Mistress Margaret!" she said, with a sob and a laugh. "Heaven send she may be alive! My lamb! I have not set eyes on her since the night the dogs howled and Sir William died,—that was foul play, foul play, Master Tony. My Lady keeps her locked up in her own rooms—the saints grant she feeds her!—it is but little we get, me and the maids. They say the siege will be long, for she'll hold Ruddiford till the army do come and drive you all away, and provisions is short, they say. And Sir Thomas and Masters Toste, they be to die to-morrow at dawn; useless mouths she says, they tell me, and she calls them murderers, but I'll take my oath they never touched his worship. Why, they loved him as well as you or I."

"Is that all the news you have to bring, dame? What did you come out for? How did you do it? Is there no guard within there?"

"Nay, he was gone to get his supper—and now the door is walled up, they think it safe—but I be-thought me of the ivy there. I've known young men climb down that way to see their sweethearts. I was a-going to find out Master Tilney or my Lord, and tell them if I could scramble out, with my old dizzy head and risk o' broken bones, they could climb in. Quiet in the dark, they'd manage it. They'd cross the weir and the sluice, and not tumble in like me."

"Well said, dame; you have done bravely," said Antonio. He smiled brightly and held out his hand to her. "Up, then! Come along with me to the bridge. There's a fire in the tower, and you can dry and warm yourself, while I go to the gentlemen."

The old woman, already stiff from her wetting, moved slowly and painfully over the long damp grass. Antonio gave her his arm, and guided her tottering steps with sufficient kindness. While she chattered of the state of things within the castle it was only half his brain that listened and understood; the other half was full of a plan of his own.

In the meanwhile, he approved of her opinion that all this noisy attack from without would be easily resisted for many days, and would most certainly cost the life of the three worthies, if not of Margaret. If the castle was to be taken at all, it must be by immediate, secret surprise. Dame Kate was a clever, practical old soul. Antonio laughed triumphantly; he saw his way; it seemed to him that the ball was at his feet again. "Ay, dame! Tell it all to my Lord Marlowe and Master Tilney," he said.

"They will give you a reward, and by the Red Rose of Lancaster, you deserve it! To climb down a wall and cross a river at three-score years and ten!"

"Nay, nay!" cried Dame Kate, offended. "I'm yet a good few years short of that, Master Tony; I'm not so old as the poor master, by many a day."

"Don't talk of him—we have to avenge him," Antonio said hurriedly. "Hold your peace; the men on the bridge will hear."

Freed from the damp weight of Dame Kate on his arm, having deposited her safe and alone in the low chamber of the bridge-gate, where a fire was smouldering, Antonio hurried on up the narrow street in search of Lord Marlowe and Jasper Tilney.

As luck would have it, he found them standing together under a hanging lantern at a corner of the ways, near the town-gate of the castle, but sheltered from the bowmen on its walls by a house intervening. They had been consulting with Black Andrew as to a new attack, and he had moved off to warn the men of the town. In the meanwhile, the ringers of the parish church were using up their own energy and distracting the people's brains by ringing a funeral chime for those, Sir William Roden and others, who had already lost their lives in this corner of the great struggle. Masses for their souls were said every morning by the parish priest of King's Hall, whom Jasper had dragged to Ruddiford, sorely against his will.

The two leaders stood together, Jasper Tilney upright, fierce, and soldierly, Harry Marlowe stooping slightly, pale and wan and stiff in his limbs, with dreamy eyes lifted to the high keep where the hated ensign of York streamed in the evening wind. He had never looked much of a war-

rior, and now he was more than ever the delicate, elegant gentleman, the courtier, of that highest sort which is simple and unconventional in manners and ways. Philosophy had a great part in such a man's courage; fear was unknown; for him, all the heroic virtues and the graces of chivalry had never needed any learning. Sir Thomas Malory might have made him the model, perhaps did make him so, for the finest of his gentle knights when he wrote the *Morte D'Arthur*.

Jasper Tilney was a soldier before he was a gentleman, and a rustic one at best. Harry Marlowe was a gentleman before he was a soldier, and the perfection of the one character entailed that of the other.

Strangely friendly were these two as they stood together, rivals in love, and one so lately the captive of the other. For the past, it seemed that Lord Marlowe had forgotten it; of the future, nothing was said, each being determined to bend it to his own will; for the present, their object was the same, to gain back Ruddiford Castle for the Red Rose, to avenge Sir William Roden, and to set Margaret free.

To them, as they stood thus, Antonio darted out of the shadows of the street, "Sirs," he said, "I have found a way into the castle, by which one has escaped, one who can inform you of all that goes on within. Patience, Master Tilney," as Jasper started forward with an oath; "we need caution and silence." He paused, and looked from one to the other.

"Go on," Lord Marlowe commanded, and Jasper fidgeted with his sword.

They were both tall men, much taller than the Italian, small and slight of build. In every sense they looked down upon him, and he felt it and shivered with rage; but he spoke in even and quiet tones. "Tomorrow at dawn my Lady Marlowe

will put to death those Ruddiford townsmen who are in her power, the Vicar and the others. It is not certain that she will spare the life of—of Mistress Roden."

"Impossible, fellow!" said Lord Marlowe. "You are dreaming. Her Ladyship is not the Devil in woman's form—" and Jasper swore violently again.

"She is desperate, my Lord, and there is great danger," said Antonio. "We must take the castle to-night, and it can only be done in the way that I shall show you."

"But show us then," shouted Jasper; "go before us. Where is this escaped man? Where is Black Andrew?" and he whistled loudly.

"My Lord, restrain him, he is mad," exclaimed Antonio. "Do you wish to raise an alarm, Master Tilney? Listen to me, Sirs. Nay, by all that's holy, you shall have not another word from me, unless you hear me and agree to my condition. This matter is in my hands; I only know where the escaped person is to be found. Ay, listen. You two, my fine masters, with your noisy blundering attacks upon this gate and that, will let the prize perish while you are knocking on the outside of the casket. I have found a way in. But for whose advantage, do you think? Yours, Master Tilney? Yours, my Lord? Am I to lead you into the castle, and stand by smiling while you fight each other for its mistress?"

Lord Marlowe looked in scornful silence, though his pale brown skin reddened a little under the insolent words. Jasper was ready to speak; he had often before given Antonio a taste of his anger. "What does the cur mean?" he said. "Little black-faced foreign dog and son of a dog, what have you to do with gentlemen and their affairs? This is a matter that my Lord and I will settle for

ourselves, and by the Lord, 'tis little to us whether you smile or frown. What do you want then, hound, for this trick of yours, this way in? A purse of gold, I suppose. What shall we give him, my Lord?"

Harry Marlowe's brown eyes, reflective and deep, rested on the Italian's face which seemed to flame in the lantern's light. "I doubt his presumption is high," he said, "and gold will not satisfy him. What condition is this of yours, Master Secretary?"

"You are right, my Lord," said Antonio; "my presumption is high, of the highest, the height of your own. I will have my chance of winning the prize, equally with yourselves. I have loved her from a child, before Master Tilney,—and your love, my Lord, is of yesterday."

Harry still looked at him steadily. Jasper flushed crimson and drew his sword. "What, miserable scum of the earth! Thou, beggar's brat—why, I'll kill thee!"

"Patience, spare the poor wretch,"

Harry said, and stretched his arm between the sharp blade and Antonio. "And this mad dream of yours," he said to him, "how far doth it carry you? What are the terms of your condition?"

Antonio bowed. Jasper dropped his point, and stood scowling.

"I will show you an easy way of taking the castle this very night," Antonio said, "if you will do this. Swear on your honours as English gentlemen that when 'tis taken, you two will draw equal lots with me. Three straws there shall be, one longer than the other two. They shall be held by a person ignorant of what he, or she, is doing. He who draws the longest straw gains the prize, Mistress Margaret Roden and the Lordship of Ruddiford."

"Never, villain! Let me kill him, my Lord!" cried Jasper Tilney.

"And lose the chance of rescuing her from present and great danger?" said Harry Marlowe thoughtfully.

He drew Jasper away a pace or two, and spoke to him aside, while Antonio waited in silence. "God and Our Lady will not have it," he said. "Such a thing never happened, that a lady like this was given to a low-born foreigner. Let it be, Master Tilney. The lot will fall to you or me, and then—let follow what may!" Jasper, still scowling, shook his head. "I like it not," he said; "'tis tempting Providence too far. Suppose the lot fell to him. You say it cannot happen, but by Heaven, I am not so sure. Worse things have happened."

"Nay, Sir, nothing so evil ever did happen in God's world," Harry said confidently. "And so let us trust God, and take it." He stepped back to Antonio, saying quietly, with a curious light in his eyes: "Sir, your condition is accepted. But remember, presumption, as well as pride, hath a fall."

"Swear then, my Lord," said Antonio eagerly.

"I swear," Harry answered.

"And you, Master Tilney?"

"I swear, as my Lord wills it," Jasper answered. "But I would rather have laid you dead at my feet, Tonio, and if the devil is in those straws, and the lot falls to you, beware of me!"

Antonio smiled at the threat. Now, if never before, the ball was at his feet, and his heart beat high with assured triumph. What was the use of being Italian, if in such a game of wits he could not match two thick-brained Englishmen?

CHAPTER XIX.

MIDNIGHT was chiming. Margaret Roden lay on the floor in a corner of Lady Marlowe's room, and reached

in that hour, one would have thought, the climax of her misery.

During these days of siege she had never been outside that door, which she had entered on the night of her grandfather's murder. She had seen none of her own people. Lady Marlowe's women, silent and in terror of her, waited grudgingly on the prisoner. She was not indeed starved, as her old nurse feared; Lady Marlowe did not wish utterly to destroy the girl's beauty, though she was bent on crushing her spirit.

Margaret felt herself under some evil spell, which took away all power of resistance. It was not necessary to keep her by violence; she submitted silently, and waited. Something must happen. Black Andrew the faithful, with her grandfather's men, would never tamely give up Ruddiford and herself to enemies and murderers. Harry would come; she knew that. She guessed well enough that they were there even now, storming outside the walls, friends and champions of herself and the Red Rose. Antonio too,—wretch as he was, he loved her in his way. Something told her that he too would never rest so long as she was in this woman's power.

Lady Marlowe did not harm her. She hardly spoke to her, letting her wander in the day-time from the larger rooms into the oratory, and there spend hours, if she chose, upon her knees. The nights were worse, for then a chain was fastened to her waist, and like a captive animal she was tethered to a great chest, and left to lie there on the floor.

And on this night, careless of her hearing it all, Lady Marlowe had given commands to her men as to the execution next morning of the three other chief prisoners she held. A tall gibbet was set up in the courtyard,—Meg heard the hammering—

and on that, side by side, Sir Thomas Pye, Timothy Toste, and Simon Toste, were to hang till they were dead. And then,—the Baroness went on giving her orders, cold, unmoved, in low tones and with a face like marble—they were to be taken down, and their heads cut off, and set up in a row over the town-gate of the castle. "And if the townsmen cry upon you from without," Lady Marlowe said, "bid them remember Wakefield. Greater men perished there."

Then Margaret Roden struggled up from the corner where she lay, her chain rattling, and cried "Madam!" in a voice that was hoarse with horror and long silence. Lady Marlowe turned her face towards the girl, but did not speak. "Madam," Meg said, "God will punish you, if you kill these good men. Rather take my life, I beseech you. It is worthless; I will give it for theirs."

"Silence!" Lady Marlowe answered. "Why should I bargain with you? Your life is mine, Mistress, as well as theirs. Pray to your saints that I may not take that too."

The men smiled to each other and went. There was silence without, except for the wind; the besiegers seemed to be tired out and resting. Meg leaned her head against the wall and said no more, watching Lady Marlowe as she moved about the room, and finally sat down at the table with a mass of deeds and papers before her. These she had taken from Sir William's chest, and now, eagerly fingering them, bending over them with greedy eyes, she sorted out those which were of the most importance to possessors of Ruddiford. The girl, the owner of it all, lay chained and watching her. The hours crept on, and the wild wind howled in the chimney, the candles flickered, and shadows seemed to

steal about the room. Did Lady Marlowe mean to sit up all night? Would those terrible bright eyes never be closed or dim? As to Margaret, she felt she would never sleep again. The ghastly picture of the death of the three old friends brought back with added horror the thought of her grandfather, so good, so noble, the victim of this woman's ambition and cruelty. At the time the news of his murder had almost stunned her; now she woke to an agony of realisation. The world was crumbling round her. From a happy home Ruddiford Castle had become an awful prison, full of blood and crime and misery.

But when midnight began to chime, the very exhaustion of terror and grief had brought its reaction to the tired girl, and she slept, crouching in her corner, her face still turned as if watching the woman at the table. She, too, weary with the incessant labour of the day, of directing the defence, deciding the fates of men, planning a safe enjoyment of the future, had been overcome by sleep. A dead torpor had seized her brain. Lying back against the high carved chair, she breathed heavily with parted lips and frowning forehead. There was something dreadful in her very repose.

One or two women, waiting till she chose to be undressed, peeped with weary yawns from the door leading into the bedchamber. They dared not wake her, or make any noise. The wind had risen higher, it thundered in the chimney, and the candle-flames blew wildly about, splashing on the papers piled on the table.

Then the shadows took the forms of men; the women were seized and dragged back silently, with broad hands shutting their mouths, and Margaret Roden, forgetting life and its terrors in a dream of Harry

Marlowe, was lifted from her sleep into his arms.

The wild tumult in the castle, the shrieks of panic, the clashing of swords and pikes, as her garrison made its weak defence, far outnumbered by the crowds that streamed in, woke Lady Marlowe.

Starting from her heavy sleep, she snatched at her dagger; but a swifter hand still was ready for her. Antonio caught it from her before she was well awake, and she had scarcely recognised him when he vanished again into the shadows. Disarmed, raging, she turned from side to side, and saw men-at-arms with the Roden and Lancaster colours, guarding each door, while beyond them her stepson Harry, tall and pale, had lifted Margaret to her feet and called Black Andrew forward to unfasten the chain. The man, as he did it, bent on one knee and touched Meg's hand with rough lips tenderly.

Still supporting Margaret with his arm, Harry came forward to the foot of the table and faced her Ladyship, who turned livid and fell back into the chair from which she had risen.

"For the moment, Madam, you are my prisoner," he said, gravely saluting her. "Others than I must decide your fate, but—"

His calmness restored Isabel suddenly to herself, and she interrupted him with a laugh. "Ha, my Lord, you are late for your wedding. Fetch the lank priest from the dungeon, and let him tie the knot speedily. He buried old Sir William with chains on his hands; you can knock them off for this joyful occasion. Lose no time, I warn you, or the young Italian will run off with the bride. I caught them together in the oratory yonder, but since then I have kept Mistress Meg safe, very safe; you may thank me for it!" she laughed horribly.

"Oh, my God, my God!" Meg sighed, as she leaned against her lover's shoulder.

He made his stepmother no reply, but turned his head and looked into Meg's eyes, so wildly and strangely that her lids sank in terror under the gaze. For a moment she thought that he believed the hinted lies. Antonio! why, God and Our Lady knew how she hated him, but was it needful to tell Harry that?

"Nay, even if you repent, we will not give her to the doubly traitorous Italian, who betrayed the castle, and helped to kill his master," Lady Marlowe said. "The lass herself may matter little, she is a lifeless piece of pretty flesh; but Ruddiford matters much. If you have it, Harry, keep it for Lancaster till York drives you out of it. But hark, good man; you have known from your youth that my advice was clever. Marry the poppet there, and I warn you, it is the loss of the Queen's favour. She loves you, not merely as a partisan, and you loved her, till that fair face distracted you, and made you false to her, and Richard, and me."

As she spoke thus, still seeming mistress of the situation, quite regardless of the evident truth that the castle was lost to her, and that she must answer for her doings to the friends of Sir William Roden and of Lancaster, she leaned forward on the table, resting her chin on her long white hand, and staring with mocking eyes at the two standing there.

Why did not Harry Marlowe answer her? Why did he not say in the hearing of them all that whatever might have been in the past, his love and loyalty belonged now to Margaret Roden, and to her alone? Her tragic, wistful eyes, dark with suffering, were lifted to him in vain. Heavy and silent under some strange oppression, he looked at her no more,

and though he held her in his arm, it seemed to be because of her feebleness, not because of his love. Why did he not claim her, his promised wife, who through all these weary weeks had waited and longed for him, who of her own chivalrous generosity had bidden him go back to his Queen, though Margaret of Anjou needed his help not half so sorely as Margaret Roden needed his love?

The situation was unbearable. Suddenly it was as if Meg's whole nature burst into flame. With cheeks blushing hotly, and eyes shining, she threw off the miserable deadness that had held her as hopelessly as any iron chain. If Harry's coming meant no more than this, if he was silent before the woman who dared to insult her and reproach him, the woman who should be led away to the dungeon in place of the innocent men she had thrown there,—why, it was time for the mistress of Ruddiford to make her voice heard. With a sudden quick movement Margaret freed herself from Lord Marlowe's arm. "Is this castle mine?" she said. "Where are my men? Andrew, are you there?" and, as he stepped forward, ready and scowling, "Take that woman to the dungeon, and chain her there. Set them free, let her take their place,—traitress, murderess! I will not have her left free in this house she has ruined. Do you hear me?"

"Ay, mistress, and will obey you, were she twenty witches in one," Andrew growled in answer, and signing to the men-at-arms at the door, he stepped towards Lady Marlowe.

She shrank down into her chair, crying out, "Harry, Harry, for your father's sake, let not this girl have her will!"

"Madam," Meg said, and as she leaned over the table towards Isabel, her eyes blazed as Sir William's used

to do when he was angry, "this castle you have usurped is mine. It is I who command here, not my Lord Marlowe, nor any other. He is not yet my husband,—mayhap he never will be!"

She looked at Harry with her proud and angry eyes, and forgot everything else, for the moment, in the strangeness of the gaze that met and answered hers. Passion was there, but still more astonishment, and a horrible, mysterious sadness that weighed like a dark cloud on his wasted features. It seemed as if he hardly realised all that his stepmother had said, or any words or action of Meg's own. He muttered something, and in spite of herself she bent to hear. "Heavens, my poor love! The three straws—how knew you of that? And you are angry,—but I could do no other. To him we owe it that I now stand here. Trust in God,—and in me!"

"He is mad, indeed he is mad!" Meg thought with horror as these incomprehensible words fell upon her ear. "The prison at King's Hall has truly driven him crazy. Ah, they all said it! And I, wicked maid, was doubting him." She looked hard at him. "He loves me as ever," she said to herself, "but his poor mind is diseased."

With a quick, passionate movement, forgetting where they were and all the wild eyes watching them, she flung herself on Harry's neck and hid her face; then lifting it, still with no thought but of him, her lips met his in a long, clinging kiss. Again and again he kissed her, almost lifting her from the ground and holding her as if his arms would never let her loose again. At last, with a gentle authority, he set her down, and smiled upon her with a lingering look; still sad, but a new exaltation had taken the place of the despairing oppression of a few

minutes before. "We will cheat Fate, Meg, and her straws," he said softly. "You have given me a right that I will never resign, let come what come may!"

In these few minutes the clamour and tumult without in the castle had gone on growing louder and wilder, and now the stairs and gallery that led to Lady Marlowe's lodging resounded with the tramp of feet, and a number of armed men crowded into the room. Jasper Tilney was there, and several of his Fellowship, and among them they carried the white and feeble form of Sir Thomas Pye, wasted with the fever that had seized him in the black depths of the dungeon.

Margaret Roden awoke, trembling, from her short rapturous dream, to see Jasper Tilney standing beside her, eager and fierce, while his companions, even while they occupied themselves with bringing the old priest in, all stared wildly upon her, the lady of the castle, the object for so long of their chief's ambition and desire. They looked forward to an exciting struggle, for, knowing nothing of the bargain Antonio had made, they flattered themselves that Jasper would not easily give up the prize for whose sake he had kept Lord Marlowe in prison so long.

Jasper himself might very well have witnessed the little scene which made Meg's own followers smile, for she and Harry had alike forgotten that they were not alone in the world together; but as it was, he came in and marched up to them just as Meg was listening, blushing and puzzled, half in despair, half in exquisite joy, to the last words of her mysterious lover. Still, there was that in the manner of each, as they stood side by side, which quite justified jealousy in any other pretender to Mistress Roden's hand.

Jasper bowed to her; but though many months had passed since he had

seen her, and had heard his dismissal from Sir William Roden, his longest look now dwelt on Harry Marlowe. "Honour, my Lord!" he said, with an angry smile. "Remember the three straws."

Meg looked in wonder from one to the other. "What say you of straws? You, too, are you —" She would have said "crazy," but checked herself.

"She knows," Harry said quickly. "You do not? then, fair lady, why did you doubt that you were mine? I thought some witchcraft had told you —"

Meg waved her hand and shrugged her shoulders impatiently.

"I know nothing of your witchcraft," she said. "Straws,—they fly before the wind and show where it blows from. Silly, helpless things, why do you talk of them? Ah, dear Sir Thomas! But why bring him here, to this hateful room? Good men, take him up again, take him to my tower. I will have him and tend him there, for he is sorely ill. Ah, nurse, this is a joyful day! There, they take him up; show them whither to carry him."

All the eyes in the room followed Margaret's; all the ears listened to that clear young voice commanding, with the new thrill in its tones which those weeks of experience and suffering had given it. The men turned away from everything else to crowd round the old priest as he lay half unconscious, but smiling faintly as the child of his heart leaned over him and laid her cold fingers on his forehead. The rough Fellowship muttered admiration; the Ruddiford men, who loved Sir Thomas, growled at his plight in angry sympathy; even Black Andrew was distracted.

Only Lord Marlowe was aware that the high chair at the table, in front of which the Ruddiford papers and deeds lay heaped in confusion, was empty;

her Ladyship was gone. He did not move, or cry to the men to follow her. A woman who shrank from no crime to further the cause of him who, as Harry too late realised, she considered her king, she was yet the widow of his father, and had been for years, to all appearance, a good stepmother to him. She was young Dick's own mother, too, and he loved the Popinjay. If he had known of that letter to Jasper, burnt by Alice, hinting broadly at his own death, Harry Marlowe would not have acted otherwise. It was not in his nature to avenge himself or any one else upon a woman.

Lady Marlowe slipped from the room into her bed-chamber, and muffled herself in a cloak and hood, without word or sign to the frightened women huddled there. She escaped by the door behind the hangings through which Meg and Dick had got away some days before, and descending the staircase in the wall, found herself in the outer barbican, from which, as she knew very well, having studied every inch of the ground, she could reach the town by steps and avoid the gate and the shouting crowds pressing in and out of it.

In the corner she had thus reached everything was dark and quiet under the midnight sky and the great shadows of the towers; in the distance was a crackling of bonfires, a flashing of torches, the loud voices of thronging men. From the church-tower in the town, seeming right overhead though several streets away, there broke a sudden deep clanging of joy-bells.

The Ruddiford men who had crowded into the castle were crowding back into the town, leading with them the two popular worthies, Simon and Timothy, or rather carrying them shoulder-high in triumph; though wasted by prison and hardship, the good men had borne their trial better than Sir Thomas, who was of weakly

frame. With cries of "A Lancaster! A Lancaster! Down with York! Death to murderers!" the worthy folk of Ruddiford pranced along; old and young, there was no man, scarcely a woman or a child, in bed that night.

Isabel crept along shivering, with set teeth and staring eyes in the darkness, listening to the rejoicings over the men she had condemned to die. She was afraid to go on into the town. Her plan, if she had any, was to find one or two of her own men,—provided there were any still alive after the surprise and storming of the castle—to get hold of horses and escape into the country. Once free of these accursed walls, the danger would be less. She was a splendid horsewoman; no fatigue or failing for her; the danger was that she would tire out her companions before they reached the Yorkist camp.

She waited in the shadow, under a black corner of wall. When that crowd of clamouring fools was passed, she said to herself, she would slip across the road and make her way towards the stables and the bridge-gate, if not outside, then inside the walls. It was a dangerous attempt, but she was desperate. She, the murderer of Sir William, betrayed, as she felt sure, by her tool Antonio, what chance had she at the hands of all these men?

Even as she waited, tall and muffled, hardly visible there in the black shadow against the wall, a man with light steps came springing from the way of the gate, and was close upon her before she was aware of him. Pressing up to the wall, her white face and hands hidden against the hard stones, she might have escaped his notice but for a sudden pant of the breath, angry and quick, but also for the fact that he was watching for her.

Antonio had returned to the room,

after stowing away her poisoned dagger and making some private arrangements of his own. He found them all following like sheep in the train of Mistress Meg and those who were bearing away the Vicar to her tower. Lord Marlowe and Jasper Tilney were talking apart, but their eyes, too, were following her. With flushed face and streaming locks she moved and spoke like a young queen, and no man there, it seemed, could see or think of any other creature or thing. Antonio looked, and smiled, with fire smouldering in his dark eyes. It was true; she had never been more beautiful; and in an hour or two she would be his, his entirely, his eternally, his slave, his queen.

"What have you done with my Lady?" he whispered to Black Andrew, staring like the rest.

The man-at-arms started and looked round, open-mouthed. "The devil! She's gone!" he muttered.

"The Devil is gone, you may say, the Devil in form of woman. Nay, hold thy peace; she has escaped by the bed-chamber. I will slip round and meet her; she will not pass so quickly into the town. Bring a couple of men to the town-gate; I shall be ready for you."

"Mistress Margaret ordered me to carry her to the dungeon,—and then all these fellows came in with Sir Thomas—and then there were passages with my Lord—and I know not how—"

"Bestir yourself,—she shall not escape," Antonio said, and vanished again.

And now, in this byway leading from her private staircase to the gate, almost on the very spot where he expected to meet her, he found her hiding against the wall. He laughed a little, discovering her; this additional revenge had been wanting to his triumph. Standing still before

her, he said, "Madam, which way do you go?"

She turned round suddenly, and faced him like a creature at bay. "What is that to you? I go where I please," she said.

"Nay," said Antonio, "the lady of this castle has ordered you to the dungeon. Her men are even now searching for you, Madam."

"Then you will hide me, Antonio, and help me to escape," she answered boldly. He was silent, and she could not see his face, so that this quietness gave her a moment's encouragement. She held out both her hands to him. "You were false to me, but I pardon you," she said, and her voice trembled a little; it was hard for a proud woman to plead with him even so far. "I tell you, Antonio," she said, "you are taking the wrong side now. I warn you, the future lies with Edward of York. Listen, you pretended to love me once—I know not what has worked this change in you—nay, listen! Help me away now, and we will come back with an army and rout this noisy troop of clowns and ruffians. You shall have the castle and Margaret Roden too. If Harry Marlowe has married her, we will not spare him; but I think he dare not, because of the Queen. And that Tilney,—sooner than be married to him, she will throw herself from the top of the tower."

She spoke very quickly and eagerly, leaning forward; he stood in the gangway, a yard or two from her, watching her every movement as keenly as if she still had the poisoned dagger hidden under her draperies. When she paused he laughed again. "What, Madam! a beggar's brat from the streets of Naples, a slave, a dog, son of a dog, lowest of mankind? Your authority as guardian,—will even that suffice for giving Ruddiford and its lady to such an one?"

"Ay, it will, I will make it," she said. "At my prayer, Edward will give you honours, Antonio. Save me now, and you shall have your reward. My salvation on it, I will not cheat you."

He stood perfectly still. The distant tumult went on. Black Andrew and the men might be near, but he could not hear them. The situation pleased him; the vengeance was fine; his satisfaction went on growing. For the next moment, with a muttered word, "Nay, if I must," she was on the pavement at his feet, clasping his knees and praying passionately. "Sweet Antonio, those insults,—dost not know how a woman is most angry with him she loves best? What does the past matter? I will make you the noblest and richest young man in England, as you are the bravest and most beautiful, my dear love always, no matter what dull English girl you take to wife! But you shall have her, you shall have this Meg that all you men fancy. I have full authority; I have the will that gives it, and no one can take it from me. Now save me, because your success depends on me, Antonio."

"You have the will,—where?" Antonio said sharply.

"In a pouch under my gown," she said, "I have not parted from it since that night."

"Rise up," he said, "and give it to me."

Lady Marlowe hesitated. "What use is it to you?"

"Madam," Antonio replied coldly, "you will obey me."

She rose slowly to her feet, with the horrible knowledge that her humiliation was wasted. While, with shaking hands in the darkness, she felt for the roll of parchment, he laughed again and said: "I need no help from you. Do you believe it

was for nothing that I brought my Lord and Master Tilney into the castle? Nay, I shall have my reward from them, not from you. Will or no will, this is not a time to wait for your authority."

"What madness are you talking?" she said. "With what reward can they satisfy you?"

"With the reward I desire. Shall I tell you all? They have sworn to draw lots with me for the prize,—Mistress Roden and Ruddiford. Madam, if I fail to win the prize, you may call me fool and blockhead as well as beggar's brat and dog. See you, Madam? I carve my fortunes for myself; 'tis the best and surest way. To you I shall owe nothing, will owe nothing, except vengeance for your falseness and insolence to me, and for the cruel death of my old master. You are in my power; pray no useless prayers, for I hate you. Give me the will. I hear the steps of the guard, searching for you to carry you to the dungeon. Ruddiford folk think, Madam, that you have much to answer for."

She stood fixed for a moment, staring upon him with quick breaths. Then she cried sharply, "Villain!" and flung herself upon him with such sudden force that he was dashed against the opposite wall. He lost his footing and was half stunned for the moment, so that she fled without his instantly following her.

Black Andrew and his men, fierce and strong, but heavy and awkward of movement, were not quick enough to intercept the dark flying figure which darted from the shadows of the side passages into the broader and lighter space near the gate. Through the gate she ran, and along

the narrow street, where there were not many people, most of the population having escorted Simon and Timothy to their home. The men came pounding after her, shouting "Murder, murder! Justice! Stop the witch, the murderer!"

She flew down the middle of the street, making for the church where the loud joy-bells were pealing still. As she passed, the mob gathered from lanes and byways, but there were very few; she was hardly visible, her black gown whisking like a phantom through the darkness.

She had well-nigh reached the foot of the church steps, the men-at-arms being many yards behind, when a boy at the entrance of an alley took up a large stone as she passed, and threw it at her, striking her full on the side of the head. She ran on a pace or two, then fell on her face crashing down on the stones, almost in the shadow of the church-door.

The men came up, Antonio following them. They lifted Lady Marlowe, and laid her on the steps; their handling was not tender, for they knew that she had murdered their old master, neither was it barbarous. But this made no difference to the woman who lay there, her white face strained and awful in the torch-light, for the blow from the stone had killed her instantly.

The old priest of King's Hall had been standing at the west door and had seen it all. He came forward with authority. "The woman was seeking sanctuary," he said. "Sinner as she may have been, she is a woman, and dead. It is not fitting that she should lie there. Lift her into the porch, and may God have mercy on her miserable soul!"

(To be continued.)

SOME LESSONS OF THE JAPANESE WAR.

THERE is no need to enlarge upon the chief lesson of the Russo-Japanese War,—the confirmation it affords of the overwhelming importance of sea-power. Nor again is there any need to dwell upon the further lesson that, to reap the advantages to which the successful exercise of sea-power has opened a way, an island State requires also a thoroughly organised army and an efficient over-sea transport service. The lessons to which I would call attention refer to points of tactical detail. These are well worth consideration as a possible corrective to the somewhat hasty conclusions derived from our very exceptional experiences in the South African War.

As the result of these experiences we make very wide extensions the normal formation for infantry attack. In some of our South African battles the firing line was formed of men extended at ten, fifteen, or even twenty paces. What this means will be better understood if it is noted that with men extended at ten paces on a front a mile long there are only just two hundred and twelve rifles in action. With such widely extended lines it was easy to find cover and to minimise loss, and against an enemy like the Boers, who hardly ever ventured on a counter-attack and rarely waited for the attack to be pressed home, it was frequently an easy matter to outflank a position by merely lengthening out the attacking line, till at last the Boers, anxious for their retreat, mounted and rode away, and the battle was won. But where the enemy held his ground

and shot fairly straight there was serious risk that things would not end so easily. Every man felt the want of near support; he felt too that as he went forward he must be the target for many rifles. The scattered fire of the attack, sputtering along a mile of ground, would not give the impression of being able to master the answering fire of the enemy. Things tended to come to a stand-still, and the line could only go on if a flanking movement made the Boers run to their ponies, or if a covering fire of artillery and long-range rifles beat down the fire of the defence.

The weak point of all formations based on very wide extensions and intended to minimise loss is that at the same time they minimise fire-effect. They leave out of account the golden saying of an American admiral, old Farragut, which embodies a principle that is as true on land as on sea: "The best protection against an enemy's fire is the steady and well directed fire of our own guns." It is no use minimising one's own losses if at the same time one minimises those of the enemy. The attack can succeed only by hitting hard.

Moreover, if the attack is to end in victory it must give the enemy a very strong impression that his fire cannot check or seriously delay the advance, and that if he holds on too long he will have to stand up against an overwhelming rush of cold steel. Men dribbling along at ten paces interval, with other equally extended lines following them, do not readily give this impression.

Now the Japanese know exactly what we did in South Africa. Major Hiraoka, who was killed a few weeks ago in Manchuria, witnessed the chief operations and reported very fully to his Government, which has doubtless also made full use of other sources of information. Opposed to modern rifles in the hands of European troops holding entrenched positions, the Japanese have not followed the example of our South African tactics. They have adopted formations which would result in whole battalions being put out of action by the umpires, if they were attempted at Aldershot. And the test of deadly battle has given them victory, where the umpire would have decided that the attack must fail. At the battle of the Yalu the Japanese infantry forded the stream of the Ai-ho in dense columns. The Russian fire failed to stop them, and the attack was pushed successfully home against the Russian left, carrying everything before it. Again, at the battle of Kin-chau, where some of the hardest fighting of the war took place, the attack was much more like what one sees at Continental manœuvres, than like the Aldershot and Salisbury Plain formations. The descriptions of the attack sent home by the correspondents are confirmed by the sketches which have appeared in *THE DAILY GRAPHIC*. In one remarkable sketch of the attack on Nanshan Hill we see first a line of men going forward almost shoulder to shoulder; some two or three hundred yards behind them came a similar line in support, and at about the same distance the main rush of the attack, composed of infantry in a formation like our old quarter column, practically a dense mass. They are suffering some loss, but they are going forward, and one has the explanation of the fact that they can push on without severe loss in the background

of the sketch, where one sees the low hills that are the objective of the attack. A note on the sketch indicates that these are the Russian artillery positions, and they are covered with masses of smoke. Now modern artillery in action does not produce these heavy clouds, and one must therefore infer that the smoke is that of a heavy downpour of bursting Japanese shells. If the sketch has been interpreted aright it bears out the argument of those few military critics at home, and the many abroad, who, despite South African theories, have not feared to maintain that attacks in close order can be successfully pushed home, provided there has been sufficient fire-preparation to shake the enemy, and such a heavy and well aimed covering fire that he can no longer bring his own fire to bear with effect. It does not matter how accurate the rifles of the defence are, or how fast they can be reloaded, if the men who hold them are in such a nervous excited state that they no longer aim low and straight.

It is said that in one of the later fights near Tashihchao the Japanese used for the first time a wide extension in the attack, but it is noted also that they were locally weak in artillery. This may be the explanation of the new departure. If so, the wide extension was adopted on account of the difficulty of establishing a superiority of fire. In any case the attack in closer and heavier formations had been adopted with brilliant results in all the preceding battles. Let it be granted it was costly and meant heavy loss; but the Japanese were ready to pay the cost, and the impact of these great masses of fighting men meant also heavy loss for the enemy when the attack got home, and secured prisoners and guns as solid tokens of victory. It is evident, too,

that the repeated success of such attacks has had a depressing effect on the *moral* of the Russian troops. It is one thing to be manœuvred out of a position by the outflanking effect of extending firing lines; it is a worse sensation to be forcibly thrust from them by an avalanche of fixed bayonets, after being subjected in the preparatory stage of the attack and up to the last moment of its advance to a hail of long ranging bullets and a deluge of shrapnel from the quick-firers. When two or three such attacks have succeeded the men who have carried them through feel invincible; the men who have tried in vain to stop them begin to lose confidence, and events have a tendency to repeat themselves.

For the sake of simplifying the argument it has so far been assumed that the Japanese losses have been heavy. But this is a point that is open to discussion. Here in England we use such phrases as "serious loss" and "heavy loss" somewhat loosely, and the average newspaper reader, and even the average journalist, appears to have very vague ideas of what the great battles of the past have cost victors and vanquished alike in casualties. After the first days of battle to the south of Liaoyang more than one of the London papers spoke of the losses being "heavier than any since Sedan." But on the day of the second battle of Plevna the Russian attack lost over twenty-two per cent. of the troops, the Turkish defence nineteen per cent. I do not believe that there has been any loss approaching this in the present war. We are so accustomed to the small losses incurred in our wars against half civilised races that there is a kind of unconscious exaggeration in speaking of loss in battle, and few people have any very precise ideas on the subject. The

attack of the Gordons at Dargai is often referred to as a brilliant success in the face of a deadly fire and heavy loss. The battalion actually lost one officer killed, two seriously and four slightly wounded, and three killed and forty-one wounded among the rank and file. In South Africa probably the heaviest local loss was that of the Highland Brigade at Magersfontein, which lost just seventeen per cent. in eight hours of battle. Compare this with the sixty-eight per cent. of loss incurred by the 16th Prussian Infantry Regiment at Rezonville in 1870 in an hour and a half of fighting, or the fifty-two per cent. of loss of the 52nd on the same day. If one takes the whole force engaged, and not individual regiments that suffered exceptionally heavy casualties, the percentage is of course lower. The question of loss in battle has been treated in great detail by Captain Berndt of the Austrian Staff in an elaborate statistical work *DIE ZAHL IM KRIEGE*. The following is a summary of his results:

Average percentage of loss in 12 chief battles of the Seven Years' War:—Victors, 14 per cent.; Vanquished, 19 per cent.

In 22 battles of the First Napoleon's Wars:—Victors, 12 per cent.; Vanquished, 19 per cent.

In four battles of the Crimean War:—Victors, 10 per cent.; Vanquished, 17 per cent.

In eight chief battles of the Franco-German War:—Victors, 10½ per cent.; Vanquished, 9 per cent.

These results show a decrease of loss in the period of improved weapons. In South Africa the loss incurred never exceeded ten per cent.

Now what has been the proportion in the present war, on the Japanese side? The censorship has been so rigid that it is no easy matter to say what was the force engaged in

any particular battle. There are official figures of the Japanese losses in some of their victories, but we shall have to wait till the war is over for exact figures as to the effective fighting force engaged. I have, however, endeavoured to make a comparison of the force engaged and the loss incurred in two fights on which we have very full details, and I have had the advantage of being able to check my own calculations by comparing them with those of an officer who has made a special study of the war and has collected every available scrap of information on it.

At the battle of Kin-chau, or Nanshan, the Japanese had at the lowest computation about forty thousand men in action, and their casualties were four thousand two hundred and four, that is as nearly as possible ten and a half per cent. This is the same as the average loss of the victors in the Franco-German War, and much less than their loss at Woerth and Gravelotte. At Nanshan the Japanese had to storm an entrenched position, and carried the enemy's works in close formation, after several temporary failures.

At Telissu, where the attack was made against a position less formidably entrenched and not so obstinately defended, the Japanese loss was under one thousand, and they had at least fifty thousand men in action. This is a loss of only two per cent., and may therefore be described as slight; it was certainly far below the ten per cent. standard, which would imply that the Japanese had only ten thousand men engaged, an absurdly low figure.

Marshal Oyama has estimated his loss in the first days of battle before Liao-yang at ten thousand killed and wounded. If his force were only one hundred thousand men this would make the percentage of loss ten. But

it would seem that the Japanese had something like two hundred thousand men engaged in this series of actions extending over more than one day. The loss is therefore nearer five than ten per cent. Owing, moreover, to the small calibre of the modern rifle large numbers of the men returned as wounded are back in the fighting line before a month is over. It would appear then that the Japanese attacks have not been excessively costly. Indeed it would seem that an attack vigorously pressed home by large bodies of men in comparatively close order, and prepared and covered by a powerful array of quick-firing guns, can be carried to success with less loss than the victors incurred in the great battles of the past.

What we may call the Continental school of tacticians is naturally well satisfied at the confirmation of their views supplied by the first battles of the Japanese War. It is a school well represented in Germany by Meckel, for some time an instructor of the Japanese armies, and the author of a famous protest against loose formations, wide extensions, and some other recent fashions in warfare.

There are other lessons which may be gathered from Japanese methods. They have not considered it necessary to disguise their officers as privates and encumber them with a carbine. Like the officers of every army in the world except our own the Japanese leaders of men carry the sword. They keep to the old common-sense view that the officer who has to direct and observe the fire of his men is better without the burden of a rifle. If he has to take personal part in the actual fighting it will be at close quarters, so they leave him the weapon of the hand-to-hand fight which he knows how to use. They hold that, even at the risk of the enemy marking him, he must be

easily distinguished from the men he leads, for the person of the officer is the rallying point of his men. All our disguises are after all of little use. At distances where badges of rank, or the wearing of the sword, can be easily observed the mere action of the officer, the use of the field-glass with which he notes the effects of his fire, his position as he moves with his men,—all these mark him off from them. Granted he may run a slightly greater risk; this is and must be the case always if he is to lead. Officers disguised as privates are a mistake, as we shall find out sooner or later.

Again, we send our infantry colours to parish churches and town-halls when our battalions go on active service. Yet the history of all fighting, from pitched battles down to street riots, shows that a flag is one of the most helpful things for keeping men together and drawing them on. The Japanese carry into battle the national flag, the red-rayed sun on a white field. The flags are kept furled in the early stage of the advance, but they are flung to the wind when the moment comes for the decisive rush. They serve a double purpose; they help as guiding points in the charge, and they indicate to the supporting artillery how far forward the advance has gone, and enable the gunners to keep up their fire till the attack is within a short distance of the enemy, and to see clearly when the moment is come to cease firing. If our soldiers, when they drove the Boers from the ridge at Dundee, had

been able to display the flag as they topped the heights there would not have been that miserable bombardment of our own men by our own batteries, in which some of our heroic wounded were wounded again. If the Irish Rifles had been able to show a flag as they dashed at the kopje in the surprise at Stormberg, our own guns would not have opened upon them, and brave Colonel Eager would not have fallen under the British shrapnel. These may seem small details, but to stop a rush of our own men with our own shell-fire at a critical moment may mean all the difference between success and disaster. The flags carried by the Japanese are not like our regimental colours, heavy and elaborately embroidered standards; they are apparently the national flag, in light bunting on a long pole. We might perhaps take a lesson from them and give our men the national flag as their battle colours. There would even be a gain in giving its full legitimate play to local sentiment. Colonial troops would be proud to see their local ensigns leading them in the charge: a Highland brigade would feel a new enthusiasm at the sight of the old blue flag with St. Andrew's Cross; and Irish regiments would rival the deeds of Pieter's Hill if a bit of green bunting were flapping over the advancing bayonets. War is not all mechanics. The man is more than the weapon, and how the man feels at the critical moment is the decisive question.

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

THE HUMOURS OF A CANADIAN WATERING-PLACE.

THE American, on his (or should I more aptly say her ?) holiday likes to be smart, and whatever may be the vogue of the moment to cultivate it assiduously. The Canadian, on the contrary (speaking generally of course), inclines to that quieter sort of summer outing in favour with a majority of English folk. The Canadian element at American watering-places is a negligible quantity ; the Americans, on the other hand, have almost made their own many delightful spots that a few years ago were visited only by Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, or Hamilton.

Of all these Murray Bay is perhaps the most popular in an exclusive way, the most fashionable and the most picturesque. Like some half dozen others of less renown, it lies on the Lower St. Lawrence, but almost alone upon the north shore and at a point about ninety miles below Quebec, where the mighty river, some fifteen or twenty miles wide, is nearly as salt as the ocean itself. The summers here are as cool as those of England, as short and sometimes as wet. But Canadians who have passed through a June and July in Montreal or Toronto, and yet more Americans from New York or Philadelphia, can face Scotch mists and breezes, occasionally suggestive of not far distant ice-floes, with something more than equanimity. Indeed if Murray Bay had nothing more to recommend it, as a mere tonic for dyspepsia and a restorer of complexions it would hold its own. But Malbaie, as the French call it, has much stronger claims than this in a bold sea coast and a country

behind picturesque, both in the human and physical way, which merges at no great distance into mountains lofty as those of Scotland and clad with eternal forests that spread northward into the unknown towards Hudson's Bay. A river as large, turbulent, and pellucid as the Dee or Usk, avoiding the dull and turgid interval of an estuary, tumbles direct into a deep bay whose far extended horns carry on their green slopes, and a goodly mixture of transatlantic humanity for a few brief summer weeks of every year.

Murray Bay has been called the Canadian Newport, but the name is not justified, for the prodigious consciousness of wealth, and almost laborious smartness and pose of exclusiveness based on the day before yesterday, of the Rhode Island resort have no counterpart in the freer life and reasonable comfort of the summer cottagers at the mouth of the Murray. And speaking of the *day before yesterday*, I should like here to record an incident, which will, I think, entertain such readers as are familiar with the lack of perspective and of a sense of proportion which leads the modern American into much foolish talk in respect of birth and ancestry as a social factor. The incident is not inexcusably parenthetical, as it was told me with much relish by an American lady in Murray Bay, for the reason that the hero of it is an acquaintance of my own. The scene was a drawing-room in Baltimore, where many Colonial Dames or Daughters of the Revolution were gathered together, societies which

imply descent from an officer in that notable struggle, and gratify the righteous craving to be distinguished from the pork-packer so prevalent just now in American society. There was much conversation of such kind as persons of high lineage assembled for the specific purpose of emphasising its claims in a democracy would indulge in. My friend, one of a small minority of males, was a Briton who had found his way through the ordinary channels of introduction to this afternoon reception. He belongs to a family that is of some genealogical interest as bearing the name of the Welsh manor in which they have lived ever since the Edwardian conquest. Personally, I think, wholly indifferent to these matters, and certainly incapable of understanding the mysterious code of the Revolutionary ancestor, being doubtless very much bored, and perhaps appearing so, one of the ladies made a good-natured attempt to bring him into the conversation by the very appropriate remark, "I think you are of a Welsh family, Mr. —." My friend, who is as modest as he is ungenealogical, had of course the bare outlines of his family history, which are almost public property, and answered the question with engaging and frank simplicity: "Well," he said, "we never feel sure whether we have actually the right to call ourselves Welsh, as we only went in, you see, with Edward the First." A quite painful depression, my informant says, fell upon the Revolutionary Dames, and not the least entertaining part of it was the sublime unconsciousness of the young man that he had said anything of the smallest interest to himself or anybody present.

The old French village of Malbaie, considerably stimulated by the numerous needs of the cottage and hotel visitors in the neighbourhood,

straggles along the mouth of the river, where, between the last rapid and the junction with the tide, it sweeps onward in a broad, smooth current spanned by an imposing suspension bridge. Thrifty tradesmen, who have accumulated many dollars and very little English, proclaim their business by signboards illustrated with the weapons of their craft, and beam with gratified approval on the meteors from the outer world, smart in their clothes, but apparently imbecile in their methods of amusement. Their value is unquestionable, however, if their habits seem frivolous and unfathomable. They are heretics, moreover, a spiritual misfortune or reproach, which the most priest-influenced (it would be hardly fair to say priest-ridden) people in the world could not regard with the equanimity of a Parisian *boulevardier*. At the end of the street of steep-gabled, gaily-painted timber houses and shops a spacious wooden church, well painted without and elaborately decorated within, shoots its bronze spire heavenward, with a convent on one side, its shady garden sloping to the water, and a seminary of old French design upon the other. Every safeguard would thus seem to exist against the corrosive influences of the gay world which wags along either shore of the bay, that of Point au Pic to the west, and of Cap a l'Aigle to the east. Taking the former direction along a tortuous dusty road, bristling in its still primitive barriers of snake-fence and passing the seigneurial mansion with its timber and lawns and towering flagstaff, a long trough-like valley opens out between the fir-clad bluffs by the water's edge and the lofty-swelling ridge behind. In the valley the familiar golfers, of both sexes, may be seen in all directions pursuing their daily round over a diversified, picturesque, and extremely promising

eighteen-hole course. Along the slopes of the leafy hill-side, for the space of nearly two miles, stand the residences of the summer visitors, the quiet, the gay, the American and the Canadian, the new-comer of yesterday, the old-timer of twenty years ago; each house illustrating the fancy of its owner in that varied field of light cottage architecture so successfully cultivated across the Atlantic, and each one of course standing in its own demesne of lawn, garden, and plantations. The lofty ridge behind is dark with a thick mantle of spruce, cedar, and fir. Below, near the shore the high road wanders on, lined with the wooden cottages of *habitants* and summer abodes of more modest pretensions than those above, pleasantly set, however, in little enclosures of green turf, and shaded by the broad whispering leaves of maple, sycamore, or ash.

Murray Bay was discovered by a few Canadians, mainly from Toronto, some thirty or forty years ago, as a paradise for the old-fashioned *al fresco* holiday. Development was inevitable, but it proceeded slowly till recent times, and now Americans from New York and Philadelphia have practically taken possession of the place. At any rate they will own two-thirds of the summer cottages and largely represent the smarter and gayer side of social life, the stars and stripes fluttering alone or above the beaver-stamped Canadian-British flag from many a garden flag-pole. The Canadians are not perhaps entirely satisfied with this annexation of their most attractive watering-place; but all its principal frequenters of both nationalities go there year after year to their own roof-trees, whose improvement adds interest of course to their holiday. Intimacies and acquaintanceships are inevitable between the two varieties of Anglo-Saxon, thus united

in the desire to enjoy life in a place to which they are equally partial. The Americans, however, have greatly raised the scale of living, disturbed the old simplicity of the place, and driven great numbers of Anglo-Canadians who, from motives of taste or purse, liked that kind of thing, to the opposite shores of the little bay where, from scattered rows of cottages lifted high above the river, the British ensign waves with defiant unanimity.

The attitude of Americans and Canadians towards each other might be enlarged upon to any extent and from all points of view, and the situation grows more interesting as Canada grows in importance. On its lighter side the prevalent note of the smart American is a sort of amusing unconsciousness that Canada exists,—something of the air assumed by his equivalent upon this side towards the social doings of a provincial city, intensified by much greater ignorance of the matter. There is, of course, little or nothing of this in Murray Bay, or in kindred places where international intimacies and friendships flourish. But among the mass of prosperous Americans, who never see Canada unless on a rapid tour, there is infinite complacency in this respect, in no way modified by the fact of a vice-regal court now that dukes are so common at Newport, Washington, and New York. Nor as yet has the recent discovery of Canada by American capitalists in an industrial sense, in any way affected this particular point of view. In fact it seems to justify the old business attitude towards the Dominion which was one of good-humoured and contemptuous tolerance of the deliberate habits of a British Dependency. Canadians suffer this with much complacency. The social side, so far as they hear anything of it, they would laugh at, rightly or wrongly, as the

mere antics of millionaires. Their inferiority in enterprise they admit good-humouredly, very much as we do, attribute it not inaptly to circumstances, and strive a little harder perhaps than we do to make the contrast less obvious.

Owing to the pressure of accommodation, natural to places of this description in August, we found ourselves in quarters very different from the two gay hotels which Murray Bay now boasts, temporarily as we expected, permanently as it turned out, to our good fortune from every point of view. It was the original inn of the place to which we were driven from the pier, in a *caleche* at a hand-gallop by a taciturn Frenchman, whose main object was apparently to test our nerves, the climax being a right-angled turn at full speed into the inn-yard which very nearly unseated us altogether.

The inn was a modest but neat two-storeyed building, with outside verandahs above and below, and a little lawn shaded by maples dividing it from the road. Our immediate hostesses were two good-looking, well-dressed French-Canadian girls, who spoke no English worth mentioning. A sturdy and capable mother (who spoke none at all) hovered in the background and officiated in the kitchen. An aged grandsire of ninety smoked endless pipes of tobacco on the verandah and gazed placidly out at the prodigious transformation he had lived to witness; a chatty old gentleman he was, who bore a Highland name and was actually the grandson of one of those Scottish soldiers of Wolfe's who became the ancestors of French-Canadians innumerable.¹ No less than three hundred

of the name borne by our hosts and their inn flourished in the neighbourhood. He had been the Sampson of the village in his prime, and tradition well supported his own tales of derring-do with sacks of flour, sawlogs, or the persons of those who ventured to fall out with him. Any tremors we might have had regarding the company in an establishment so hopelessly unfashionable were assuaged at once by our allocation to a detached cottage containing three bedrooms, a sitting-room, and verandah. Any further anxiety as to table, or table-companions, vanished at the first experience, for in a series of quaint low rooms, spotlessly clean, as good plain meals were served thrice a day as the heart could desire. And we were waited on not by the bored and supercilious handmaiden that is typical of the average transatlantic hotel, but by affable French peasant girls who not only knew their business but actually seemed to like it. We could have dined in seclusion had we chosen, but preferred the livelier part and the more public room. A dozen to twenty frequently changing guests, decent French-Canadians of the *bourgeois* sort from the cities mainly, and consequently bilingual, though speaking French only among themselves, were our table neighbours. Fortunate in having friends among the old *habités* of the place this isolation from the doubtful pleasures of gay hotel life mattered nothing. If any intentions of migrating to the large wooden many-galleried barrack on the hill above survived the first day, they quickly vanished as we listened to the steady roar of a meal in progress echoing over the golf-links seaward. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that the inclusive charge

¹ The two seigneuries at Murray Bay were granted about 1761 to two of Wolfe's Highland officers, who took with them some of their men. The latter married French-

Canadian wives, and their descendants became French-Canadians in every respect, though bearing Scottish names.

of our hostelry was one dollar per head a day, cottage and all, and that it stood the test of a month's experience.

Our fellow inmates here were, of course, people without any social pretensions. There must certainly have been French-Canadians of the upper class at the two big hotels, but they do not mix to an appreciable extent with Anglo-Canadians at these watering-places any more than in their own towns. The latter and the Americans, mingling readily, form society here as in all similar places. Americans now predominate and set the fashion, if not always followed by the others, and when they have a fancy they work it to the death. Driving, riding, and golf are the chief open-air amusements of Murray Bay, and no self-respecting youth would at present be seen engaged upon any of these exhilarating pastimes with a covering to his head. The maidens and even matrons follow suit. A line of *caleches*, each carrying a hatless and capless couple, may be seen pursuing a giddy rate over the country roads. Tan, and even freckles, are, I believe, the fashion just now at Boston, Newport, and New York, and this is a simple way of achieving both. The effect is still queerer when you meet a group of equestrians, both sexes as smart as paint up to the chin, but culminating in towzled locks and flapping manes of hair. For the "football" hair worn long and parted in the middle, familiar to the Briton from photographs of teams and crews, is still affected by gilded and academic youth in the States. Athletic truculence was, I think, the original motive for the pose, and one result of it has been to fix irrevocably in the British mind the notion that a heavy strain of Indian blood permeates the prosperous classes of the Eastern States. But from the truculent "for-

ward" at football it spread to the meek youth in spectacles who would not hurt a fly.

Nobody rides in England now except to hunt or play polo; but fashionable America has something of a momentary craze for it, not posing as the indigenous equestrian from Virginia, Texas, Wyoming, or the genuine riding countries of America, but rather as the English hunting man and woman in the off-season, a very different seat and a different outfit as everybody knows. Nor does the smart American any longer drive a buggy and fast horse decorated with a minimum of gear, for this is now sadly provincial, but an English dog-cart, of heavy build, and the latest shape and colour, drawn by a much be-strapped and be-collared cob with more action than pace.

In Murray Bay, however, the American gets nearer again to Nature, for that wonderful two-wheeled vehicle, hoisted high on steel and leather springs and known only in French-Canada, claims here the smart and the unfashionable alike. Nothing else could go at break-neck pace over the steep rough inland roads but the *caleche*; nor could fast movers or high steppers cover them with anything like the combination of pace and security which distinguishes the half-fed under-bred Canadian pony. Thus equipped there was plenty of scope for enterprise, for in every direction the scenery was delightful. Along the coast the roads run east and west far above the water, rising and falling amid the pleasant intervals of meadow and cornfield which lie between the forest-crowned inland ridges and the edge of the cliffs. Far beneath, the mighty St. Lawrence, near twenty miles from shore to shore, rolls seawards, widening rapidly as it approaches the mouth of the Saguenay,

whose immense volume of fresh water stirs the surface of the greater river on the calmest days into crests of foam at incredible distances from their confluence. Schooners and fishing vessels dimple the blue expanse with their white wings. Coasting vessels, laden with Canadian products, plough their way to Sidney, Halifax, or St. John, and a big Atlantic steamer as often as not fills the centre of the view, either outward or homeward bound. The further shore, dotted with white towns and villages, fades from green to grey as it trends towards the gulf, and into haze altogether as it leaps up into the wild highlands that end its civilisation and fertility in the dim mountains of the Gaspé peninsula. Other roads lead inland, up green valleys, watered by turbulent amber streams, along whose banks the narrow farms of the *habitants* cluster thickly to lose themselves at length among lateral ranges of the Laurentian mountains that, clad with a mantle of evergreens, roll northward into worlds unknown. Here, in this uplifted wilderness jewelled with innumerable lakes and threaded by innumerable streams, the sportsman makes high holiday. Deer and bear, moose and cariboo still roam in reasonable quantities through these illimitable solitudes, protected now this long time, not only by close seasons but by strict limits to each hunter's bag. Trout abound in every lake and stream, and rise freely to flies in August that their sophisticated brethren in Great Britain would not look at in the merriest and wettest of Mays. Private sporting syndicates rent vast tracts of this wild country from Government or the seigneuries. Rude hunting-lodges are their headquarters, only approached in many cases by miles of forest paths over which the mil-

lionaire himself has to walk on foot at the heels of his hardy Canadian gillie and pack-carriers. Such enterprises form frequent interludes to the more sporting residents of Murray Bay, who disappear for a week from the golf-links and the lawn-tennis grounds to return laden with trout (and trout-stories) and freely scarred with mosquito-bites. But the rural enterprise of most of the exotic community is restricted to the habitable regions where the dwellings and customs of old Norman France, only somewhat modified and set always in a frame that Nature in these Laurentian hills has greatly favoured, are a perennial attraction to those wearied with the rush and stir of normal American or Canadian life. If not altogether in outward custom, these descendants of French-Canadian *Cerisitaires* and Wolfe's Highlanders, are in mental outlook perhaps the nearest approach to a French rustic of the seventeenth century that the world can show. No revolutions or social earthquakes, no devastating wars or republican innovations have disturbed these dwellers in the least accessible region of French Canada. Here in their steep-roofed, one-storeyed, bright-coloured houses, amid orchards and farms averaging from fifty to a hundred acres, dwell one of the happiest, most contented peasantries probably in the world, and not by any means the least picturesque.

With the instinct of an Irishman, but without the deterrent factors in his case, the French-Canadian is very apt to drift home again when his pockets are full, and not seldom when they are empty. Sentiment and religion are powerful factors, for it would seem incredible that the man who had for years breathed the air of Lowell or Boston and earned good wages would re-assimilate himself to

the old-world rural tranquillity of the shores of the St. Lawrence. But thus it often is, and if their influence is not wholly unfelt, it is not strong enough to call for much remark. If thrifty in most ways, the *habitant* is sometimes a bit reckless in outlay if the merchant tempts him. This trait, together with the huge families and an indifferent soil, is a frequent promoter of mortgages. Sometimes, when deeply involved, a family will close its establishment, let the land, and go to the New England Mills till it has earned sufficient to free the homestead again. Many single wanderers come back with English names, bestowed by American or Anglo-Canadian employers or managers who will not trouble themselves with a difficult French word, especially in the lumber-camps. "What's yer name?" raps out the headman to the *habitant* on first going on to the pay-roll. "Adolphe Leschallas," replies the unsophisticated stranger. "How much?" roars Mr. Andy McLoughlan, with an oath and a delightful unconsciousness of the hopeless appearance of his own patronymic. "Oh, all right," says he, "you're William Roberts, d'ye hear?" The Frenchman may get a little restive, but the paymaster promptly silences him. "Well, if you want to git your money, I guess you'll be William Roberts; if you don't you can call yourself by any d—d fool name you please." And Mr. Roberts, the Frenchman remains, occasionally for life.

If Murray Bay may sometimes be dull in winter (and I nearly lost the favour of my hostess for suggesting such a heresy) for the visitor in summer at any rate there is plenty

to do, and much incentive to action in the fine bracing air and grand scenery. Steamers ply up and down the bright St. Lawrence and the savage solitudes of the Saguenay. For the Englishman who wishes to see something of Canada quietly, and who shrinks from the obligations and expense of the grand tour, Murray Bay should prove an admirable and instructive variety to the eternal Switzerland. He can go to Quebec and back for £30, and from Quebec Murray Bay is but a few hours of pleasant steaming; and there, for as much more, he may pass a month with all the accessory expenses required for thoroughly seeing the country, and meet any number of pleasant people, transatlantic fellow subjects and Americans, and an environment that is not only physically beautiful, but for Britons should have much personal and historic interest. If inclined that way, he may catch trout, camp out in the forests, or play golf to his heart's content. An eight or nine days' voyage over summer seas in a comfortable steamer is to the normally constituted person both a joy and a rest, particularly when two at least of these days are in sheltered waters fringed by inspiring scenery; a week of Quebec itself and its environs is an experience most people prize when they recall it. Thus a delightful seven or eight weeks' holiday for £60 or £70 is within reach of hundreds of moderately endowed Britons, who, rightly or wrongly, shrink from the trans-continental journey with its obligatory sight-seeing, and seem oblivious, or ignorant, of any such happy and extremely comfortable compromise as this.

A. G. BRADLEY.

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

I FIND my friend Mlle. Tardieu (de Tardieu it was in palmy days) engaged in writing letters, an occupation to which she is not much addicted. She has a way of letting her correspondence accumulate until it has reached overwhelming proportions, and then clearing it off with one heroic effort. She writes anywhere, on her knees, or on a layer of books of unequal sizes, more rarely at her writing-table. To save the trouble of blotting, she casts the sheets when finished on the floor to the right and left, and flings the addressed envelopes on to about the same spots. Then when Mlle. Tardieu's correspondents receive her epistles, they are under the impression that she has blotted them on the hearth-rug or the pillar-post; and when they open them, they discover that they are unwilling participators in a game of cross questions and crooked answers.

The situation is complicated by the presence of Jean Jacques Rousseau, a large grey tom-cat, and a capricious favourite. He always presents himself on correspondence days, walks about on the letters,—for he likes to hear the crackle of paper under his pads, much as some human beings love the rustle of the crisp leaves in autumn woods—and intrudes a fluffy purring form between Mlle. Tardieu and her work. Mlle. Tardieu holds down the bushy grey tail with her left hand, while she writes as well as she may between the pads, addressing the while polyglot reproaches to the unheeding animal.

Mlle. Tardieu is polyglot, for she keeps a *pension*, and has contracted

conversational inaccuracies in most of the European languages. The world is for her a linguistic forest, in traversing which she has become thickly covered with burrs. She is literary, and when in full dress wears a little violet ribbon. I think the little ribbon means that she is excellent at French grammar, and could not easily be found erring in her irregular verbs. Her dress is literary. It consists of what I have heard called a wrapper; and she presents the appearance of a parcel that has been put up in some pretty chintz stuff, only the string has been forgotten.

"One moment, Monsieur," says Mlle. Tardieu; "you will excuse my finishing—little devil!"

The apology is for me, the expletive for the cat. I take the chair that Mlle. Tardieu indicates with a motion of her head; a literary head, of which the *coiffure* is always picturesquely incomplete. The chair has a broken spring, like all easy chairs in *pensions*.

"I forget whether you have met him—ugly little animal!" murmurs my hostess.

"Have I?" I reply, thinking that answer on the whole the most provocative, a kind of conversational mustard-leaf. But Mlle. Tardieu says no more for the moment, and buries herself in her writing. The leaves fall thick on the floor, as if Mlle. Tardieu were a first frost of autumn.

"That is his photograph, there, to your left. I made him have it taken."

It is the photograph of a gentleman in a frock coat, holding in his

hand a cane and a silk hat. He is tall, upright, meagre. His hair (still thick), his moustache, his eyebrows, are all iron-grey. The eyes are rather tired, and the lines of care deeply cut. But the face is that of a gallant, kindly man; one whose bark, in its voyage to the unexplored zone, has sailed into the frozen latitudes beyond fifty, and is not yet ice-bound.

"*N'ayant plus du gentilhomme que son honneur qu'il garde, son nom qu'il cache, et son épée qu'il montre,*" says Mlle. Tardieu. "But no, that will not do at all. He does not hide his name: why should he? His sword did good service in the Terrible Year, though now it is sheathed for ever. But *son honneur qu'il garde*—yes, that he has, my—villainous beast! He is one of the old nobility, the real *vieille noblesse*—none of your Napoleonic and Second Empire things. They came back from exile, and the home-coming was worse than the exile. No men of business among them, the little that they could recover slowly slipping from their hands again. He is the last of them, my poor friend. How old should you say?"

"Fifty-seven," I hazard.

"Sixty-nine," she replies, "and that is letting you into a state-secret, Monsieur. And I will let you into another. We were born the same year."

Before I have time to think of a compliment,—which I can often make very prettily, given a reasonable interval—Mlle. Tardieu plunges again into her correspondence.

Annette comes to whisper something about breakfast, and flinging open the folding-doors discloses a view of the dining-room, in which underlings, in green-baize aprons, are busy arranging the private wine-bottles and napkins of the boarders, the traveller's poor Penates, on which alone in a strange

land he can lay an appropriating finger.

The boarders assemble. There are the two Norwegian ladies who slide about upon French with as much grace and ease as Mr. Winkle on the frozen pond. There is the nice little Russian nurse, polite, abstracted, and her compatriot, neither nice nor abstracted. In the way of males we have the Hungarian youth who is reported to have lost two fortunes, and has in any case lost the habit of scrupulous attention to his finger-nails. There is a dark taciturn gentleman, who is rumoured to be a Turk, and might as well be that as anything else. It is not for me to decide, as I can never tell a Turk without his fez and carpet slippers. And there is myself, of London.

A few minutes are passed in the usual small-talk; then the door opens and the gentleman of the photograph enters. He kisses Mlle. Tardieu's hand gracefully and unaffectedly, and bows in the direction of the company.

"Monsieur de Talonrouge," says Mlle. Tardieu, in the same direction.

I am now able to add to the details I have already gleaned that M. de Talonrouge wears neat white spats and trousers of a grey check, that the coat is indeed admirable as regards cut and fit, but a little past its prime, and that the photographer has touched his subject up considerably. M. de Talonrouge is well preserved, but not quite so well as the artist has indicated. He is an upright, soldierly man, and the fact of his wearing no ribbon in his buttonhole lends him an air of distinction. He gives his arm to Mlle. Tardieu and we pass into the dining-room, preceded by Jean Jacques Rousseau, who takes the first turn to the right and disappears down a passage that, by its savour, should be connected with the kitchen.

M. de Talonrouge is seated in the place of honour, facing his hostess, in the centre of the long side of the table, where only very narrow straits divide his chair from the sideboard, so that he is bumped a good deal by Annette and the green-aproned underlings; but one does not often get honour and comfort too. The conversation turns on a subject not often discussed (outside France) in a mixed society, namely the question whether, in the case of those alliances which are called marriages, the preliminary visits to Monsieur le Maire and Monsieur le Curé may or may not be dispensed with. The youth from Hungary, though his loss of fortune is supposed to be connected with an irregular arrangement of the kind, holds that they may. He is supported by the gentleman of (alleged) Turkish blood, whose support, however, does not count for much, as it appears that he has mistaken the topic of conversation for one which his scanty knowledge of French makes it impossible for him to reveal to us. M. de Talonrouge is strongly for regularity. It is pleasant to see the upright old gentleman, upright in all senses of the word, firing volleys into the Hungarian, till that dull Lothario becomes more limp than ever, and finally relapses into a silence that is meant to be impressive but is merely quaint. Then Mlle. Tardieu leads the conversation back to the topics which stand for us in the place of the Shakespeare and musical glasses of by-gone days; and so we all pass into the *salon*.

The boarders depart after the unceremonious manner of their kind, some to their farms, others to their merchandise, and I am left with Mlle. Tardieu and M. de Talonrouge. Then I rise to go; M. de Talonrouge rises too.

"I believe we are going the same

way," he says; "we might perhaps walk together? So then, *au revoir*, Madame. And Sophie? As always, I suppose?"

"As always, *mon ami*."

M. de Talonrouge bends over Mlle. Tardieu's hand. The lady of the *pension* nods her literary head very kindly at me. "Come again, both of you," she cries, as the street-door closes upon us.

We cross the Champs Elysées and enter upon a maze of quiet streets, chiefly inhabited, it would seem, by butchers' boys. M. de Talonrouge walks on in a silence which he at last breaks with an effort. "Pardon me, Monsieur, I was quite forgetting. I am so used to being alone. I am taking you a little out of your way, not far; I have an errand here."

As he speaks, we turn into a street yet quieter than the rest, and there we see a little old lady. She looks as if she had stepped out of some print, in her quaint bonnet and shawl. A tall Bretonne *bonne* stands waiting. The little old lady is searching anxiously about the pavements and in the dry, clean gutters, and even peering through the railings into the solemn front-garden of a solemn house. As she searches, she wrings her hands and shows every sign of distress. M. de Talonrouge walks up to her and calls her gently by her name,—"Sophie."

She looks up quickly. "Victor!"

How the lines about the poor drawn mouth relax! How the fever fades from the flushed, withered cheek! How the wild light dies out in the dim blue eyes!

"Sophie!" He takes her two trembling hands in his gaunt right hand; the other holds his hat and the hot sun beats down on his bared grey head. "Sophie, what is it, *chère amie*?"

"Oh, Victor, I have lost the purse,

I have lost the purse! What shall I do?"

"Oh, you have lost the purse? Is that all? Well, that is nothing. We must find it. It is sure to have been picked up, you know. I will go straight to the Commissaire and tell him about it. What was it like?"

"It was of red,—no, black—no, red leather; and it had,—it had,—oh, Victor, I—I forget." The tears roll down her cheeks and her voice is choked with sobs.

Hush, now, you must be braver than this, or—" He whispers in her ear, and a wan smile plays about her mouth. "And now you will go home with Jeannette, will you not? *Au revoir, chère amie.*"

He stands watching the pathetic little figure moving away on the arm of the tall Bretonne girl. It is not till they have turned the corner of the street that he remembers his bareheadedness and my existence. And then—" *Mille pardons!*" he cries. "How rude I have been! Forgive me and drink a cup of coffee with me on the Boulevard Poissonnière."

Indeed I will. For I am bound to confess that the coffee is quite the weakest part of the Tardieu *ménage*. I do not say so to M. de Talonrouge.

We take our seats in a *café* on the shady side of the great boulevard. The ceaseless stream of life rolls by, that part of it which has wheels to roll on, from the swift auto-brougham with coronets on the doors to the humble cab crawling by the edge of the pavement; and pedestrians, on business or pleasure bent, stride or lounge along. In front of us, a gentleman of shabby appearance is engaged (for our delectation and his profit) in making faces through an oval of felt; and considering the very niggardly way in which Nature has dealt out to him her fatal gifts of

beauty, it seems a work of supererogation to further distort his features. A tumbler, whose stock-in-trade is a dirty strip of carpet and a few elementary gymnastic feats, is more deserving of encouragement. The waiters rush hither and thither, bearing impossible piles of mugs and glasses; and the customers sit dreamily before measures of various liquids,—the muddy *absinthe*, the clear *bock* beaded on its icy outward surface, and the steaming coffee; while the heaps of little saucers rise before them, marking at once their reckoning and their cubic capacity. And as we light our cigars (my contribution to the entertainment) I ask M. de Talonrouge the story of little Mlle. Sophie.

"Willingly," he says. "Well, she is the sister (younger by five years) of Mlle. Tardieu. It is a sad tale. They two are alone in the world and have been so for many years. They had a little fortune, enough to live on in comfort, not luxury. Mlle. Tardieu, you know, is a clever woman, and she determined to come to Paris, where she could make something by her pen and by tuition. I am of the same province as the Tardieus, and have known them since my boyhood. I advised them to this step. We were all young then; it is thirty-five years ago.

"So they sold their little property,—property sold better in those days than it does now—and made the move. Mlle. Sophie was engaged to—to a man of good family, but himself not much richer than a church-mouse. She was pretty, very pretty, the sweetest, most delicate little thing you can imagine, like a piece of fragile Sèvres. The man can still see that beauty in her; he and her sister are the only two in the world for whom it has not disappeared. She will find it again—not here!

"Well, they came to Paris and established themselves. The man pressed for marriage,—he had followed them—and it was agreed that it should take place so soon as the business arrangements had been settled. He was a man of simple tastes, and asked nothing more than the *bonheur-pot-au-feu*,—love in a cottage, as you say. He could add to the small revenues by teaching perhaps.

"Then arrived a misfortune which wrecked these modest plans for happiness. The day came when the final arrangements were to be made, and the notary put into Mlle. Tardieu's hands the profits of the sale of the country estate, £4,000 of your money. Mlle. Tardieu gave the notes to her sister, who put them into her purse and the purse into her pocket. When they reached home, the purse was gone.

"Our own idea—mine and Mlle. Tardieu's—was that Mlle. Sophie's pocket was picked the moment she got out of the notary's door by some scoundrel who had wind of the transactions and had followed the ladies. But the poor girl insisted that she had dropped the purse and that she would find it again in a spot which she had in her mind. When she recovered from the fever into which she fell,—recovered physically, for her mental capacity is gone for ever—she would go to the spot,—the spot where we found her this afternoon. She has been there every day for thirty-five years! Nothing can keep her from it; perhaps if she were restrained, she would die. Every day, about the same hour in the afternoon, she gets restless and will go out. She searches, and is only persuaded to come away by the promise that the Commissaire shall be told of the matter. The rest of the day is spent not unhappily. She sews, sometimes even reads.

"But thirty-five years! Have you ever passed a night of fever, a week,

a month even? The misery of that half-waking torment that you know and cannot name! And thirty-five years of it! She so frail! How has she endured it?

"And the man? Gracious is the misfortune which comes singly. He had his troubles too, bad times, and small revenues daily becoming smaller. It was hard, but it was manageable. Mlle. Tardieu got together a little *clientèle*; she is an admirable person, and her lessons were said to be quite excellent. She started a *pension* on a humble scale. Yes, it was manageable.

"Then came 1870, the *année terrible*. The man of course went out to fight for his country, and gained some little credit. But the revenues went down lower and lower; it was always a struggle—"

M. de Talonrouge rises, smooths down the frock-coat that is a little worn at the angles, and we part. "You will find me here most afternoons, Monsieur," he says; and he walks away with a dignified, leisurely step down the crowded boulevard.

I often find myself at the restaurant with M. de Talonrouge, our modest coffee steaming before us, while the old gentleman tells me such details of his life as persons or objects suggest. Now it is a tall dragoon that recalls an incident of some battle-field; now a sister of charity to remind him of a hospital scene; now a fine lady and a reminiscence of an ancestral château, where once a great seigneur dwelt, but now a successful grocer keeps his piecrust state. I find that my old friend is *dévot*, with a piety that is rather aristocratic than reasoning, reminiscent of the day when the coronet and the cassock ruled the land and the Third Estate was but tolerated. Of course the expulsion of the congregations is for him the Abomination of Desolation, the last of the countless mor-

tal blows that have been dealt his unhappy country any time these hundred years. Naturally he is a Royalist, and owns allegiance to a shabby Bourbon, who lives contentedly in a Brussels back street, the out-at-elbows descendant of a poor little Dauphin who, possibly, escaped from a loathsome dungeon. M. de Talonrouge, warm partisan of oppressed Royalty, makes a yearly pilgrimage to St. Germain's to lay a little wreath on the tomb of the most foolish king the world has ever seen, our James the Second. His attachment to the memory of that inferior monarch is strengthened by the fact that one of his ancestors was an equerry in the court of the august exile. Of course M. de Talonrouge reads *L'AUTORITÉ*, and with M. Paul de Cassagnac trembles at nine o'clock every morning for the future of France. "*Ni bouche, ni éperon*" is his sweeping judgment on the politicians of the day, save the lugubrious Paul; "they have neither wit nor courage."

Mlle. Tardieu supplies me with a few other details. The *fiancé* of poor little crazy Mlle. Sophie and M. de Talonrouge are,—I am not surprised to find—one and the same person. He has remained faithful to her through all; can you guess what it was he whispered in her ear the other day? The old gentleman has been too modest as to the part he played at the time of the great Tardieu catastrophe. "If it had not been for him, we should have starved," says Mlle. Tardieu simply.

Then it appears that in the great war M. de Talonrouge served with something more than the mere credit that he modestly claims. His conduct on several occasions rose to the level of the heroic; in one engagement particularly, where he saved the life of a young officer, whom he carried severely wounded out of fire at the

greatest risk of his own life. The officer was the son of a great Paris *restaurateur*, Dubray; and the grateful couple do not forget.

"How they managed it, I do not know," says Mlle. Tardieu, "for my old friend is a little *difficile* in these matters. I can only get him to breakfast here occasionally. I want him to come and live with us, but he will not hear of it. And yet M. Dubray was clever enough to make M. de Talonrouge more or less accept the liberty of his restaurant as you might say. He dines there four or five times a week. They behave most delicately. He has a private room, and the old butler looks after him himself. I am sure it must make all the difference in the world to him; and, and—"

Mlle. Tardieu relapses into silence and Molière. This being one of the occasions on which Jean Jacques Rousseau's presence would not be inconvenient, the capricious favourite is absent.

My friendship with M. de Talonrouge ripens. He introduces me to his apartment,—"*soldier's quarters, mon cher*"—on a fifth storey; a tiny kitchen, and one large room neatly screened into two. Here are a few books, a few old prints, a sword on the wall, some flowers in a glass, and a tidiness that is almost material enough to be reckoned as furniture. "*Bonne chère, beau feu*," he remarks; "good cheer and a bright fire, as we say; and, thank God, I still have both. By-the-bye, will you dine with me at Dubray's to-morrow at seven? Dubray is a friend of mine. I was once fortunate enough to be able to do him a service, and—"

"I know," I say, "Mlle. Tardieu has—"

"Has told you?" The old man blushes. "That was,—that was indiscreet on her part. I shall have to

scold her. However, to-morrow at seven."

I am there at the time appointed. It is one of the smartest restaurants in Paris, where everything is so admirable that there is no need of a shabby string band to drown cries of distress and induce oblivion of deficiencies. We are shown by a grave butler into a little room, in which marble and gilt and a frescoed ceiling delight the eye. M. de Talonrouge carries with him a little box neatly tied with white ribbon, such as those who shop bear with them. He puts it on the table at his side.

The dinner is excellent, so excellent, that when we arrive at the game, I have finished. The butler puts before us a partridge and stealthily retires. Then a strange little comedy is played.

"You will not take any?" says my host. "Well, I have really had enough too. Now I will let you into a little secret, *mon cher*. It is always like this here; they always feed me far, far too well. So this is what I do." He opened his box, deposits the partridge on a saucer within, closes it up and ties the white ribbon. Then he looks at me with a twinkle in his eyes. "There! That will do for my *déjeuner* to-morrow," says he. "They will think I have eaten it."

"But, Monsieur, what will they think you have done with the bones?"

I could bite my tongue out. My poor simple old friend turns deadly pale and mops his brow with his handkerchief.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he gasps; "for twenty years I have never thought of that! What a consummate fool am I—*sot à triple étage!* O, *mon Dieu!*"

I am divided in my mind between sympathy for M. de Talonrouge and esteem for the grave butler who has

seen the poor little farce played so often and has never relaxed in his quiet politeness,—one more example to them that cry that the good servant is extinct.

All the contentment and gaiety are gone from our little feast. M. de Talonrouge slips shamefacedly a much larger gratification than he can afford into the hand of the staid butler, and we pass through the crowd of incomers into the noisy street.

"*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*" groans M. de Talonrouge once more. "I can never go there again."

Business calls me to England after this, and it is a month before I find my way to the Boulevard Poissonnière again. My old friend is not there, and I resolve to go and look for him on his fifth floor. As I pass into the court, the *concierge*, an old soldier who is reading *LE PETIT JOURNAL* with his feet up, as is the way of all *concierges*, hoists himself into a standing attitude and calls me by the name of *Hein*; he is not too polite, this *concierge*. He hands me a circular, a terrible thing with a deep black border. What I read chills my heart. The *concierge* coughs huskily; what if he is impolite, the *concierge*?

"It happened about three weeks after you went," says Mlle. Tardieu some hours later, "quite suddenly. The doctors said he had had some vexation, and talked about—about inanition. Dubray saw to everything. He did it very well, except those *faire part* things, which are horrible; but he has a good heart. And then,—did you not know?—poor Sophie—the very same day—"

Mlle. Tardieu takes up her book (Fénélon's philosophy) and, perhaps, reads. Jean Jacques Rousseau sleeps on the hearthrug, unnoticed.

CHARLES OLIVER.

THE FIGHT OF THE ONE AND THE FIVE.

THE sharp light of dawn, on August 6th, 1616, revealed a ship plying steadily up the channel which separates Madagascar from the mainland of Africa. Her gigantic size, the colour and gilding which decorated her towering stern, as well as the royal banner flying at her main-top, marked her out as a vessel of importance; and in fact, though now alone (having lost company with her consorts soon after leaving Europe), she was the admiral-ship of the Portuguese fleet of the year, carrying out to Goa stores and money, besides a much-needed reinforcement of soldiers under Don Emanuel de Meneses. Thus far the voyage had been uneventful, and most of those on board were looking forward to a fair run before the south-west monsoon to Goa bar. In the city of St. Francis Xavier varied delights awaited them,—arrack without stint, society of a kind that every seamen loves, and gambling from morning till night. After that,—when all the money was gone—who knows! Perhaps enlistment for garrison duty in one of the fortresses of the North; perhaps a voyage to Malacca or the African coast; perhaps a hasty burial at night by the Brothers of Pity.

Far other were the thoughts of the tall, stately figure, clad in black velvet, that slowly paced the gallery running along the carrack's stern. It was Meneses himself, a grizzled veteran who had spent long years in the East with honour to himself and advantage to His Catholic Majesty, and was now going out once again to prop the decaying empire of Portu-

guese India. The parlous state of affairs at Goa weighed heavily upon his spirits, and he was busy devising schemes whereby men and money might be found to raise aloft the drooping banner of his country in the East. Suddenly he paused in his walk and fixed his gaze on a sail which had just risen above the horizon. A few minutes later a second came into sight not far from the first; and shortly after yet another could be distinguished. The little door that led into the gallery opened, and Meneses, turning, found the captain by his side. "Good morrow, Master Captain," he said; "it seems we are like to have company in our voyage."

"And none that we would willingly choose, Excellency," was the rejoinder. "Two more are visible from the masthead. There is little doubt but they are either Dutch or English, and I fear they are the latter. It is about the time their Surat fleet is to be looked for."

If they be the rebel Hollanders," said Meneses, "we must expect a fight; but with the English we have no quarrel, at least in these seas, whatever we may do when they are caught poaching in His Majesty's Indian waters. Methinks they will scarce venture to attack us; but if they do, we have a stout vessel and a crew of six hundred. It will be passing strange if we cannot give a good account of ourselves against such cockleshells as I see yonder."

"May the Saints grant it!" was the pious reply; "but Your Excellency knows these English bulldogs;

we carry a store of *rials* which they would give their souls to possess, and sooner or later they will find a pretext for a fight. Five to one is long odds, and for my part [with a side glance at the stern face of the soldier], were it possible to make terms with them, I hold it well to give part of our cargo to redeem the rest. The Viceroy is in sore need of what we carry, and better it were to bring him half than none at all."

The speaker would have continued, but an angry movement on the part of the General cut him short. "Hark ye, Captain," exclaimed the latter, "I command here, and, by St. James, before I haul down His Majesty's flag or stoop to offer ransom to a set of pirates, I will blow up the ship with mine own hand! It were poor service to King Philip to set an example of cowardice, nor will I crown my years of service with such an infamy."

To this outburst the captain made no reply except by a slight shrug of the shoulders; and after another look at the approaching vessels he withdrew to superintend the preparations for defence.

A stern chase is ever a long chase, and it was hours before Meneses was summoned to the upper deck by the news that one of the ships, now ascertained to be English, was close at hand. It was the *GLOBE*, the smallest but fastest of the fleet, that had pressed forward in this fearless fashion. Soon she was near enough for the Portuguese to discern the red caps of her crew, clustering round the guns or lying on the yards in readiness to shorten sail. Beautifully handled, she ran alongside the carrack within pistol-shot, looking a mere cockboat in comparison with the huge bulk of the Portugal. "What ship is that? Whence, and whither bound?" roared the speaking-trumpet

of her commander. The Portuguese captain, removing his plumed hat, responded in courteous tones that his vessel had the honour to belong to His Majesty the King of Spain and Portugal, and was bound from Lisbon to Goa. "Furl your sails, then, and await our General," came the imperious command; "he would speak with you." This was too much for Meneses's patience. "*Mil diabos!*" he exclaimed, "Will they brave us thus? Let your cannon speak to them, Master Gunner. It is the only answer to such insolent braggarts." The carrack quivered as her broadside thundered out. Before the smoke had cleared away, an answering volley came from the *GLOBE*; her light-calibre weapons seemed little more than the echo of the Portuguese ordnance, but the carrack was a mark it was impossible to miss, and every shot told. The English captain, however, knew better than to continue so unequal a contest, and he fell off to await the arrival of the rest of the fleet, who were striving their utmost to reach the scene of action.

Meanwhile on board the *CHARLES*, the English admiral, Captain Benjamin Joseph, had watched with keen attention this exchange of blows. Though he had had considerable service in the Mediterranean and the frozen North he had never before held so important a command, and it was with no small satisfaction that he saw before him a chance of proving his capability. That it was his duty to attack the Portuguese he did not for a moment doubt. Had they not made unprovoked assaults on *Beet's* and *Downton's* ships for daring to trade in Indian waters? Were they not still breathing threats against the English merchants at *Surat*, though the latter asked only to be allowed peaceable commerce in the territories

of an independent monarch! And was not the vessel before him carrying out supplies which were doubtless to be used against his fellow-countrymen, if not against his own fleet? He hated, with a thorough English hatred, the Spanish king who now ruled the twin realms of the Peninsula; and as he thought of these wrongs, his hands gripped the rail before him and he vowed to take vengeance on the proud Don that day.

It was not until three o'clock in the afternoon that the *CHARLES* caught up with the carrack. With due pomp Captain Joseph manned his yards and saluted his antagonist with a noise of trumpets; to which the Portuguese commander replied with equal ceremoniousness. These preliminaries over, a demand was made that the latter should come on board to explain his action in firing on an English ship. The answer was that no boat was available; whereupon Joseph promptly sent his own barge. Returning, she brought a petty officer and two seamen with an evasive message. The English captain then reiterated his demand in writing and sent it by one of the master's mates, adding a verbal threat that he would have satisfaction or sink by the carrack's side. To this a defiant answer was returned, and both sides prepared for the conflict that was now inevitable.

The first three shots were fired by Joseph himself, and every one of them found its mark. Eagerly the English plied their guns, the various crews vying in the rapidity of their fire. On the other side the Portuguese maintained the combat with much spirit and with an accuracy of aim that astonished the English commander. The duel had lasted scarcely ten minutes when a great misfortune befell the assailants. Cap-

tain Joseph was standing on the half-deck, directing and animating his men, when a cannon-ball struck him full on the breast and he fell a corpse. His mangled remains were borne into the great cabin; and the master, stepping into the vacant place, called upon the seamen to avenge their leader's death. They responded with alacrity, and broadside after broadside was poured into the carrack's hull. The roar of artillery was incessant, drowning the crackle of musketry from the Portuguese decks and the tops of the English vessel. Soon, however, the coming of the swift tropical night put an end to the battle, and the *CHARLES* eased down to join her consorts. The latter had thus far played the part of spectators, in obedience to the orders of their admiral, who had determined to take no advantage of his numerical superiority but to attack his antagonist single-handed.

The fluttering of St. George's ensign from the main shrouds of the *CHARLES*, with the firing of a gun, had already given the signal for the chief officers and merchants to repair on board the flag-ship; and within half an hour a saddened company assembled in the great cabin to install Joseph's successor and concert the measures to be taken on the morrow. Solemnly the sealed black box containing the Company's instructions for such an emergency was drawn forth and opened; and one of the merchants, acting as clerk, announced that the choice of their honourable masters had fallen upon Henry Pepwell, captain of the *UNICORN*. The selection had been generally anticipated, though a close observer might have noticed that the face of Connock, the principal merchant of the fleet, wore a dissatisfied look and that he took no part in the congratulations tendered to the new admiral. The

latter at once proceeded to business, and was about to broach the subject of the next day's operations when the acrid voice of the chief merchant broke in, bidding him bethink himself of what he was about to do. It was no light matter to attack a peaceable merchantman upon the high seas; their late captain had chosen to do so, without consulting those who perhaps had a good right to be heard, and he had paid the penalty of his rashness. "Have a care, Master Pepwell," he concluded, "lest, even though you escape a like fate, you later on have to answer at home for this that you now propose!"

Hoarse murmurs of *traitor* and *poltroon* betokened the indignation of the sailors around him, and a babel of invective was rising when Pepwell's uplifted hand compelled silence. "Master Connock," he said in measured tones, "you were appointed by the Honourable Company chief merchant for the voyage, and by their orders you have a voice in this consultation. If aught we determine be displeasing to you, it is in your power to record a protest, and then doubtless our worshipful masters will hold you blameless for whatever may happen to-morrow. For mine own part, I hold that in these waters any Portuguese ship we meet is fair quarry; moreover, this one hath wantonly fired upon our fleet and hath slain our dearly beloved commander. By the God above me," he cried, rising in sudden passion and pointing to the blood-stained cloak that hid the mangled form they knew so well, "to-morrow I will take ample vengeance; ay, and would do so did I know that King James would hang me the moment I set foot on shore!"

"So say we all, all!" burst from his fellow-captains, and even the factors present drew away from Connock, who sat sullenly with bent head and

made no further attempt to speak. An agreement on practical details was soon reached and the council broke up. Under easy sail the fleet held on its course till midnight, when, perceiving that the carrack had dropped her anchor near the island of Mohilla, the English did the same.

With the first light the crew of the CHARLES made ready to renew the combat. Their preparations were nearly complete when Pepwell felt a touch upon his sleeve, and turning saw before him Master Edward Terry, the ship's chaplain. He was a young man of twenty-five, and this was his first experience of battle; but his thoughts were busy with the spiritual interests of his flock, and he had come to ask permission to hold a short service prior to the commencement of hostilities. To this Pepwell readily assented, and before long as many of the crew as could be spared were assembled in the waist of the ship. Standing on the half-deck, the chaplain commenced with a prayer which, as time was short, he managed to compress into a quarter of an hour, and then began his address. He spoke in animated tones, for, like his friend Richard Hakluyt, he was heart and soul with the national cause and had a hearty relish for a fight, provided the quarrel were just. His exhortations to his hearers to quit themselves like men, to prove themselves true sons of the Elizabethan heroes and worthy heritors of the glories of 1588, were received with loud hums of approval; and once or twice only the feeling that they were in a sense at church prevented the sailors from breaking out into hearty cheers. But unluckily the young preacher had not yet learned the art of stopping at the right point; gradually he drifted into the regular pulpit style, and his audience stiffened. A subtle consciousness of having lost

their sympathy depressed his spirits, and, as he looked down upon their upturned faces, thoughts of death and judgment gripped him with a sudden horror. There were hardened ruffians among them, tempted by high pay to venture on a voyage which usually exacted a toll of three-fourths of a ship's crew before the look-out sighted the Lizard again; after the manner of sailors they had time after time recouped themselves for months of hardship, by a wild career of debauchery on shore, and the stern creed of those days frowned on their chances of salvation. Shaken by the thought of their dying in sin, Terry commenced an earnest appeal to them to think upon their many transgressions and reconcile themselves to an offended God in the brief time that perchance remained, with the result that the seamen shifted uneasily and looked everywhere but at the preacher.

His demeanour, however, had not escaped the keen eye of Captain Pepwell; laying a hand on the chaplain's shoulder, he cut short the lugubrious discourse. "Your pardon, Master Terry," he said, "time presses; it were ill manners to keep the Don waiting, and I myself would fain say a word or two before we lift our anchor. My men," he went on, advancing to the rail, "I am no orator; nor is it necessary. To-day we strike a blow for England and the King's Majesty, and what need is there of words to English sailors when duty calls? First, bid the cooper strike a piece of wine and give each man a brimming cup; then to your guns, my hearties, and ere night we'll haul down the Don's flag and ease him of the store of *rials* hidden in yonder hold." The captain's words were answered with deafening cheers, and once more the deck was a scene of bustling activity. "Ha, ha!" laughed the master as Terry passed with a

rather crestfallen air; "our new commander, as he saith, is no Tully, but methinks to-day he hath out-rhetoricked our chaplain."

Yet after all there was to be no fight that morning. The carrack had run close in shore, escaping by good fortune the many dangers of a rock-sown sea; and, on the urgent representations of his navigating officers Pepwell decided to wait until she put out again. In the meantime the body of the late admiral was solemnly committed to the deep in a rough coffin, the preparation of which had kept the carpenter and his mates busy from dawn. The service was read by Terry with an emotion he made no effort to conceal, and the grief evident on the faces of both officers and men bore testimony to their affection for the rough old sea-dog they had lost. No salute was fired, lest the enemy should be apprised of the disaster that had befallen the English, but Pepwell grimly promised that that honour should be paid on the morrow,—with double-shot guns aimed at the Portuguese.

As the shadow of night drew once more over the ocean, it was seen that the carrack had raised her anchor and was gliding rapidly out to sea. The English immediately did the same, but to their intense mortification the land-breeze, which did not reach them, carried their enemy far ahead and she disappeared into the darkness. Among the many islands that now barred their path it was easy for a vessel to slip away from her pursuers, and Pepwell stamped his foot with rage at the thought that after all his prey had escaped him. Suddenly, however, there was a shout from the fore-castle and to his amazement a steady light gleamed forth from the Portugal's stern. There had been a hot dispute on board the carrack, Meneses insisting on lighting the huge ship's-lantern as usual, in

spite of vehement protestations from the captain and his officers that such madness would infallibly be their ruin. "The Lord hath delivered them into our hands!" cried Pepwell joyfully, when he saw what had been done; and through the long night the English ships followed patiently the lamp that marked the pathway of their foe.

Daylight showed the carrack standing steadily on her course and the CHARLES striving in vain to overtake her. Despairing at last of gaining his object, Pepwell signalled for the faster-sailing JAMES to commence the fight. Nothing loth, the latter ran ahead and poured a broadside into the carrack that brought down some of her yards and slew a score of her men. A hot encounter followed, till the admiral coming up took the place of honour, while the JAMES dropped astern to repair damages. The two opponents were left at such close range that the English sailors plied their guns with deadly effect, the musketeers in the tops at the same time picking off every man that was visible through the smoke. But they could not subdue the enemy's fire, nor did the opportunity present itself of running aboard the carrack and carrying her with the cutlass. At last the guns were so hot that they could no longer be fired, and Pepwell unwillingly fell off for a time, leaving the rest of the fleet to "do their endeavours." But before a quarter of an hour had passed the CHARLES again pressed to the front, her commander burning to vindicate his courage, on which, it seems, some unjustifiable aspersions had been cast prior to the fleet's departure. He soon had need for all his fortitude. A great shot from the carrack struck one of the iron pieces on the half-deck and scattered the fragments among the bystanders, seriously wounding three of the mariners, the master, and Pepwell himself. He

was carried down into the great cabin, as Joseph had been before him, and after a hasty examination his wounds were pronounced mortal. Though the verdict proved to be a mistaken one, it must be confessed that appearances justified the surgeon's dictum. Besides injuries to his head, nose, and jaw, his left eye had been torn from its socket, while a ragged piece of iron, which had lodged between the bones of one leg, was causing hæmorrhage that the bungling surgeon in vain endeavoured to staunch. For a time he writhed in agony; then exhausted Nature gave way and a long period of unconsciousness supervened, during which the splinter was extracted and the injured limb bound up.

The command had now devolved upon the master's mate, whose name history has omitted to record. Under his direction the fight was sturdily maintained, and, relieved from time to time by her consorts, the CHARLES engaged the carrack at ever-shortening distances. Two minor incidents of the combat are preserved in Terry's narrative. One Raven, servant to the late commander, came to the chaplain and told him that, "He had a great desire to follow his master. . . . It pleased Almighty God presently to answer him herein, by the first great shot that came from the enemy, which struck off his head."

There was another, a taylor (but not in our ship), who, while the company he sailed with were engaged, brought his pressing-iron to one of the gunners and desired him to put it into a piece of ordnance already laden, telling him that he would send it as a token to the Portuguese, withal swearing that he would never work again at his trade. It pleased God immediately after to sentence him out of his own mouth and to let his tongue to fall upon himself, for that great piece was no sooner discharged but a great bullet was returned from the enemy which struck him dead.

By the afternoon the carrack's main and mizen masts had been shot away, and the water was pouring in through huge rents in her sides. Even then she showed no sign of lowering her flag, but turning slowly made for the nearest island as if to run ashore. Connock thereupon proceeded to her in the *CHARLES's* shallop under a flag of truce, to offer honourable terms; yet though his proposals were seconded by the counsels of the Portuguese officers, Meneses would hear no word of surrender. He had given his answer once for all, he said; it was his intention the next day to stand out to sea and fight again; then, if fire or sword should force him, he might unhappily be taken, but he would never yield of his own accord. With this reply Connock returned, and the English ships, not daring to go closer to a lee shore, were forced to anchor until the morning.

However, the doom of the carrack was not to be delayed till dawn. As the sun went down the tide carried her, an unresisting mass, to the rough embraces of a rock-bound coast. Fortunately she was flung between two projecting spurs, and so close to one of them that the crew had little difficulty in escaping to land. A few valuables and weapons were hastily conveyed on shore, and then by the orders of Meneses the carrack was set on fire in several places. It made a grand spectacle, though one which afforded no pleasure to the onlookers, either Portuguese or English; for the former saw their floating home consumed and themselves left desolate on an unknown island, while the latter had lost all chance of the rich booty on which they were counting. The flag of the carrack, snatched from the wreck by an adventurous boat's crew, was all they had to show in recompense of their labours and losses. A year or two later some of the East

India Company's ships visited the spot in the hope of recovering the money that was known to have gone down in the wreck, but they got only a few lumps of molten *rials*. So ignorant were the islanders of the value of the coins that they were said to have emptied several bagfuls on the rocks, retaining only the canvas covers for use as headgear.

Thus ended a memorable struggle. Space will not permit us to follow the remaining adventures of the carrack's crew; but we may say briefly that they were plundered and ill-treated by the natives, from whom they escaped by the aid of an Arab trader who chanced to hear of their misfortunes. He carried them in his two junks to the Portuguese settlement of Mozambique, whence they found means to get to Goa, sadly reduced in number. The English, on the other hand, leisurely refreshed themselves at another island of the group and then continued their voyage to Surat, which was reached without further incident. The news of their victory was of course received with delight by both British and Dutch, and many a cup of sack was emptied in honour of Pepwell and his men. In the imperial palace at Ajmere Sir Thomas Roe told the story to the Great Mogul and his nobles, and Jahangir condescended in reply to compliment "the valour of our nation," though he was in reality more concerned to discover what curiosities had been brought by the fleet for his gratification. Naturally there was gloom at Goa and Lisbon, particularly at the former place, where the miscarriage of the expected treasure was mourned by a Viceroy in sore straits for the sinews of war.

It was not all loss, however. A high sense of honour and an unflinching devotion to duty are assets no

nation can afford to despise. There was much corruption in Portuguese India and much incompetence in high places ; and as a result a paralysis of effort which affected the whole of the administration. But here and there in the scattered fortresses and islands, and even in Goa itself, there were gallant souls still striving to bear the burden of empire and to live up to the traditions of the past. To these the story of Meneses's unquenched lamp and stern refusal to buy safety

with what he held to be dishonour came as a trumpet-call. An exhausted fatherland could not perhaps send them the funds or the armies they needed to maintain the splendid dominion their predecessors had won ; but so long as it could give them such dauntless leaders as Don Emanuel and such brave soldiers as those who followed him unrepiningly to almost certain death, the banner of Portugal, if sink it must, would sink at least without shame.

WILLIAM FOSTER.

TIGER THURLOW.

IN the opening years of the nineteenth century it was very usual to encounter at the public masquerades a character made up with a ruddy countenance, with enormous eyebrows, and wearing the robes of the Lord Chancellor, his bands and full-bottomed wig. This figure often created much amusement, for, as an eyewitness tells us, "he not only made loud speeches, but swore many profane oaths."

The attraction which this grotesque figure provided for the masqueraders was but a reflection of the interest its original had excited in the eyes of his countrymen for a couple of generations. For though Lord Thurlow had long ceased to be of account as a politician, people still remembered the strenuous advocate of Westminster Hall, the tremendous Lord Chancellor, the imposing president at the trial of Warren Hastings, and the moving spirit of most of the intrigues which had revolved about the court and the person of George the Third during a quarter of a century. The ex-Chancellor's remarkable gift of strong speech was embalmed in squibs and lampoons which were as popular as nursery rhymes, and his Jovellike demeanour on the woolsack was made familiar to those who had never set eyes on him by a score of savage caricatures.

This interesting personality could have shed much light on many of the most absorbing questions of his day had he chosen to speak. But Thurlow died and made no sign, and it thus happens that we depend to-day for what we know of him almost

entirely upon the criticisms of his adversaries. We include in that category the elaborate impeachment by one of his successors to the great seal, the inimitable Lord Campbell, whose biographical efforts were held to have added a new terror to death. Thurlow therefore is one of the men of prominence with a dubious record whose reputation is still in the balance.

It was just after the middle of the eighteenth century that there appeared among the company at Nando's Coffee-House, the noted tavern which stood one door east of Middle Temple Lane, a young barrister who was fond of discussing in public such questions of law and evidence as were suggested by the current cases at Westminster Hall. He was a young man with a loud voice and a great air of self-assertion, and when not engaged in laying down the law to the assembled company, was very attentive to the girl at the bar. Nando's, like the rest of the famous coffee-houses of the time, had a special clientèle of its own. Lawyers of all ranks, from King's Counsel to the briefless ones of the Inns of Court, were accustomed to put in an appearance once a day at Nando's. Country attorneys, too, and the agents of the writers of the great provincial towns of North Britain who had cases at Westminster and were looking for juniors, all went to the coffee-house. It was an excellent field for a pushing young barrister, and when young Mr. Thurlow, with his loud voice and clear-headed argument, had established himself as a

sort of oracle at Nando's, he was in a fair way of profitable employment. By 1759 there were more than rumours in the air of a great peerage case between two branches of the notable Scottish family of Douglas. Mr. Thurlow had early made up his mind on its merits, and he expounded them with such force with his back to the fire at Nando's that the agents of the Queensberry Douglasses, who were preparing the case, were convinced that the drafting of the pleadings could not be in better hands. So Mr. Thurlow got a start in his profession which he never lost.

Thurlow was already of five years' standing at the Bar. He had come down from Cambridge with a reputation for brilliant turbulence. At Caius he had thrust himself into every opportunity of conflict with the authorities, and had even, it was said, taken the faults of his companions upon his own shoulders for the mere pleasure of opposing the great powers. His tutor had only saved him from expulsion by the heroic remedy of persuading the authorities to accept his voluntary withdrawal from the University, when he sent a Greek translation of a paper in *THE SPECTATOR*,—inflicted as an imposition by the Dean, who did not shine as a Grecian, to his tutor who did—in order, as he explained, that Mr. Dean might be informed by one who was competent to judge whether or not his orders had been obeyed. He thus left Cambridge without a degree, and having been called and duly kept his terms at the Temple, managed to get a brief or two. Almost immediately he delighted the attorneys who were his patrons by the spirit with which he faced Fletcher Norton, the dictatorial brow-beating leader under whose tyranny the junior Bar, the attorneys and their clerks, had groaned for years. Then came the

Douglas case, his conduct of which so impressed his employers that the interest of the old Duchess of Queensberry was enlisted. A whisper from her ladyship to my Lord Bute, a hint from young King George the Third in the first year of his reign to Lord Chancellor Northington, and the Lord Chancellor (winning a little, as was said, at Mr. Thurlow's remarkable gift of tongues) invested the young junior with the silk gown of the King's Counsel. This was in 1761, just seven years after his call.

No one has ever acclaimed Thurlow as a great lawyer; but the force of his character and the keenness of his intellect were far more valuable than a mere knowledge of law, and his reputation as a great advocate was not long in coming. Someone described his personality in a striking phrase: "Thurlow," we are told, "had a brain of crystal and nerves of brass." No one had a greater faculty for presenting a good case in clear and forcible language, or of making the best of a bad one. Even when beaten he contrived to impress his clients with the idea that judges and juries in deciding against him were either animated by a spirit opposed to truth and justice, or that they were saturated in a pitiable ignorance. He soon came to be known as the Tiger, and the weight his help carried in a difficult case was recognised on all hands. Even his fearless invective of his opponents was reckoned as a valuable factor when a leader had to be chosen. When the Douglas case came on for hearing, his virulent abuse of Stewart, the Duke of Hamilton's agent, led to a challenge. "A meeting Mr. Stewart shall have," said Thurlow, "but not until the hearing of this appeal be concluded." When he had won his case accordingly, the pair went to Kensington Gardens with pistols, Thurlow calling on the way at a

tavern to eat a prodigious breakfast of beefsteaks and porter, and as Stewart said, "he advanced and stood up to me like an elephant." The town rang next day with the bravery of the beef-eating Englishman, who had confounded the porridge-fed Scot both in the courts and in the field.

By such qualities and such arts was Thurlow established as the great advocate of his day, but it is doubtful whether his reputation as a lawyer alone would have long survived him. There have been hosts of counsel famous in their day whose pleadings worried witnesses and shook judges, but whose fame is now buried in the oblivion of law-calf. Mankind is little fascinated by the contests of the courts, and some great distinction of virtue or infamy is necessary to range a lawyer in history with the statesmen or the fighting men of his times. It was Mr. Thurlow's decision to enter politics, and the part he played in that pursuit, which has established his reputation for posterity, and has qualified a comparison with his career as the greatest reproach a Cabinet Minister of our own day could hurl at the head of a political opponent. Thurlow took the first step towards this consummation by securing his election for Tamworth in 1768.

The politics of that time have been explored by a hundred able writers, and little mention of them is necessary here, except so far as to enable us to see Thurlow at one or two of the most interesting points of his career in his proven environment. Briefly it may be contended that the politics of the first twenty-five years of his reign all centred in the personality of the King himself, and in his determination to dispense with the counsels of the Whigs. When, in 1760, they picked up old George the Second with his cup of chocolate un-

drunk, a young man stepped on to the throne who had not the least notion in the world of leaving the conduct of affairs in the hands of the members of a few great families of one political colour who had ruled the roost under his grandfather and great-grandfather. George the Third was determined to be a real king. Here was a young man of slender parts indeed, but with a monstrously firm will and a boundless capacity for intrigue, who had such ideas of the sanctity of the crown and the royal prerogative that he was prepared in support of those sacred principles to ruffle it with any Stuart of them all. This determination of the King and his hatred of the Whigs, as we say, absolutely dominated English politics for a quarter of a century, at the end of which period much of the King's personal power was relinquished, unconsciously perhaps but still effectually, to the younger Pitt. The obstinate will of King George is writ large over every page of the history of those years. The great Pitt, whose daring policy had buffeted the enemies of England all over the world, was distasteful to the King, and the disgraceful peace of 1763 was concluded as a means of getting rid of him. A worthless reprobate like Wilkes, who was opposed to the Court and tried to shed some light on its doings, was invested with the halo of a martyr, and the country was convulsed for years by a persecution which could hardly have been exceeded had it been directed against a pretender to the throne. Great families, who had supported the monarchy for generations and were its natural bulwark, were insulted, and humble reporters of debates cast into prison in defence of the same holy cause of the royal prerogative. Colonists, who objected to taxation without being allowed a voice in the disposal of the proceeds, were dra-

gooned and driven into insurrection and independence in order that the will of the young monarch at St. James's might be absolute. The ambition of this minister, the greed of another, the indolence of a third, the ill-health or the domineering manners of others, were all taken into account by the energetic young King in order to obtain a ministry of chief clerks who should register and give effect to his word. In all the operations which led to that consummation, the political bravo who sold his vote or his parliamentary influence for a colonelcy of a regiment, a receivership of excise, or a pension, was at a premium. Hesitating politicians therefore, whose selfish interests were at least as dear to them as the interests of the country, had little difficulty in choosing sides; and in 1768 Mr. Thurlow, like many others of his contemporaries, had no hesitation whatever in ranging himself with the full-blooded Tories of the Court.

We have little space here to follow Thurlow in his performance of the part he had chosen, which, however, he played with the greatest consistency and success. In every question where freedom of opinion or of speech, or liberty in any form, was opposed by the assertion of arbitrary power, there was no stauncher henchman of the King than the member for Tamworth. The clever lawyer, whose talents had already marked him out for the office of Solicitor-General was convinced, for example, that in cases of libel in which the Court was vastly interested, trial by jury was a sentimental anachronism, and he said as much in very decided language, which may or may not have been a reason for his becoming Attorney-General shortly afterwards. When a Lord Mayor who had resisted the messengers of the House of Commons had to be admonished at the bar and

chastened by a sojourn in the Tower, no member of the Government was so fit to perform the necessary functions as Mr. Attorney Thurlow. There was no foolish hesitation or weakness about Mr. Attorney. When, later, the Reverend Mr. Horne Tooke was laid by the heels for his openly expressed sympathy with the insurgent colonists of America, Mr. Attorney was for putting his Reverence in the pillory on the ground that mere imprisonment was no punishment for a man of sedentary habits. He used very violent language, we are told, about those same colonists, and considered that sedition and treason, like tobacco and potatoes, were peculiar growths of the American soil. Such a man as this was surely preordained to be a minister of George the Third. Certainly there was no more choice tool in the extraordinary cabinet of Lord North, which under the personal rule of King George brought England as near to ruin as she has been since she ranked as a power in Europe, than Mr. Solicitor, Mr. Attorney, and finally, in 1778, Lord Chancellor Thurlow.

All the memoir writers of those times are agreed as to the imposing nature of the personality of the Chancellor in the House of Lords. His dictatorial tone and general air of infallibility had been very effective in the Commons; but when aided by the dignity of the robes and the full-bottomed wig, they became perfectly irresistible. Jove grasping the thunder was a mild epithet used by the historians of that day to convey an idea of the dreadful presence of the Chancellor. Even Charles Fox, who was not apt to be deceived by appearances, was impressed. "Could any man ever be as wise as Thurlow looks!" he once said. Thurlow's character in the Lords was one uninterrupted course of self-assertion. He

spared no one, spoke when he liked, and dealt his blows with the greatest impartiality upon friend and foe. It was his delight to belabour a bishop, or to chasten the pride of some duke who was shaky in his grammar. The Chancellor was secure in the favour of the King, and if by chance any measure of a liberal tendency struggled through the Commons, the King could rely with perfect safety upon his doughty assassin on the woolsack. Thurlow, in fact, became such an autocrat in the upper chamber that a spirit of rebellion arose; their lordships grew impatient and began to whisper comparisons between their Speaker and the late Lord Justice Jeffries. It was even reckoned that Thurlow had overdone his part and was about to lose his influence, when a lucky accident, of which he was prompt to avail himself, enabled him to establish it more firmly than ever.

In the days of which we are speaking, the Stuart tradition, now no more than a faint memory with ourselves, was much of a reality to our forefathers. People loved to amuse themselves by tracing some of the characteristics of Charles the Second in the bearing and persons of his less direct descendants at that time in prominent stations in England. Some professed to see the very lineaments of old Rowley in the dark features of Mr. Charles Fox, and the social qualities of his royal ancestor were recognised, shorn of little of their splendour, in that young gentleman's midnight sittings at White's or Almack's. The Duke of Richmond, his sister Lady Sarah Lennox, who almost married the King himself, Mr. Topham Beauclerc and others, all with King Charles as a common ancestor, were much in the public eye at that time. Another prominent descendant of the Merry Monarch was the Duke of Grafton, in whose

person and performances the terrible writer who called himself Junius professed to discover many of the less endearing qualities of the Stuart king.

In these circumstances it would seem that the Duke chose an unfortunate moment to taunt Thurlow in debate with being a man of low origin. Thurlow moreover was a bad subject for such a jibe. He rather prided himself on being descended from a Suffolk carrier in preference to claiming kinship with Cromwell's secretary. Besides he never forgot his old friends at Nando's who had been less fortunate than himself, and treated with indifference if not with contempt the social opportunities of his great position. Such a man as this was not likely to miss the obvious retort to a taunt on his low origin in the mouth of the Duke of Grafton. From all accounts Thurlow rose to the occasion and made it one of the great moments of his career.

As soon as the Duke sat down the Chancellor left the woolsack with an air of more than ordinary solemnity and advanced slowly to the head of the dukes' bench from which he was accustomed to address the house. There was a portentous deliberation in his demeanour, and the listening peers expected a deliverance of more than ordinary quality from the outraged Thurlow; and, as it proved, they were not disappointed.

I am amazed [he said in his most solemn tone] at the attack the noble Duke has made on me; yes, my Lords, I am amazed at his Grace's speech. No one venerates the peerage more than I, but my Lords, I must say that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay more, I will say that as a peer of parliament, as Speaker of this house, and Lord High Chancellor of England, as guardian of His Majesty's conscience, nay, even in that character in which the noble Duke would think it an affront to be considered,

as a man, I am at this moment as respectable, I beg leave to add that I am at this moment as respected, as the proudest peer I now look down upon. The noble Duke cannot look before him or on either side without seeing some other peer who owes his seat in this house to the profession to which I belong. To all these noble lords the language of the noble Duke is as insulting as it is to myself. Does he not think it as honourable to owe a seat in this house to that profession as to being the accident of an accident?

The effect of this speech, we are told, was prodigious, and Thurlow was again so firmly established as the autocrat of the Lords that he became necessary to any government which hoped to keep in office. There was no member of all Lord North's dreadful band of incompetents who had less sympathy with liberty than the Chancellor; and yet, when the Whigs at last succeeded in overturning the Court party, they had to accept Thurlow as the representative of the King and keep him as a wrecker in their very midst. The Chancellor was the plank to which the King clung in the shipwreck, and so Thurlow attended the Cabinets and instead of joining in the discussions would put his legs up on two chairs, and either sleep or feign it, in order that he might assassinate any measure of the Government displeasing to the King which reached the Lords. Again, when Rockingham died and Shelburne patched up a ministry with young Pitt, Thurlow, we are told, joyfully remained as Chancellor.

It was only on the appearance of that wonderful coalition between Fox and North, the two statesmen who had been at each others' throats for ten years, that Thurlow was at last shaken from the woolsock, a portent which deranged many person's affairs besides the Chancellor's. It nearly drove the King mad, and Thurlow, though out of office, was still his

Majesty's chief stay. There was the Prince of Wales openly taking sides against the Court in political affairs, and ostentatiously allying himself with Mr. Fox whose goings on at Brooks's and elsewhere were anathema to the King. "The King hates the Coalition," said this amiable Prince at the levee, "but he will have to accept it by G—!" Thurlow agreed with his Majesty as to the enormity of these proceedings, and was even for sending his Royal Highness and Mr. Fox to the Tower. But more gentle measures prevailed; and when, after a few months of office, Fox's India Bill came up to the Lords, and the King sent that abominably unconstitutional paper in his own handwriting round the benches, which marked each peer who voted for the Bill as his enemy, the Bill was defeated, Fox and North dismissed, young Mr. Pitt came in, and Thurlow was again Lord Chancellor.

So soon as Mr. Pitt had got over the first few stormy months of his premiership, the Chancellor felt secure. Here at last was a young man of great abilities with all his life before him who was personally acceptable to the King, and who was not blundering like North, but gave few real chances to the Opposition. With moderate luck Thurlow was sure of his office for life. He took things easily, therefore, set himself to enjoy the dignities of his great position and unbent from the cares of office on occasion, as when he and the Premier and Dundas had a drinking bout and were fired at as they drove through the tollgate at midnight. It is true he rather patronised Mr. Pitt as a precocious young statesman, and now and then showed his independence by voting against some small measure about which he had not been consulted, or which had been discussed at Cabinets where he had been asleep. But generally he was perfectly complacent, voted for

Mr. Pitt's commercial treaties like a born free-trader, and things might have gone on smoothly for years had not an untoward Providence, by smiting George the Third with that distressing mental malady of 1788, created a situation in which it was difficult for a self-seeking statesman to choose a path, and where the choice of a wrong one meant ruin. Thurlow hesitated, and put forth a tentative foot; he withdrew it, it is true, but not before an accident had revealed his thoughts, and ruin followed just as surely as if he had taken a running jump in the wrong direction.

When the King fell ill, the personality of the Prince of Wales and his relations with the royal household became of the highest importance. No one saw much chance of the King's recovery, and the Whigs, who had learned the beauties of royal patronage from his Majesty himself, were resolved on a government of their own under the Prince installed as Regent. Fox, who was in Italy, hurried across Europe and killed horses in his haste to get home. Burke and Sheridan began to form their ministry even before his arrival; and one of the first steps they took was to open negotiations with the Chancellor.

Among all the placemen in Mr. Pitt's administration none was so perplexed as his lordship. His influence with the King and Queen placed him in a very advantageous position for watching the King's illness, but in the face of the divergent opinions of the royal doctors he was unable to make up his mind. The Prince of Wales protested there was no hope, and in support of his opinion would take strangers to hear the ravings of his father at Windsor. The Chancellor, it would seem, was the least hopeful of the Ministry. Prim Fanny Burney has left us an account of an interview which no doubt decided him

to take that disastrous step to which we have alluded.

It was decreed that the King should be seen by both the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Pitt. The Chancellor went into the presence with a tremour such as before he had only been accustomed to inspire, and when he came out he was so extremely affected by the state in which he saw his royal master and patron, that the tears ran down his cheeks and his feet had a difficulty in supporting him.

That is a very moving picture, but unfortunately there is record of other meetings between the Chancellor and his royal master and patron which present a different aspect of his lordship's demeanour. Years later when the King's mind again gave way, Lord Chancellor Eldon displayed much solicitude in explaining papers which required His Majesty's signature. "That is not the way you should do it," said the King. "When I was ill before, Lord Thurlow used to bring the papers to me and say, 'It's no d——d good trying to make you understand them, so you had better sign them at once.'" One is less impressed therefore than he might be by Fanny's account of the Chancellor's tears and shaking knees.

Thurlow, however, had to make up his mind, and at last, unknown altogether to his colleagues, accepted the overtures of the Whigs.

During the height of the King's malady it was necessary to hold the Cabinets at Windsor, where the Prince of Wales was already installed. At one of these ministerial gatherings Thurlow went down early and had a private audience of the Prince unknown to his colleagues. Afterwards he duly attended the Council and was to return in one of the ministerial coaches; but when the time came to start, the Chancellor's hat was nowhere to be found. Search was made high and low in the Council-

chamber but without result, and the Ministers were all waiting in the hall when a page came running up with the missing hat and explained with the greatest naiveté, "I found your lordship's hat in the private apartment of His Royal Highness." There were looks of wonder between the Ministers, but nothing was said.

It was not long afterwards that the King showed unmistakable signs of recovery, and the Chancellor must again trim his sails to go about on the old tack. He had been very moderate of late, deprecating the claim to the Regency indeed, but in gentle and conciliatory language; now he had no hesitation in dropping his intrigue with the Whigs and in taking the first opportunity to remove any little doubts which the incident of the hat might have suggested to his colleagues. There was a motion of Lord Camden's before the House which provided him with the occasion to make a public profession of his faith in the old order of things. He had a full and interested audience; most of his colleagues from the Commons were on the steps of the throne with Mr. Pitt at their head, Fox, Burke, and Sheridan too, whom he was about to throw over, and Mr. Wilkes whom in former times he had persecuted. The Chancellor made a wondrous moving speech, his voice much broken at first, as we read, but cleared later by a copious flood of tears. The peroration was most impressive: "My own debt of gratitude, my Lords, is indeed ample for the many favours which have been conferred upon me by my royal master, and when I forget my sovereign, may God forget me!" "Oh the villain!" exclaimed Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Wilkes, eyeing him with his inhuman squint and demoniac grin, remarked, "God forget you? He'll see you d——d first!"

The incident practically marked the close of Thurlow's career. It is true that he remained in office for some time, but Pitt never trusted him again, and awaited his opportunity. There was no rupture at first, but the Premier took a step towards his end by raising Grenville to the peerage to take Thurlow's place as his spokesman in the Lords. The Chancellor, however, seems to have felt secure enough, and resumed his hostile tactics in the Cabinets, where "he damned everything" as Mr. Pitt remarked. He even chose Mr. Pitt's pet project of the sinking fund as an occasion to show his independence. On the morrow of his hostile vote the Premier moved the King to dismiss him.

Thurlow in his later years was wont to inveigh against the folly of putting one's faith in princes. George the Third, he said, was the very emblem of ingratitude; and as for the Prince, he was "the worst anchorage in Europe." But he ought to have known his Sovereign better. A Minister was nothing to the King when his utility was at an end, and there could be no question as to the King's choice as between Mr. Pitt and the Chancellor in 1793. "Take my word for it" said Lord North, who knew King George better than most men, to one of the Chancellor's intimates, "whenever Mr. P. says to the K., 'Sir, the great seal must be in other hands,' the King will take the great seal from Lord T. and never think more of him." The prophecy was fulfilled to the letter, and Thurlow never received a mark of the royal favour again.

Thurlow bore his fall firmly, and gave no sign of weakness which should afford his enemies a handle for scorn. He appeared in the House of Lords at proper intervals, but his influence was gone. Thurlow on the

baron's bench in blue coat and brass buttons lacked all the terrors of the awful apparition on the woolsack. But he spoke regularly and became quite Whiggish in opposition. He was sadly shocked at Mr. Pitt's high-handed proceedings at the time of the Revolution; he cultivated the Prince of Wales, and was one of the few who "anticipated much good conduct from the Prince" when Mr. Pitt paid his debts upon his marriage with Princess Caroline. But his parliamentary exercises were merely the amusements of an active mind, and Thurlow as a politician was as dead as Julius Cæsar.

His striking personality nevertheless remained a feature in English society as long as he lived, and it was a recognised social function to dine with the ex-Chancellor, especially when some opponent of his early years was invited to make sport. Several notable people went to hear an encounter between Thurlow and Mr. Horne Tooke, but Mr. Tooke shunned the contest, took refuge in the old lawyer's port, and got hopelessly drunk. Francis too was "waiting for an opportunity of making an example of the old ruffian"; he waited, indeed as long as the old ruffian lived. For the general public Thurlow's rough speech and personality were presented in half a hundred amusing stories. Female witnesses in delicate health dared not look at him on the bench. He was at Arundel with the Duke of Norfolk when the steward, speaking of one of the famous owls which from its look of preternatural wisdom had been named after the ex-Chancellor, said, "If it please your Grace, Lord Thurlow has laid an egg." He was at the British Museum when Pitt's death was announced; "a d——d

good hand at a period" was his epitaph on that statesman. When his own turn came a few months later he was said to have fallen back in his chair with the remark, "I'll be shot if I don't believe I'm dying."

This paper has been concerned with the failings of a remarkable man, but it is pleasant to find scattered about the letters and memoirs of his time evidence that the old pagan had some redeeming qualities. It is recorded that he was kind and courteous to women, and delighted more in opposing his equals and superiors than others less able to withstand him. He was a generous brother, the friend and protector of needy men of letters like Johnson and Crabbe, loved to put forward the claims of a curate against those of his rector supported by the Queen herself, and remembered in his prosperity those who, like the Dean at Cambridge, had chastened his youthful turbulence. It would seem, indeed, that his failings have been trumpeted by his extraordinary personality; and even the great mistake of his life, when George the Third lay ill, might have been forgotten in a man of less aggressive temperament, or had it taken a less palpable shape than the hat in the Prince's room, and the tears in the House of Lords. Political tergiversation was not unknown in his day, or since, and if a counsel of perfection is to be set up in such matters, many great reputations might suffer. A man who keeps a smile on his face may also keep his tongue in his cheek with a reasonable chance of success. Thurlow's demeanour was a perpetual scowl, and his manners, or the want of them, may have had much to do with his ruin.

W. B. BOULTON.

THE SONG OF BIRDS.

It was said of a certain cockney that he divided birds into three classes, eagles, sparrows, and domestic fowls. His classification, if not exclusive, was not rougher than the common estimate of the songs of birds among many people who have lived much in the country. They know the cuckoo,—if they do not in their secret hearts rather suspect a small boy-mimic; perhaps they have been led out to hear the nightingale; they have a hazy notion that any peculiarly distinctive song is a thrush's, or a blackbird's; things that chirp are sparrows, and things that caw are rooks: to go further would be to exceed their knowledge. I know one writer of many beautiful children's stories and novels, an unusually observant man and a keen lover of Nature, who asserted that he had never heard the lark; on the very morning of the confession he had been out in the fields where the larks were bombarding his ears without a moment's cessation. But such inattentive ignorance is anything but strange when one considers the great number of passable naturalists who have neglected the sounds of Nature. Mr. Eden Phillpots has lately written a long and beautiful book exclusively occupied with a sympathetic description of Nature; but in the whole of it is scarcely a hint of sounds. His Devonshire might be a land "where no birds sing." I remember a naturalist of some parts saying to a friend in an Oxford garden that he had never heard or seen a golden-crested wren. "There is one singing in the cedar behind you at this moment," was the

answer; and it was so; the tiny restless bird was slipping to and fro among the branches whispering the gentle warble that suggests, more than any bird's, meditative soliloquy. We hear what we listen for. Mr. Warde Fowler can hear and distinguish a chirrup down half the length of the Long Walk at Oxford. At this moment he has under observation a species of bird never before heard of, though it has probably visited Oxford for generations, and he came to the knowledge of it solely through the music of its brief song. His ear is attuned to "native wood-notes wild," but tried by any test of science it were much below the normal in sensitiveness. The memory of songs is a thing by itself, depending in a great degree on the intensity of the individual interest. Mr. W. H. Hudson was away in South America for thirty years; but at the end of his exile he could definitely recall the song of all English birds with some five or six exceptions. Among country people born and bred you will find astonishing contradictions of knowledge; they hit the common and miss the rare. I have never found a rustic who had heard the missel-thrush sing. To them he was a "squorking thrush," who could swear in a horrible manner when disturbed; but the fine tempestuous ringing outburst which you may hear from him when winds are high had passed unrecognised. The "mounted thrush" Tennyson speaks of, and all he says is as true of the missel-thrush, "the storm-cock," in his rarer "flaming moments," as of the common thrush. Both birds love

the tops of things, but the missel-thrush loves them most. He even builds high; and I have found the common thrush's nest on the ground, in the midst of hemlock. Perhaps the most observant countryman I ever knew was a Berkshire blacksmith, famous through the countryside as a fisherman. I was talking to him one summer evening by the banks of a trout stream where he was fishing, while from the bank opposite, low in a little thorn bush, came a burring warble that seemed to echo with astonishing exactitude the whirr of the reel. He noticed it and referred to "the night-jar on yon side." I threw a small pebble into the bush; the song ceased at once, but was soon repeated. I asked him if he thought a night-jar was as tame as that. He answered by suggesting that it might be some insect. It was, of course, a grasshopper warbler; and perhaps some imagined resemblance to the note of the cicada first won its name for the bird, and indeed the note has the mechanical suggestion of some insect-notes. Burroughs, the most delightful of American bird-lovers in rather a narrow sphere, was most struck by the combination of interest and ignorance in many English country people. He himself had a curiously varied experience. He came over to England for the purpose of hearing the nightingale, and though no bird is easier to find and to approach, though he made his effort in Hertfordshire which is peopled with nightingales to the very edge of London, and also in Surrey near Godalming, he failed. Perhaps the reason was that he spent most of the nightingale's song-time in London, and only sallied forth in mid-June. On the other hand he heard the black-cap, which some enthusiasts claim as equal to the nightingale, in music if not in scope. His experience with

these birds was not unlike Mr. Hudson's. His hostess, in whose garden he heard this most musical of warblers, had denied the bird's presence in the neighbourhood, another typical example of the excessive credence put by people in the perfection of their senses. But nothing better brings out the necessity of conscious effort in gathering the harvest of eye or ear, than the contrast between the fond naturalist and the heedless countryman. Most of us (and indeed other animals are like us in this) only see motion or abrupt contrast; and similarly in hearing,—though we have not the comradeship of other animals in this—we mark only the loud or discordant. We know the "squork," we miss the music; and in our subtraction from this sense pay the necessary debt that reason owes to instinct.

If one considers how the poets of Nature have gone to the secret of "the meanest flower that blows," have extracted deep thought from the "little flower in the crannied wall," and in a more general reference mingled names significant of technical as well as sympathetic knowledge with the general art of their work, the extent of the neglect of the lowlier songs appears remarkable. There is no poem to put alongside *THE LESSER CELANDINE*, and the universal welcome to the louder songs, especially to the lark's, makes this the more striking. Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Shelley of course have mingled the song of the lark with their divinest music; and if we look through the bulk of the poets we find the same intensity of admiration, extracting the same superiority. Mr. Meredith's *LARK ASCENDING* is the climax of his poetry. In sheer felicity of description it would be hard to better the opening lines in this sphere, even from among the masters:

When ripple ripple overcurls
And eddy into eddy whirls.

Mr. William Watson follows at a distance. So, too, the nightingale has given the highest inspiration. But could John Keats distinguish, to put the first and roughest test, a black-bird, thrush, and missel-thrush? I doubt it. Tennyson shows proof of minute observations of birds; no poet, indeed, has ever approached him in this. He has marked the red on the linnet, the lapwing's crest, the wren's fire-crest, the migration of the kingfisher, "the sea-blue bird of March"; and, indeed, since an admirer has recently made a complete and delightful book solely of Tennyson's references to birds, it would be superfluous to quote further instances. But what has Tennyson written of birds' songs, that can compare with his knowledge of their plumage and habits? Most people, even if ignorant of the original, know of Brown-ing's thrush who sang the same notes twice over,

Lest you should think he never could
recapture
The first fine careless rapture.

But in fact the thrush is very seldom content with singing the same notes twice. I have heard him repeat an interval ten times, practising each bar through the song on the same scale of repetition. It was reported recently of a blind man, who had regained his sight after a lifetime of darkness, that he was most struck with the beauty of the flight of birds. "Why don't people make more fuss about them?" he asked naively, unanswerably. Now many people, who have read our later naturalists, are beginning to wonder why more fuss is not made over the songs of birds. The willow-wren, which almost converted Mr. Hudson into

a poet, was practically discovered by Mr. Burroughs; and Mr. Hudson himself gives a thoroughly humorous account of the lady of Lynn who contemned him to the point of rudeness for his perverted commendation of her native place as containing the only spot where you could hear the wood-wren from your bedroom window.

The study of birds' songs has three stages in its evolution. At the first stage the student desires, with the natural stimulus to articulate expression, to find actual words into which to construe the rhythm of the song. The countryman proper has kept to this stage, and there is some history such as Trench found in words in his transliteration of the yellow-hammer's song. As he trudged the road on his way to work of an early morning his ears were dinned by the monotonous refrain of the bird, which has a peculiar affection for the roadside. I have cycled for ten miles in the Midlands, and never for a space of a hundred yards escaped the reach of the song. The labourer came to associate the notes with the chief events in his monotonous day; and with the exaggerative grumble that is the mask of country humour, made the yellow-hammer say, "Little bit of bread and no cheese, little bit of bread and no cheese," till the damnable iteration has come to spoil the song for all time and the yellow-hammer indeed seems to say those very words. The French labourer, a little less pessimistic, finds the mention of "more pork" in the same song. Both phrases seem properly onomatopoeic, though, except syllabically, little appropriateness can be traced; even less than in Ovid's copy of the frog,

*Atque etiam sub aqua, sub aqua male-
dicere tentant—*

from which one might perhaps, without

knowledge of the sense, extract some suggestion of swearing. It is a question if there is any consonant sound in any bird's note, even the cuckoo's, in spite of the almost universal use of the word. One is the more inclined perhaps to imagine a *k* after having once heard the association, because of the natural response of the human voice to the notes. Musically we have no equivalent to the music of most birds, but the cuckoo begins the season with his interval distinct and imitable; at least the first of the two notes is almost always E flat, though different birds at different times of the year sing a minor and a major third. The unsentimental rustic is responsible too for the transliteration of the pigeon whose "persuasive, low, mesmeric whisper" has its popular description in "two coos, you stupid." The French peasant has done better with his humorous "*tant battue, tant battue, tant battue,*" for the burden of the nightingale's lament. But birds, for the most part, only sing vowels, or at least other consonants than ours.

In the second stage of analytic interest in the sounds of Spring men try to draw from the songs the meaning of human emotions, sometimes very foolishly. Our many poets who have thought the robin's sharp, clear, and sudden note melancholy, were, in another plane, as far from sympathetic interpretation as the countryman on the pigeon. It is of course a fair argument that thoroughly to enjoy anything we must see our thoughts in it and interpret ourselves through it; but we can at least avoid that popular sort of condescension which estimates Nature according to its human value. It is an irritating trick of many who have written of animals to adopt a facetious pose in putting into the mouths of animals the sentences of infant humanity;

and the suggestion is not that they have acknowledged the lower creatures, in the cant phrase, to possess a share in reason, but that they, the writers, have risen to a height of humorous imagination in forcing on creatures, whose senses out-top ours beyond comparison, the puerilities of the common-place. An attitude, something similar to this, is observable in the egotism of those who discuss, as seriously as if there were some foundation for the argument, whether the nightingale's song is merry, passionate, or sad. Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth, though they have made the songs porous to their best thought, are entirely free from this false attitude. They so describe the song that the song's music has grown for their words eternally more musical. It is bound with gold chains to beautiful scenes and thoughts, to Ruth and faery lands and fountains, and all that is sweetest and saddest. But these poets left the birds their individuality, and made them not mortal, if sometimes immortal; they did not burden them with man's thoughts, but welcomed them as gleams across the moorland, flashes of colour, jets of song, sent to inspire and almost to be revered.

Perhaps Mr. Meredith (the claim on his behalf does not of course suggest superiority as a poet over greater names) most distinctly of any poet points the third stage in the evolution of the happy listener. It is best to listen and to love, to distinguish, because every song, every chirp almost, is, as it were, the consummation of the spirit of the place and the time.

Why should we discuss the sentiment of songs when even according to its technical definition a song is "the noise made by a bird in Spring"? Physiologists have a theory that the change of food pro-

duces the effect; but there is no single cause, or rather causes and effects appear as reciprocity. The cock-bird sings because it desires, like the buds whereby it builds, to put forth buds. It sings because it loves, and loves because it sings; it eats because it is glad, and is glad because it eats; and all its gladnesses culminate with physical changes in itself, and with the changes in Nature. It is true that some birds try short songs into the Autumn. Thrushes have a capacity of anticipating Spring by several months. Robins (their young have been found early in February) forget to stop singing, and the wren does seem actually to enjoy his exultant song for its own sake. But for the most part when buds cease swelling and before they begin,—again one need not heed the darling and daring buds of honeysuckles that may appear in December—there are no songs. Songs therefore are not merry or sad or passionate, though near to what we mean by passion, but an implicit expression of Spring nature, a budding forth. We get more intimacy with them and pleasure from them without attempt to translate with accuracy; for

Love, true love, the love that is of God
Talks not at all of reasoned attributes.

By this path you come to find that the endless repetition even of the yellow-hammer (if you can forget the gross translation) or of the tit or greenfinch is not a cause of irritation, not a hammering at a worn-out theme, but as much an object of continuous admiration as a rosebud. The song, too, grows, culminates, and ceases exactly to the order of the season, though you can hardly trace its graduations in any bird but the cuckoo (whose song is technically a song) and perhaps the nightingale

and pigeon. It expresses the thing to be expressed as only it could be expressed. As someone, I think Dr. Jebb said, adapting the Greek in a very different reference, "What is well said once cannot be well said twice."

But such refusal to humanise the music, such delight in considering it, not so much as a department of human pleasure but as a perfect articulation of the free-play of organic life, does not exclude the pleasure of analysis. You cannot find the pleasure or the meaning or the right view unless you know what bird, of what habits, native or immigrant, gaudy or plain, a builder in holes or bushes or trees, has what part in the symphony.

Our complaint is not against analyses or such unpleasant things as the tracing of a causal nexus. It is rather that too philosophic naturalists have, like the rustic translator of songs, gone too far in fitting songs to their own measure. In zeal for the perfection of Darwinism (a perfection which Darwin specifically deprecated) they have united to assert that song is nothing but the result of natural selection. Song, they say, is a late product, and in the different degrees of complexity you may trace the growths from the chirp of the sparrow to the rondeau of the lark. The dull birds, they say, those that cannot attract mates by displays of colour, sing the best because they most need song for the attraction of a fellow. In further proof it is urged that birds cease singing when the nesting season is well advanced. It would be absurd to deny the force of natural selection on the development of song, but the arguments prove too much. Thrushes were singing finely last November; the robins never cease to sing, and the wren is more or less independent of season. Many of our emigrants cease to sing

for no worse reason than because they fly away. With these instances have we not a perfectly logical right to assert that song, whatever its first and ancillary stimulus, is developing into an articulate expression of pleasure, independent of special food or comradeship, and that it naturally emerges when things are pleasant? In frost no birds sing. The nightingale and the stone-curlew do not especially make love at night, nor the grasshopper-warbler in the evening. Jays, who are made for displaying colour, will sing imitations of other birds' songs in September. I have heard a starling late in the Summer sing from a roof-top the very song of a thrush, the quality of the voice excepted; and I must believe that he was thinking what a clever thing he did, not of surpassing a rival cock. Let us take the problem anatomically. A bird possesses an apparatus, the syrinx, of unique quality and great complexity. Even if developed solely in the course of natural selection it must still, if one may judge by its great development in birds which do not sing, have preceded by long periods the emergence of song. It supplies the function of a tongue, which strangely enough plays no part in any bird's song. Are we to say of the tongue in other animals that it kindles only the fire of love? Nor does the relation between plainness of feather and beauty of song hold good. About the brightest of all our small birds is the chaffinch and the most distinct from the female. If we may divide birds, in ascending scale, into those that chirp, that repeat a set phrase, and warble indefinitely, the chaffinch, which

— sings his piece and fills
With the set cadence all the listening
grove,

comes high in the second division.

He has a very definite piece, though it differs in length in different birds; and once the training of chaffinches to out-sing in the length of the song other trained rivals was a fashionable sport. Sometimes, especially early in the season, the first notes are run together, tumbled in a hurried cascade, and the song scarcely recognisable except for the distinctive rise and fall of a note at the end. *Colelebs* is his scientific name, because, like the nightingale, he sings before the female arrives. To trace the beauty of the notes were impossible, but even to those familiar with the blackcap and willow-wren and the most refined and varied songsters the chaffinch keeps his charm. Was he not the only bird that stimulated Richard Jefferies to verse?

But this is a digression. What is the reason in philosophy that the chaff-chaff and willow-wren, as near a pair as you could find in different species, are as singers in a different class? The chaff-chaff has developed in the struggle for existence a little grating hiss; the willow-wren in his place sings the most sympathetic adaptive notes of any bird we have. Let no one deny Darwinism, but it does not yet explain everything. The use of the colours on a trout has been denied lately on the ground that fish have no eyes for colour, and we are not worshipping an idol of the forum in trying to track everything down to a single cause. If dogs bark and fowls cluck and horses whinny for delight in motion, may not birds, whatever the first emergence of song, find their delight in being articulate, and may not this delight culminate when the cold is relieved and the young world puts on its beauty? At least we so interpret song naturally without the need of imagination. Take birds from any class, they carry the same suggestion of interpreting

the joys of the place. How elate, delighting in his purview, the wry-neck sustains his laughter from the elm-top! The gold-crest whispers the subtlest refrain, tuned to the gloaming of the pine-boughs where he is concealed. The wren, bold and apparently glad to be seen, at home in our garden, buoyant, self-confident, gives out his notes,—though set as those of the chaffinch, but with an added bar or two—with an irrepressible impetus. It seems that nothing could stop the song. He will start singing from the hedgerow and make no pause while he flirts off to the holly. How few birds so sing on the wing! One thinks of a loose spring set vibrating, or of a top which has run its natural course of duration, but is suddenly whipped to exultant motion before it dies. How the corn-bunting's short piece, almost hoarsely given, seems actually to belong to bits of Berkshire scenery! This is a just-off-the-high-road bird, as the yellow-hammer, another bunt-

ing, is an along-the-high-road bird. The wheatear's twitter belongs to the common, the curlew's call to the moor; the white throat's world is the hedgerow, the snipe's bleat the marsh. I must believe that they speak the love of their homes and in another sense that a natural selection explains they have attuned their note to their sensation of good.

And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

Wordsworth so wrote of "the budding twigs," but he also said:

The birds around me hopped and
played;
Their thoughts I cannot measure:
But the least motion that they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

But he too selected the movements rather than the sound. It is the culminating pleasure in birds' song that they seem to give a measure of the thoughts of the world.

W. BRACH THOMAS.

A SECOND-CLASS DISTRICT.

"THIS is a Second-Class District," remarked the Commissioner affably.

Hermann Brandt opened his eyes. "Very!" said he, emphatically. "Have a cocktail? Hilda!"

The tall, fair woman who had been sewing silently in a corner of the verandah since breakfast-time, watching her husband out of the corners of her eyes the while, rose obediently to fetch the gin bottle and swizzle-stick; the other necessities for the compounding of the proffered refreshment lay at hand on the deal trestle that served the Brandt household for a sideboard. She mixed gin and water in a big tumbler, splashed in angostura bitters and curaçoe, added a dash of lemon and a dusting of sugar, whipped the mixture into a pink foam with the dexterity of long practice, and, having filled two coloured glasses with the result, stood waiting with all the admirable patience of the German housewife while the two men drank it off. She then carried away the materials.

The Commissioner lay back in his cane lounging-chair with a sigh of contentment; he was short, somewhat stout, and bull-necked. "Smart girl, your wife, Brandt," he puffed patronisingly, and mopped his moist brow with a silken handkerchief.

The trader scowled blackly. "So?" he grunted, and looked askance at his guest, on whom, however, the import of the glance was wasted.

"Where did y'pick her up?" drawled that worthy with an affectation of languid unconcern that sat but ill upon his obese youthfulness.

The shrill shriek of a steam-whistle

saved his host the onus of explanation thus delicately asked; it sounded thrice, and the two men rose together. "That's my launch,—at last," the Commissioner announced impressively, and "Thank God!" muttered Hermann Brandt in his beard.

Perspiring black men were running to and fro excitedly upon the planking that abutted from the warehouse into the river; the launch was still half a mile away, and was, moreover, a police-launch, so that there was no occasion for undue haste, but it is the habit of our black brethren to be spasmodically hasty, and with them habit is sacred. The Commissioner kicked three of them in rapid rotation, and the rest, glad to be so governed, ceased all unnecessary activity, laughing secretly behind huge hands as the sufferers departed, rubbing.

A splash of red showed at the launch's stern, and Brandt ran a dirty Union Jack to the truck of the ragged pole upon the bluff. He then sauntered down to join his official acquaintance upon the landing-stage, while Hilda ceased sewing for a moment to follow his movements with curious eyes. Mrs. Brandt had, no doubt, reasons of her own for a certain anxiety concerning her husband's methods with the patently important representative of the Government under which they existed.

The launch puffed noisily alongside the staging, and she sat down again with a sigh that might have indicated tension relieved; but no man ever really understood Hilda Brandt, and her husband least of all; otherwise

these details need not have been published here.

A thin, haggard-looking man in travel-stained khaki uniform sprang ashore and limped towards the Commissioner, holding out his right hand. "How d'you do, how d'you do, old chap!" he said heartily. "I'm deuced glad to see you."

"Er—how d'ye do?" the Commissioner echoed perfunctorily. "You're four days late."

The Policeman's effusion thus nipped in the bud, he found time to shake hands with Brandt, and their eyes met in a single glance that made the situation clear to the new-comer.

"Swelled head!" said he to himself surprisedly. "Sudden,—and all the more deadly." Aloud, he merely remarked: "Morning, Brandt; how goes it?" and the trader replied in like manner.

The three white men walked slowly over to the dwelling-house together, and there were more cocktails. The black policemen fraternised with their commercial brethren of the factory, from whom they gleaned evil reports concerning the Commissioner's procedure and parentage, the kicked detachment exhibiting their alleged hurts immodestly. There was food for all, and, later, sleep, for it was very hot. Only Hermann Brandt and Boma, the cook, who did not trust his newest wife, remained awake throughout the sweltering afternoon.

After nightfall there was feasting. That fell within Mrs. Brandt's province, and she dealt liberally with her dependent mankind: the lean black policemen squatting round their fires among the trees beyond the huts rose up and blessed her frequently as they ate; her husband's fat helpers gorged themselves without comment, as a matter of habit.

When all had eaten, strange cries, indicative to the optimist of native

music, rose from their quarters; there was much shouting, a fight, and the beating of a Mrs. Boma to add zest to the entertainment; then silence, by order of the Commissioner at dinner.

Hilda Brandt, at the head of her own table indoors, dispensed boiled fowl and rice, palm-oil chop, canned peaches, and whiskey, each in its due order, to her husband's guests; after which she was sent to bed. She departed without complaint and despite the protests of the Commissioner, who lighted her along the dark passage to her door. He returned to a room full of smoke, and, for an hour, the bottle passed from hand to hand in regular rotation while he spoke at large and his companions listened unwinkingly. When he was empty of untruth he too went to bed, and Brandt sat straining his ears until he heard the shooting of a bolt; then he filled his glass again, passed the bottle to the Policeman, and lay back limply. "That man has been here for a week," he said in a grievous voice; "you must take him away quickly, or—"

"Don't fret," replied the Policeman soothingly; "we're off at daybreak."

Brandt drank thirstily, and the drink seemed to do him good; he slipped off his shoes, went softly down the passage to his own room, and returned with his wife, smiling. She was clad in a loose robe of sunshiny silk, very pleasing to the eyes, her thick gold hair coiled carelessly about her head, her bare feet in low bronze slippers showing their arched insteps as she walked. She sank into her husband's comfortable chair, her arms gleaming white as the sleeves rippled back from them, her face peach-pink. The Policeman also smiled, contentedly, and she smiled back at him, Hermann Brandt looking on; they were old friends those three, and had spent many such evenings together.

Brandt, the jealous, had known the Policeman long before the beautiful Hilda had arrived from Hamburg to be at once the balm and the bane of his own existence. He spoke evil of the Commissioner before his wife frankly, until the other man bade him desist for that he and the fat, bull-necked youth, now snoring loudly in the distance, both served the same unimpeachable Power and it did not become him to listen longer; nor was it, he averred, fit matter for a woman's ears.

At this Hilda Brandt laughed mirthfully. "All right," said her husband grudgingly, "I'll shut up; but I tell you he's a wrong un': I've had him on my hands for a week, and I ought to know. Why've you been so long in coming down for him? The coast-launch said you would be in on Tuesday."

"More trouble up above," the Policeman rejoined wearily. "He'll have a busy time in his rotten District,—if he ever reaches it; we'll have to man-handle one or two of the villages by the way, I expect."

"How did he come to get the appointment?" Brandt asked curiously. "I thought you—"

The Policeman frowned. "Oh, influence," he said; "the old story, second cousin to a lord, you know, and all that sort of thing. I play off my own bat."

Mrs. Brandt poured out more whiskey, and, that acting as oil upon troubled waters, there was peace. She sat late with them, sewing bead-work upon a satchel of plaited grass that grew rapidly beautiful under her deft fingers; when she had finished it, she ordered the two men to bed.

Day broke on the factory amidst much stir and bustle. The Policeman was early afoot picking out his men from among the huts, shepherding them towards the waterside, severing

with ruthless determination the tender ties that might haply have cost him more men than he could afford to lose. In his wise hands his underlings proved morosely tractable, and his refusal to deliver up to the righteous wrath of Boma, the cook, a certain corporal of romantic tendencies did much to restore his waning popularity among his own people. Before the Commissioner had got crossly out of bed the launch was whistling impatiently at the landing-stage where it lay ready, fully manned, waiting to carry him off into the wilds.

The Commissioner dressed very deliberately, resolute to show the over-officious Policeman that he was not to be hurried unnecessarily by his subordinates, lingered over coffee in the verandah with Mrs. Brandt till that lady's husband ground his teeth with rage, and, at last, strolled down to the water's edge at a snail's pace.

"Hurry up, for Heaven's sake!" said the Policeman irritably, and the Commissioner, having stared at him officially, bade a protracted farewell to his hostess, nodded carelessly to Brandt, and stepped on board. "Let her rip," the Policeman ordered, and the launch backed out from the pier. The Commissioner sat down suddenly as she moved, and from under his linen tunic there slipped a woven satchel, gay with bead-work; he stooped swiftly, and thrust it under a thwart out of sight.

The two white men made themselves as comfortable as might be in the limited space at their disposal, stretching themselves at length on narrow benches under the awning in the bow; the black policemen, crowded abaft the funnel, sat grumbling together as they were carried away from comfort; only the amorous corporal was cheerful. He

waved a dirty white handkerchief over the stern, looking fondly back towards the scene of his latest conquest; a silken signal fluttered for a moment from the window of Mrs. Brandt's room, and was suddenly withdrawn. The corporal's grin of appreciation faded into a frown of pain and he gave vent to a yelp of anguish, facing about with fierce determination to discover who it was that had bitten him savagely in the calf of the leg. A sharp order from the Policeman silenced him, and he sat brooding impotently over the wrong done him while the men, squatted on the grating at his feet, chuckled causelessly.

The low factory buildings faded away in the distance, the flag above the bluff disappeared in a shimmer of steamy heat-haze, the launch turned the bend where the North Passage strikes west, and the Commissioner spoke. "Where's that damn boy Brandt promised me?" he enquired with a lofty lack of politeness.

There was an upheaval among the closely packed black men aft, and a grinning negro was produced, like any package, for his inspection.

"What's your name, boy?" demanded the Commissioner, gratified in that the sable crew were regarding him with breathless curiosity.

"I Boma, sah; I cook-boy Boma, sah; you dash Boma dem bottle gin, sah!" ejaculated the new recruit with ingratiating humility.

"No lip," the Commissioner commanded sternly, "or I'll dash you two dozen as soon as we land; that'll hearten you up quicker than gin, my lad. Go and sit on my kit,—that's your job; and, here, take this satchel—careful, you black blackguard! If there's as much as a finger-mark on it when we arrive you'll get four dozen instead of two. D'ye hear?"

"U-wau!" grunted the listening

black men in chorus, and Boma withdrew, unprepossessed.

"Did Mrs. Brandt give you that?" asked the Policeman uneasily, as the satchel was carried off. The Commissioner looked him up and down with obvious intent. "Perhaps she did,—and perhaps she didn't," he retorted, and lit a cigarette with intense deliberation. "Are you interested in Mrs. Brandt?"

The launch snored steadily on its way throughout the long, hot hours, and the burden of life lay heavy upon its human freight. There was no change of scenery to break the monotony; always the same turgid brown seascape, the same low green banks on either hand, far off, unreal, behind the impalpable curtain of steam drawn from the simmering river by a salient sun. It was needful also to navigate in mid-channel. The North Passage is notorious, even now; in those days it was reputed a death-trap, and worse things than death lurked about its banks. Therefore, when night fell, the Policeman was pardonably cross. "We lost a good hour this morning while you were philandering with Mrs. Brandt," he said briefly, "and we'll have to lie all night in mid-stream; we can't make a landing in the dark."

The Commissioner was cowed. Even the glories of his Commissioner-ship seemed small and trivial in such circumstances, and he thought covetously of his comfortable clerkship at Headquarters with a battalion in the background; he felt lonely, and was ill at ease. A comfortless night on the misty, malarious river did little to reassure him. He quarrelled fitfully with his companion in the intervals between troubled snatches of sleep, painfully aware of anxious sentries cursing him as they peered into the darkness for any sign of the swift canoes they dreaded.

Soon after day-break the launch turned into the side-creek whereby it was proposed to effect a first landing in the district he was to rule according to his lights.

"Of course it's only a Second-Class District," he admitted to the Policeman with superfluous magnanimity, "but—"

"A Second-Class District! I should think it is—look at it!" said the Policeman whose nerves were also somewhat jangled. The Commissioner looked, and was silent. "Of course you're only a Second-Class Commissioner," the Policeman continued reflectively, "and—" *Zip! Ping!* A nickel-nosed bullet drilled a neat hole through the funnel behind him, and he turned to gaze across at the bank whence it had been sped. "And you'll get a second-class welcome," he concluded hastily. "They're a baddish lot about this creek."

The leafy curtain that overhung the near shore shivered slightly for a moment although there was no wind, and he hailed the steersman suddenly. "Ram her ashore," he ordered. The launch swung round, careening dangerously, and headed straight for the bank. "Give her all you can," he added to the engineer.

Two men with axes crept up to the bow; the rest sat perfectly still; their time was not yet.

The Policeman and the Commissioner drew sharp, hissing breaths between set teeth. Sparks flew from the launch's funnel, and the clank of her straining engines re-echoed across the water. As she drew rapidly in shore the Policeman scrambled forward and lay down between the bowmen; other black men squatted at his heels, fumbling with waist-belts that held their ammunition, filling their mouths with cartridges; they had often rehearsed their parts in such a piece.

"Any opening?" called the Com-

missioner from behind, but the Policeman did not hear him; he was too busy studying the face of the forest, and he was also too near to it for polite conversation. He shot an arm out to the right, and the launch, following its direction, crashed into the green branches blindly, tearing its way through the tangle, biting towards the bank. The bowmen hacked and hewed at the undergrowth; the fighting men laid down their rifles for a moment to heave and haul at the overhang; the nose of the launch struck slowly into slime, and the Policeman swung himself outboard by a stout branch, climbing hand over hand towards the solid earth. Ten black men followed him in monkey-wise, disappearing from the ken of their fellows into the gloom; the rest held fast by their branches, breathing heavily, rolling their eyes, tense, expectant.

For five long minutes there was no sound from above; then the Policeman's voice rang out suddenly, and the Commissioner jumped. "We'll make our landing here," said the voice, "but you'd better sit tight for a little yet while I prospect the village; it's close behind, and seems to be empty. I'll send you word when all's safe."

With that there was silence once more, save for the uneasy wriggling of the black men in the launch who felt strangely forlorn without the countenance of their leader. The Commissioner uncocked his revolver, and slapped it back into the holster at his belt with a sigh of relief. "We're in luck after all," he said to himself, prematurely.

The dull echo of a distant shot gave him the lie. A scream of terror tore the silence. Another shot followed,—more shots,—much loud crying, the snapping of twigs, and the thud of hurrying feet.

The Commissioner was no coward; he merely lacked judgment. "Come on," he called to the men about him. They moved uncertainly, and some followed him slowly to the Jacob's ladder that the Policeman had shown him how to use. He pulled himself up as far as he could, dropped on to the soft, spongy soil, scrambling on hands and knees till he found firm footing; there he paused to marshal his supports, and, with those behind him, plunged through the thicket in the direction of the firing.

It was dimly dark in the forest. Gnarled tree-trunks, roofed in by thick, impenetrable layers of leaves, showed, ghastly shapes, in the grey-ness. There was movement among the shadows in the near distance, but the sounds of strife were fading and seemed farther off. The Commissioner pushed on blindly, and at his heels went Boma, basket in hand.

There were ten men left with the launch; of these five were wise, and five foolish. The wise faced disaster where it found them, and their troubles were soon over; the foolish, having surrendered at discretion, supped death later with a long spoon. The bones of the launch lie buried in the mud, charred, half-calcined, hidden by the leaves that have grown afresh since the fierce flames of its burning ate a ragged gap in the greenery about it. Other bones there are on the bank above, yellow with age, polished, picked clean, uninterred, beside the ashes of other fires.

Hilda Brandt withdrew hurriedly as soon as the Commissioner had ceased shaking her by the hand; her husband would have followed her but that he had suddenly caught sight of an embroidered basket which had fallen at the Commissioner's feet. He clenched his hands very tightly as he noticed the furtive movement

by which the fat official sought to remedy the mischance; it was probably by the purpose of Providence that the launch had already backed out farther than a man might leap.

Hermann Brandt was a strong man, but there are acid accidents in life that will test the strength of the strongest. He stood silent, watching his enemy out of sight, and saw the waving of a white signal from the steamer in the distance, the answering flutter of yellow silk from his wife's window; then he strode over to the store, his face working.

"Some one's gone off with my work," cried Hilda from the verandah as he passed. "That pretty basket I was sewing for you, Hermann,—I can't find it anywhere."

"So!" said he grimly, and went on his way.

The figures in the big ledger danced and drifted dizzily before his blood-shot vision as he pored over them; he closed it with a curse, and went back to the house, wild words trembling on his lips. His wife looked up at him with enigmatic eyes, and he was dumb before her, seeking comfort of the bottle.

The day passed dully, and at night he could not sleep. Next morning he was fast in the grip of a fever, and Hilda nursed him conscientiously, regardless of repulse.

A potent opiate administered at sunset sent him to sleep, and his wife sat down to dinner alone, placid, unperturbed. She ate with appetite, and, when word was brought her that her black maid's husband was without, a message on his mind, she bade him wait until she should have finished.

Later, she gave orders for his admission, and Boma, the cook, sidled into the room uncertainly. He was fat and greasy and perspiring, but obviously none the worse for his experience in the Commissioner's service.

In his right hand he carried a satchel of plaited grass, distended to the shape of a Dutch cheese, bead-bedecked, and very dirty; he laid it carefully on the table before her, and drew back, shuffling. "Dem white man he lib for breakfas' chop," he explained lucidly, and placed one hand upon his stomach.

Mrs. Brandt staggered sickly to her feet; the basket settled down softly on its side, and its contents rolled slowly across the white table-cloth.

The Policeman, arriving unexpectedly at the factory in an unworthy canoe with certain survivors of the disaster up-river, found Mrs. Brandt very ill and her husband at death's door. Both babbled of bare horrors, and he was glad when they recovered, leaving him free to go on his way and report at Headquarters the failure of the enterprise entrusted to him.

After due delay he was gazetted to the consequent vacancy in the administration, and sent up-river once more with two companies of troops to exact from the tribes the price payable for a white man done to death. In the plenitude of his power as an Acting-Second-Class-District-Commissioner he ordered a halt by the way at Brandt's, and spent an evening with his friends according to custom. Both were better, and no reference was made in

public to past unpleasantness; but Hermann Brandt led him privately in the morning to a tiny mound on the bluff, under the shadow of the flag above, and raised his hat sullenly as the new Commissioner saluted the old.

Boma, the cook, sitting at the door of his hut when the two men passed down to the riverside together, was not so fat as he had been, but seemed satisfied with his lot in life. He bade his wives come forth to do poojah before the Government, and they obeyed him with alacrity; only the late corporal's enchantress with the yellow silk handkerchief, his gift, about her head moved listlessly, the which she had reason to regret in due course.

The new Commissioner nodded curtly in answer to the salutations showered upon him by Mr. and the Mrs. Boma. "I'll live to hang that black blackguard yet," he remarked hopefully to Brandt.

"Oh, Boma's all right," the trader rejoined; "besides we've no evidence against him. By the way what did you do with that table-cloth? My wife can't find it anywhere; she wants to wash it."

"I put it in the fire," said the ex-Policeman, shivering in the sunshine; "it was—it wouldn't have washed."

ROBERT AITKEN.

A MEMORY OF CHARNWOOD.

PAST the grey pile where Wolsey died,
 Out of the city of Lear we ride,
 'Neath gnarled historic oaks that brood
 O'er Bradgate's storied solitude.

With sunset's amber for a crown
 The silent hills looked smiling down ;
 O'er rounded steep and shadowy dell
 The waves of bracken rose and fell ;

The streamlet through the listening glen
 Wandered with whisper soft as when
 Grave Ascham's words and Plato's dream
 Made a fair lady's Academe.

One came that day to hail again
 The heights that break the Midland plain,
 And feast his dimmed eyes, ere they close,
 Where youth's keen visions earliest rose.

A shy indulgent strength had he,
 The grace of humour blithe and free,
 Wisdom with slain illusions bought,
 Fine candour born of tolerant thought.

A knightly form from antique tale,
 With honour for a coat of mail,
 He nursed no modes that warp and blind,
 But kept in age the scholar's mind

Open to lights of modern lore,
 Yet kindly to the creeds of yore,—
 Those flower-like faiths of differing hue
 That near the founts of history grew.

The splash and sparkle of the burn,
 The rabbits twinkling through the fern,
 The melting fire, the golden shade
 That noiseless flooded waste and glade,

The tender hush, a lonely star
That gleamed in the blue East afar,
Touched the worn soul with wonder still,
And woke the old exulting thrill.

Yet something sad, unnamed, drew near,
A doubt that hurt, a shrinking fear ;
The twilight breathed a boding spell,
The ghostly ruin sighed—*Farewell !*

Those failing eyes no more will gaze
On rocky Charnwood's forest ways,
Or mark the setting sun endow
With regal crimson Bardon's brow.

He rests in peace where none despair,
Or weep, or chafe, or murmur—where
The unfettered dead wait unforlorn
The light of the last Easter morn.

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

THE DILEMMA OF THE SCOTTISH CHURCHES.

THE ecclesiastical peace which Scotland has enjoyed during a considerable number of years has been rudely broken by the decision of the House of Lords in the appeal of the Free Church minority against the United Free Church of Scotland. In the remarkable situation now developed nothing is more striking than the transformation which has taken place. Only yesterday it seemed as if the last notes of religious discord were dying away in Scotland; to-day she is again filled with the alarms and confusions which belong to her past, and the cloud which a few months ago seemed no bigger than a man's hand has suddenly swelled into the magnitude of a tempest. It is an odd fashion among some people to write and talk about Scotland as if there, in the whole world, was the best appointed stage for the rehearsal of a great drama upon the theme of religious faction. Language of this sort may have been applicable to a condition of things so late as fifty years ago; it is entirely untrue of Scotland during the last half century. Nowhere else during those years had there been apparent so much readiness to make an end of sectarian divisions, and nowhere else had the will to accomplish that end come so near a fulfilment. Where formerly there were three great Presbyterian Churches, dividing empire between them, now there are only two. Where formerly the tendency of ecclesiastical parties was towards separation and the accentuation of differences, now it is towards union. The energy of the Churches, which in the old days was

used up in building barriers against each other, has now been devoted to the nobler work of liberating themselves from the dead articles of their creeds; and in the finer atmosphere of liberalised thought they have discovered even in their differences the identity of their aims.

It was under conditions such as these that the two non-established Churches, the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church, concluded the union of 1900. Both had a remarkable history and a common origin in the Church of Scotland; and both had quitted the Establishment for a common object, liberation from State control. The disruption of 1843, resulting in the formation of the Free Church of Scotland, was in keeping with the ancient character of the Scottish Kirk, which in a truer sense the Free Church claimed to be, and was not the least of many acts of exalted faith and courage. A Church, like an individual, is known by its works, and judged by such a standard the Free Church has been worthy of the nobility of its origin. It prospered and became great. It grew in the towns and the cities of Scotland and penetrated to the Highlands and the outermost isles. It sent its missionaries to the ends of the world to teach and to heal. In India its colleges were the noblest in the Empire. Among countless difficulties it laboured in the dark African continent, and carried its evangel beyond the great wall of China; while at home it produced a line of famous scholars and theologians of which any nation or Church might be proud.

And in the fulness of time, when it joined hands with the sister Church with as perfect unanimity among its adherents as is humanly possible, it was looking forward to an even greater future. Such was the prospect, when suddenly disaster overtook her, and in the twinkling of an eye the powers of a great Church are extinguished and her beneficent ministrations crushed.

The origin of the present situation is as far back as October 30th, 1900. On that day the Free Church of Scotland was sitting in assembly at Edinburgh for the last time, when an incident occurred to which, in view of the great Union then on the eve of consummation, little attention was paid. While the Moderator was still in the chair a few ministers and lay members protested and withdrew, to meet as a separate body and to claim that they were the Free Church. On the next day, October 31st, the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church became one under the title of the United Free Church of Scotland. The protesting ministers numbered rather more than a score out of a total of eleven hundred who entered the United Church, and estimating as adherents persons above eighteen years of age the minority did not reach thirty thousand people out of four hundred thousand who on the Free Church side became members of the United Church. The minority did not include among their number a single professor or missionary of the Free Church, while the other party to the change, the United Presbyterian Church, entered the Union without protest, with five or six hundred charges and with two hundred thousand people in her communion. No one dreamed but that the dangers were past and that the Churches had been conducted safely into the haven of their desires. As time went on

and the claims of what the Supreme Court has declared to be the Free Church were understood, there still appeared little cause for alarm. Occasional rumours of the doings and sayings of the Free Church were in the air. Its ministers came from nobody knew where, — from the remoteness of the Highlands and from the greater remoteness of the inaccessible isles. They sat in solemn assembly at Edinburgh, and people smiled at their deliberations. They laid claim to the wealth of a great Church, and, as everybody expected, it was tossed out of the Scottish Courts. It was only when the House of Lords decided last summer to rehear the case that a consciousness was awakened to the fact that the Free Church had a case, at all; and it is only now, when the case has been reheard and decided against the United Church, that they are beginning to realise that they have lost all, — capital, churches, mansees, and colleges, the entire inherited wealth and properties of the original Free Church both at home and abroad.

The case itself is probably the most notable one with which the House of Lords has had to deal. It was pleaded on both sides in a manner which accorded with the vast interests at stake. So far as studied consideration of the points at issue was concerned, not the most particular critic could quarrel with the judgments of the Lords, in which theologians and historians were paraded with as much ease as legal precedents and documents. And yet the end of it all is a decision which reads like an extravagant parody of justice, or some fable of a gigantic mockery played by the careless gods. It is not credible that the leaders of the old Free Church could blindly have conducted to the brink of disaster the interests committed to

their charge. Without capable financiers and men of affairs the Free Church of Scotland could never have attained the commanding position in Christendom which she held before the Union; and there is not a single token that her wits went astray on the approach of that event, or that she marched into the Union looking for martyrdom. With the decision of the Scottish judges and the great mass of public opinion to countenance it, it is a much more reasonable view that, not the Church but, the tribunal has blundered. After all there is nothing incredible in the idea of a bench of judges, as profound lawyers as you please, being utterly bemused in a region not of law but of principles and ideas of Church government to which the majority of them are entire strangers.

The real question which the House of Lords had to decide was whether the original Free Church of Scotland had a right to negotiate and conclude the Union of 1900. It has, however, been obscured by a process of logic which does not deserve either to lead or to mislead any one. It is suggested that, while the Church had an indisputable right to enter the Union, she was legally incapable of carrying her property with her. If the word *right* has not lost its natural significance, and if it remains true to its definition in any sane text-book of political philosophy, it imports something in the exercise of which law renders its protection; and a Church can hardly be said to enjoy the right of doing something, if by so doing she has forfeited all her possessions. Of course the judges did not commit themselves to anything so crude as this. The majority of them seemed to have no difficulty in conceding the Church a right to unite with another body, or to change her name, or place a fresh interpretation on her creed.

But in their view any such right was subject to limitation by the law of trusts, which laid it down that funds (in this instance the funds of the Free Church) bequeathed for one determinate object should not be devoted to another. The history of Scottish Presbyterianism will show that the Assemblies of the Church within their own sphere recognise no limitation of their rights, and that in deciding questions purely of doctrine and government, in which the ownership of Church properties is involved, the law of trusts can only be interpreted in the light of the powers which the Church claims to exercise. What Knox claimed to be the "freedom of Assemblies," and the sphere within which it is exercised, is what the Supreme Court has called in question. The very marrow of the matter was to determine what this right was, and over how great a province it ruled; and there is little cause for wonder if the English judges on their cruise of discovery found themselves in a strange land and among surroundings which they did not, and from their point of view could not, understand.

The remainder of this article will endeavour chiefly to bring the importance of this point into view,—the question of the competence of the Supreme Court of the Church or its General Assembly. There is a word, however, to be said first on the application of the law of trusts to the present case. Granting even that no one challenged such a method of settling a dispute as to the ownership of Free Church property, the law was very difficult to apply, and so the judges found it. They were asked to interpret the original purpose of the donors of funds trusted to the Free Church. Upon the necessity of, so far as possible, determining what this purpose was the Lord Chancellor laid the greatest stress. In examining

this question, he said, we have to bear in mind "what the donors thought about it, or what we are constrained to infer would be their view of it if it were possible to consult them." He then proceeds to quote Dr. Chalmers's address (with its fated utterance on the Establishment principle) as a circular on the strength of which he finds that the Free Church invited support. Dr. Chalmers is then chosen to express the views of the Church that he represents, the clear inference being that whatever Dr. Chalmers thought about the Church was as nearly as possible the mind of the donors when they made their bequests. The next step is short, simple, and destructive. As Dr. Chalmers in 1843 stoutly asserted the Establishment principle, and as the Free Church of 1900 neglected that principle by uniting with a body which disowned it, therefore the funds of the Free Church were being diverted from the objects for which Dr. Chalmers solicited them and to which the donors left them. This line of reasoning, together with an argument of similar tendency to the effect that the Church had departed from its Confession, was the sum of what the Lord Chancellor brought in support of his decision. To quote Dr. Chalmers's address might have been very valuable in forming a criterion, if there had been nothing better to hand by which to determine the intentions of the donors. But the circumstances in which the funds were left leave no real doubt as to the donors' intentions. The great bulk of the property which was in dispute had been created within the period of the Union. The first movement towards union was in 1863, when the invested funds amounted only to £92,000. When in 1872 the General Assembly of the Free Church declared that there was no

barrier in principle to the union, the funds had reached £249,000. As the courtship of the Churches grew more ardent the funds of the Free Church seemed to swell in sympathy, until in 1900, the Union year, they amounted to £1,062,000. May it not then fairly be asked whether the Lord Chancellor really discovered the original purpose of the donors, what they "thought about it, or what we are constrained to infer would be their view of it if it were possible to consult them"?

But, after all, the main question is one into which on a clear understanding of the powers claimed by the Free Church, the law of trusts does not enter with the importance ascribed to it by the Lord Chancellor. It comes back to what are the powers which reside in the Free Church. If the Church had power to alter its constitution and its creed there would be no need to settle the ownership of its property by an application of the law of ordinary trusts. If funds were left to a Church which claimed to have power to modify the articles of its Confession, and if in consequence of modifying its Confession it were maintained that the funds were being misdirected from the objects for which the trust was created, it would require to be shown that the Church in so misdirecting the funds had exceeded its powers. It is around this issue that the battle is joined. Related to this question also are the two instances in which the Free Church minority complained of a breach of trust,—the alleged departure from or neglect of the Establishment principle and the modification of the Confession of Faith. Had the Free Church power to relegate the Establishment principle to a secondary place and to regard it as a non-essential principle? If the Church had no such power, then its funds

were being used in a way which might fairly be assumed to amount to a breach of trust. Had the Church power to alter its Confession of Faith? If it had no such power, then again a breach of trust might be charged against a body continuing to use the funds in such a way as might fairly be assumed to be a departure from the objects for which the trust was created. But it must be obvious that to treat the dispute in this way, to make it hinge on the question of the Church's powers, is quite other than to settle it by a rigid application of the law of trusts, under which certain specific objects of the trust are determined and the dispute settled according as those objects are or are not being carried out. In reality the objects for which the funds were subscribed to the Free Church cannot be so specified. The funds were simply trusted to the Church for whatever purposes it thought best to use them, and the law of trusts could in justice only apply to the dispute after it had been determined whether the Church had exceeded its powers. If it had done so, the law would adjudge the property of the Church to be held in trust by its true representatives.

It will be observed that there is a radical distinction between this case and the Craigdallie case, upon which the judges laid so much stress. In the latter the House of Lords was dealing with a congregation with no recognised powers of altering the purposes for which the money was held. It is therefore of absolute importance to be clear as to what powers the Free Church of Scotland claimed to exercise, before determining the value of the two great objections to the Union on which the successful litigants founded their appeal.

The disruption of 1843 within the Established Church of Scotland which

resulted in the formation of the Free Church was the inevitable consequence of the attitude adopted by one of two great parties within the Church. This party, the Evangelical party as they were called, had convinced themselves that the Headship of Christ over the Church was being subjected to interference on the part of the State. They were the predominant party in the Assembly and they carried matters with a high hand, asserting the legislative supremacy of the Courts of the Church in such an unmistakable way as to bring their claims to a test. As it was this party within the National Church which afterwards became the Free Church of Scotland, it is not difficult to gain a clear idea of the conditions upon which that Church was founded. On the eve of disruption, May 23rd, 1843, while the Evangelical party held the supremacy, the General Assembly passed a resolution anent the independent jurisdiction of the Church of Scotland, which is significant of the position adopted by the men who were to be the founders of the Free Church. The resolution stands in these terms :

That the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, while they unqualifiedly acknowledge the exclusive jurisdiction of the Civil Courts in regard to the civil rights and emoluments secured by law to the Church, and ministers thereof, and will ever give and inculcate implicit obedience to their decisions thereanent, do resolve, that as is declared in the Confession of Faith of this National Established Church, "The Lord Jesus, as King and Head of His Church, hath therein appointed a government in the hand of Church-officers distinct from the civil magistrate," and that in all matters touching the doctrines, government, and discipline of this Church, her Judicatories possess an exclusive jurisdiction, founded on the word of God, "which power ecclesiastical" (in the words of the second Book of Discipline), "flows immediately from God, and the Mediator, Jesus

Christ, and is spiritual, not having a temporal head on earth, but only Christ, the only Spiritual King and Governor of His Kirk," and they do further resolve, that this spiritual jurisdiction, and the supremacy and sole-Headship of the Lord Jesus Christ, on which it depends, they will assert, and at all hazards defend, by the help and blessing of that Great God, who, in the days of old, enabled their fathers, amid manifold persecutions, to maintain a testimony, even to the death, for Christ's Kingdom and Crown; and finally, that they will firmly enforce submission to the same upon the office-bearers and members of this Church, by the execution of her laws, in the exercise of the ecclesiastical authority wherewith they are invested.

There is no mistaking in this resolution the old battle-cry of the ancient Kirk of Scotland. It puts to the front claims which have always been made by the Kirk, and which have repeatedly brought her into conflict with the State. No one who has studied much in the history of Scotland can fail to recognise that once more the old quarrel had broken out, in which the State sought to encroach upon a province where its jurisdiction was denied. The complete autonomy of the Church in its spiritual dominions, that is to say in all matters relating to its doctrine, government, and discipline, the right, so they called it, of the Lord Jesus to reign in his own House,—that, during all her history, has been the claim, and in the end the successful claim, of the Scottish Kirk. "Tack fra us the freedom of Assemblies and ye tack fra us the Evangell": the voice is the voice of John Knox claiming for the infant Church of the Reformation the heritage to which she clung in the face of principalities and powers, the same voice which went echoing down the years of tribulation and sounded like a trumpet in the battles of the Covenant. At the time when the resolution was passed the right of the Assembly of the Church was again

threatened, was expressly denied, in fact, by the Civil Courts in the test cases which arose out of the Veto Act and the Chapels Act. The Veto Act (which alone will serve as an instance) was an Act of Assembly declaring it to be a fundamental law of the Church that no minister shall be intruded on any congregation contrary to the will of the people. The result was a crop of cases before the civil courts, in which the judges, in effect, found that the Assembly had exceeded its powers, though a minority of the ablest lawyers (such as Lord Moncreiff) held that the independent jurisdiction and legislative supremacy of the Church had been accepted principles in its relation to the State, and that such was the law of the Constitution. The Assembly, however, was defeated in the courts, and in despair of redress the leading party and majority resolved to quit the Establishment. They came out claiming still to be the Church of Scotland,—the Church of Scotland Free. Whatever powers the Church of Scotland claimed to possess, the Free Church now possessed with those in addition which they acquired in virtue of their separation from the State. This distinction between the old and the new Churches, which was of immense importance in its bearing on the present case, may perhaps be said without presumption to have been insufficiently understood by the House of Lords. The distinction is really vital. Whereas in 1843 the civil courts regarded the Church of Scotland as established on terms specified in the statutes of the realm, the position of the Free Church was based not at all on an interpretation of statutes affecting the Establishment. It was henceforth a Church free from all the control which is implied in statutory connection with the State.

Authoritative documents abound which bear out the claim of the Free Church to absolute autonomy. These were subjected to exhaustive examination by the Dean of Faculty in his pleading for the United Church; and in the face of them, and the incontestable body of evidence they provide of the Church's right to reshape and revise and interpret its Confession and to handle freely all matters pertaining to its government, it is clear that the majority of the Lords in coming to a decision pinned down the issue not to a consideration of the power of the Church (though Lord Lindley in his minority judgment declared that this was the only question) but to a pedantic interpretation of the conditions which govern ordinary trusts. Even so interpreted the United Free Church has a fair plea that her cause has been lost by a grave misunderstanding. For there could be no violation of the original purpose of the trust, when the funds were trusted to the Church by men who, so to speak, did so at their own risk, the risk that the Church had power to divert them to whatever objects she pleased. These gifts formed a trust in the true sense of the word, and were bestowed with full knowledge and a perfect confidence in the wisdom of the Church to use them aright.

As a final reminder there are two documents to which a reference will be serviceable in clearing away any doubt as to the scope of the authority exercised by the Free Church. The first is a Catechism which in 1847, four years after the disruption, was issued by the General Assembly of the Free Church. Here are a few extracts.

Q. What were the matters in relation to which she (the Church) exercised her freedom? A. They were such as the preaching of the Gospel, and dispensation

of the Sacraments, the public *Confession of her faith*, the Catechism for the instruction of her people, the infliction of censures, *the form of her government*, and the composition of her judicatories.

Q. What Confessions of faith were adopted by the Church of Scotland?

A. The old or John Knox's Confession, which was drawn up in 1560; and the Westminster Confession, which was sanctioned by the Assembly in 1647.

Q. Did the Church adopt them freely or, were they imposed upon her by the civil power? A. The Church freely adopted them.

Q. Did not the State adopt them too? A. Yes, but it was after their adoption by the Church.

Q. When the Church substituted the Westminster Confession for that of John Knox, had the sanction of the latter by the State been withdrawn? A. No; the Confession of John Knox had the sanction of the State at the very time.

Q. What were her proceedings in regard to the form of government? A. When she became convinced that it was not scriptural she changed it.

Q. How often did this occur? A. Twice,—in 1580 and 1688.

Q. What circumstance was it made the step she took on these occasions a very striking exercise of freedom from the rule of the civil power? A. In both cases the form of government which she renounced and set aside had the sanction and approval of the State at the time.

One more extract from the Catechism is of itself sufficient to dethrone the Establishment theory from the rank of an essential principle. In reply to a question as to its meaning the answer is:

The meaning of it is that the magistrate hath authority and it is his duty, in his official capacity, to concern himself about the interests of religion and the welfare of the Church; and in such ways as are competent to him, consistently with Christ's Exclusive Headship in the Church, and the rights of that Government which is "distinct from the civil magistrate" namely, by his example, his influence, and his legitimate control over temporal things, to take order (not to give order or command, but to *take* order, or provide) for their advancement.

The second document, the Model Trust Deed itself, need only be mentioned. Its Fourth Purpose lays it down that the property under the deed is at the absolute disposal of the General Assembly; and in its Ninth Purpose it makes provision for a possible disruption and again for a possible union with another body. This is the last word that need be said on the subject of the Church's powers. In spite of all, she has suffered a heavy rebuff, and it is impossible to account for the decision except by concluding that her rights have been either disregarded or strangely misunderstood. *Misunderstood* is probably the fittest description when it is remembered how perplexing was the subject-matter with which the judges had to deal,—so perplexing in fact, that the Lord Chancellor had to ask what a Commissioner to the General Assembly was. The question would sound as oddly in the ears of a Scotch crofter as a request for a definition of a Member of Parliament. There is a passage in Aristotle where it is remarked that a man who would understand some special art must first of all have acquired a measure of general culture without which his study will be vain. In this special case what was indispensable in the first instance was a general understanding of the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, an understanding hardly to be compassed by a sudden descent into the archives of the Kirk's Assemblies or into documents and pamphlets of any kind, but by being actually in touch with the existing conditions of Scottish life.

While the great argument was proceeding at Westminster, Scottish people were amazed by the importance with which the Establishment principle was being clothed. By the end of the case it had blossomed into

a principle indeed, as sacred and essential as the eternal verities themselves. There is room for laughter here almost as much as for tears. It was seriously contended that, inasmuch as the Free Church had abandoned this principle, its identity had somewhere vanished. The principle indeed has long since vanished, for nine people out of ten had ceased to remember that it was a principle. If you were to ask a young Free Churchman (United Free Churchman, to be precise,) who sat diligently every Sunday under his minister's pulpit, what were the principles of the Free Church, he would tell you truthfully and he would tell it with some pride. But if you asked him what was the Establishment principle, he would know not what to say. He would never have heard of it, never dreamed that it had any connection with his Church. In all other matters pertaining to the Church and her doctrines he would be found to be deeply versed; probably he would be one of the kind about whose very cradle, as R. L. Stevenson wrote, there went a hum of metaphysical divinity. But he had never heard of the Establishment principle. Why should he? The founders of the Free Church came out of the National Church, which they loved and in which they ruled, full of an honourable pride in her brave traditions. Perhaps, if the times were ripe and if her dignities were restored, they looked forward to a return. They still claimed to be the true Church even when "for Christ's Kingdom and Crown" they went forth from her borders. Half a century passed and the new generations, who had never known the bitterness of parting, found themselves the members of a Church which was as powerful and influential and as much revered as the elder Church, all whose history and tradi-

tions they claimed for their own. For them, if it might be so interpreted, the State connection is nothing. The real Establishment, the enthroned principle, is what they and the elder Church have in common, a community in their history, in their method of government, in their doctrines, and in their ideals.

People who are outside the area of the controversy, who are not greatly concerned about the fate of Scottish Presbyterianism or the destination of the present quarrel, even they must have been impressed with something portentous in the relation which the present case defines between a Church and her Confession. Henceforth, the order runs, the Church is to be identified by her Confession. The relation is to be not the Confession of the Church but the Church of the Confession. If her guide is Calvin, then Calvin will be her lamp to the end, and the light of Arminius is to be quenched like a bale fire. If the Confession predestinates some men to eternal condemnation, and if meek-minded people begin to doubt the Confession, then, quoth the law (which is not sentimental), "If you want to preserve your identity and your property along with it, you had better allow your Confession to go on condemning men to the end." It is the chief glory of the Free Church that she has produced a race of scholars and thinkers,—men like Cunningham and Bruce, Robertson Smith and Henry Drummond—to lead Scotland out of the shadows of her dark theology, so that now her divinity schools are among the most liberal and enlightened in the world. The gain to the country has been immeasurable. In these nobler pursuits there has been awakened an interest that excludes those hair-splitting differences which were once the subject of acrimonious and exasperating debates. Of

real dissent there is little in Scotland, where the real Establishment is the enthronement of certain great principles upon which the Churches are agreed. Here again the Church has suffered a heavy defeat, because she has given up a blind idolatry of Calvin in order to see more clearly that a greater and more beneficent light was shining in her midst. There can be no undoing her work in this direction. Her schools, in which criticism is welcomed and creeds are submitted to the test of truth more absolute than themselves, have become strongholds of the Christian faith. A Church appointed with such weapons, and unfettered by her Confession, is a Church militant. On any other terms she lies, bound hand and foot, at the mercy of her enemies and the enemies of her cause. Men who have breathed in this atmosphere will be pardoned if to their ideas the conception of a Church on any other conditions is an alien one. For themselves they make no apology; they have dared simply to welcome the light which is given to them with a stout hope that it will shine more and more until the perfect day.

It is still too soon to hazard opinions as to what will be the way out of the present troubles, though the future is not all uncertain. The minority, endowed in a manner without example, are hardly aware what a burden of responsibility the House of Lords has laid upon their shoulders. During the two months which have passed since judgment was delivered nothing has been published to indicate a recognition on their part that it is a sheer impossibility for them to administer this great trust. On them, too, the law presses with inevitable compulsion. The trust funds, representing capital of about one million, or an income of about £30,000, are the least of their obligations, and cannot

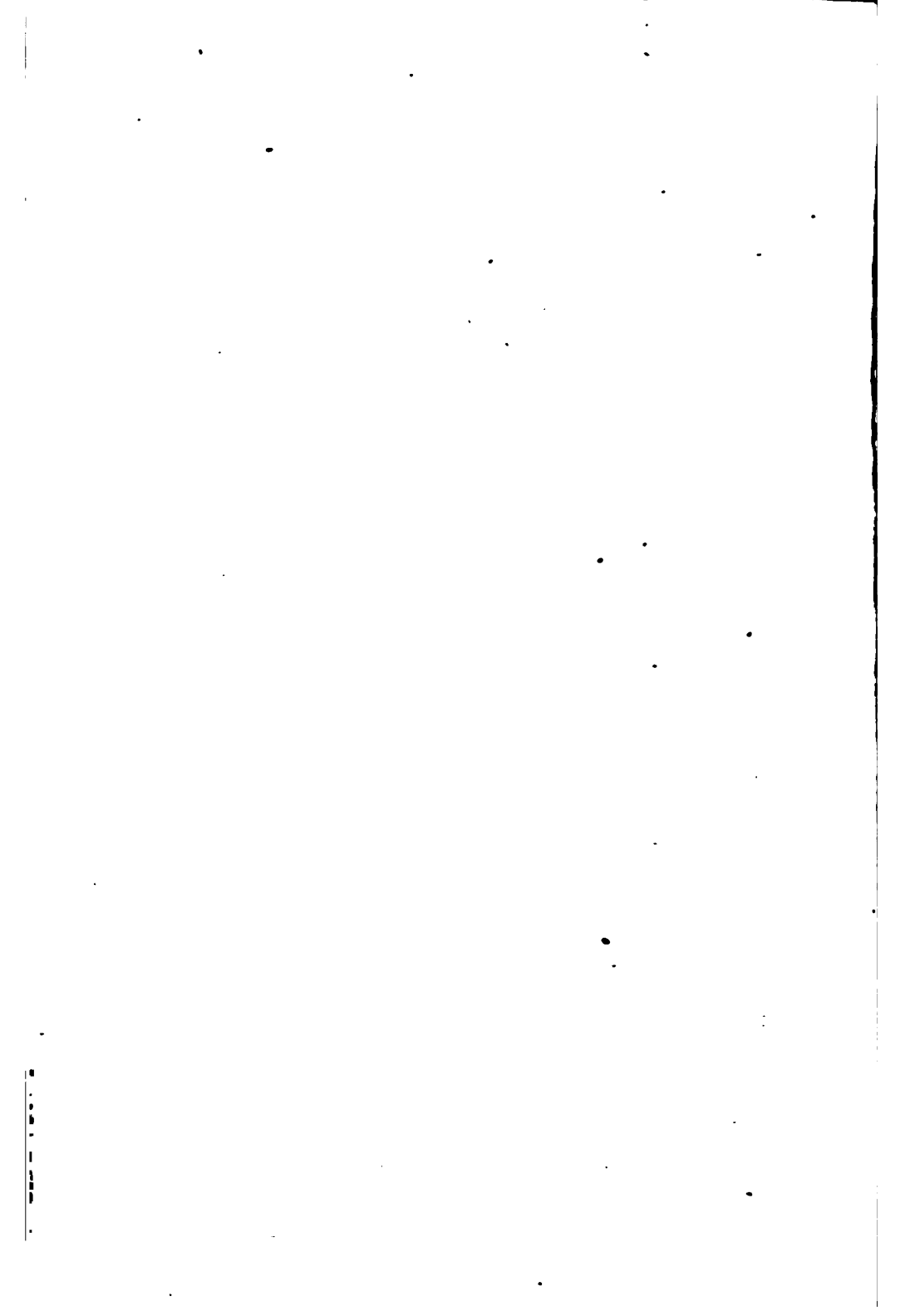
of themselves seriously affect the financial position of the defeated Church whose annual income is over a million. It is quite conceivable that they will be able to account for these funds, but what are they to do with the next item, the properties? These include about eleven hundred churches, between seven and eight hundred mansees, the colleges in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, and other fabrics, for all of which feu duties, taxes, and fire-insurance have to be paid. These obligations the remnant can never hope to meet. The money required for the upkeep of the fabrics is at the lowest figure five or six times more than the whole of the income of the victorious body. Nor can they use the million to which they are entitled for other than special purposes, among which the maintenance of the fabrics is not included. In the last place a score of Highland ministers would find the great foreign mission field with its multifarious educational agencies entirely beyond their control, while at home they would have colleges without students and chairs without professors. But the hardest knot is the impossibility of compromise of any kind, even supposing the successful litigants were disposed to be magnanimous and waive part of their rights. They are declared to be the true Free Church, and so long as a few remain faithful to the character which the House of Lords and the Westminster Confession have defined for them, the funds and properties cannot be alien-

ated. Even if two or three were found faithful and refused to bow the knee to Baal and to part with a farthing to promote any other theology than that of Kiltearn and Moy, these two or three are the Free Church with the emoluments thereof. Out of this situation, so embarrassing to both parties, the only road seems to be legislation which will establish beyond all misconception the right, which the Church claims to possess, to interpret its own doctrines and constitution.

Whatever the end may be, one thing is certain. The blow which has fallen will forge the Union as nothing else could do. The best driving power is the sharp touch of adversity, and under its impulse Highlands and Lowlands are rallying round the Church. No one in the first days of the defeat who had witnessed the great scene in the Assembly Hall at Edinburgh when Principal Rainy rose to speak, or had been present at the Highland Conference at Inverness or at any of the Presbyteries throughout the country, would have found a trace of wavering or despondency. It was a well-known Doctor of Divinity of the Established Church, present as a guest of the first Union Assembly, who referred to its first Moderator, Principal Rainy, as a Pontifex Maximus,—a great bridge-maker according to the style of the old Roman emperors. And now the bridge is being tried by tempest, but its foundations are laid in the bedrock.

DANIEL JOHNSTON.

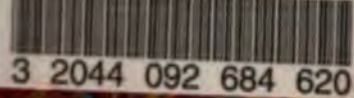




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